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A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

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BOOK I

I

JOHN CAMPTON, the American portrait-painter, stood in his bare studio in Montmartre at the end of a summer afternoon contemplating a battered calendar that hung against the wall.

The calendar marked July 30, 1914.

Campton looked at this date with a gaze of unmixed satisfaction. His son, his only boy, who was coming from America, must have landed in England that morning, and after a brief halt in London would join him the next evening in Paris. To bring the moment nearer, Campton, smiling at his weakness, tore off the leaf and uncovered the 31. Then, leaning in the window, he looked out over his untidy scrap of garden at the silver-grey sea of Paris spreading mistily below him.

A number of visitors had passed through the studio that day. After years of obscurity Campton had been projected into the light—or perhaps only into the limelight—by his portrait of his son George, exhibited three years earlier at the spring show of the French Society of Painters and Sculptors. The picture seemed to its author to be exactly in the line of the unnoticed things he had been showing before, though perhaps nearer to what he was always trying for, because of the exceptional interest of his subject. But to the public he had appeared to take a new turn; or perhaps some critic had suddenly found the right phrase for him; or, that season, people wanted a new painter to talk about. Didn't he know by heart all the Paris reasons for success or failure?

The early years of his career had given him ample opportunity to learn them. Like other young students of his generation, he had come to Paris with an exaggerated reverence for the few conspicuous figures who made the old Salons of the 'eighties like bad plays written around a few stars. If he could get near enough to Beausite, the ruling light of the galaxy, he thought he might do things not unworthy of that great master; but Beausite, who had ceased to receive pupils, saw no reason for making an exception in favour of an obscure youth without a backing. He was not kind; and on the only occasion when a painting of Campton's came under his eye he let fall an epigram which went the round of Paris, but shocked its victim by its revelation of the great man's ineptitude.

Campton, if he could have gone on admiring Beausite's work, would have forgotten his unkindness and even his critical incapacity; but as the young painter's personal convictions developed he discovered that his idol had none, and that the dazzling *maëstria* still enveloping his work was only the light from a dead star.

All these things were now nearly thirty years old. Beausite had vanished from the heavens, and the youth he had sneered at throned there in his stead. Most of the people who besieged Campton's studio

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were the lineal descendants of those who had echoed Beausite's sneer. They belonged to the types that Campton least cared to paint; but they were usually those who paid the highest prices, and he had lately had new and imperious reasons for wanting to earn all the money he could. So for two years he had let it be as difficult and expensive as possible to be "done by Campton"; and this oppressive July day had been crowded with the visits of suppliants of a sort unused to waiting on anybody's pleasure, people who had postponed St. Moritz and Deauville, Aix and Royat, because it was known that one had to accept the master's conditions or apply elsewhere.

The job bored him more than ever; the more of their fatuous faces he recorded the more he hated the task; but for the last two or three days the monotony of his toil had been relieved by a new element of interest. This was produced by what he called the "war-funk," and consisted in the effect on his sitters and their friends of the suggestion that something new, incomprehensible and uncomfortable might be about to threaten the ordered course of their pleasures.

Campton himself did not "believe in the war" (as the current phrase went); therefore he was able to note with perfect composure its agitating effect upon his sitters. On the whole the women behaved best: the idiotic Mme. de Dolmetsch had actually grown beautiful through fear for her lover, who turned out (in spite of a name as exotic as hers) to be a French subject, of military age. The men had made a less creditable showing—especially the big banker and promoter, Jorgenstein, whose round red face had withered like a pricked balloon, and young Prince Demetrios Palamèdes, just married to the fabulously rich daughter of an Argentine wheat-grower, and so secure as to his bride's fortune that he could curse impartially all the disturbers of his summer plans. Even the great tuberculosis specialist, Fortin-Lescluze, whom Campton was painting in return for the physician's devoted care of George the previous year, had lost something of his professional composure, and no longer gave out the sense of tranquillizing strength which had been such a help in the boy's fight for health. Fortin-Lescluze, always in contact with the rulers of the earth, must surely have some hint of their councils. Whatever it was, he revealed nothing, but continued to talk frivolously and infatuatedly about a new Javanese dancer whom he wanted Campton to paint; but his large beaked face with its triumphant moustache had grown pinched and grey, and he had forgotten to renew the dye on the moustache.

Campton's one really imperturbable visitor was little Charlie Alicante, the Spanish secretary of Embassy at Berlin, who had dropped in on his way to St. Moritz, bringing the newest news from the Wilhelmstrasse, news that was all suavity and reassurance, with a touch of playful reproach for the irascibility of French feeling, and a reminder of Imperial longanimity in regard to the foolish misunderstandings of Agadir and Saverne.

Now all the visitors had gone, and Campton, leaning in the window, looked out over Paris and mused on his summer plans. He meant to plunge straight down to Southern Italy and Sicily, perhaps even push over to North Africa. That at least was what he hoped for: no sun was too hot for him and no landscape too arid. But it all depended on George; for George was going with him, and if George preferred Spain they would postpone the desert.

It was almost impossible to Campton to picture what it would be like to have the boy with him. For so long he had seen his son only in snatches, hurriedly, incompletely, uncomprehendingly: it was only in the last three years that their intimacy had had a chance to develop. And they had never travelled together, except for hasty dashes, two or three times, to seashore or mountains; had never gone off on a long solitary journey such as this. Campton, tired, disenchanted, and nearing sixty, found himself looking forward to the adventure with an eagerness as great as the different sort of ardour with which, in his youth, he had imagined flights of another kind with the woman who was to fulfill every dream.

"Well—I suppose that's the stuff pictures are made of," he thought, smiling at his inextinguishable belief in the completeness of his next experience. Life had perpetually knocked him down just as he had his hand on her gifts; nothing

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had ever succeeded with him but his work. But he was as sure as ever that peace of mind and contentment of heart were waiting for him round the next corner; and this time, it was clear, they were to come to him through his wonderful son.

The doorbell rang, and he listened for the maid-servant's step. There was another impatient jingle, and he remembered that his faithful Mariette had left for Lille, where she was to spend her vacation with her family. Campton, reaching for his stick, shuffled across the studio with his lame awkward stride.

At the door stood his old friend Paul Dastrey, one of the few men with whom he had been unbrokenly intimate since the first days of his disturbed and incoherent Parisian life. Dastrey came in without speaking: his small dry face, seamed with premature wrinkles of irony and sensitiveness, looked unusually grave. The wrinkles seemed suddenly to have become those of an old man; and how grey Dastrey had turned! He walked a little stiffly, with a jauntiness obviously intended to conceal a growing tendency to rheumatism.

In the middle of the floor, he paused and tapped a varnished boot-tip with his stick.

"Let's see what you've done to Daisy Dolmetsch."

"Oh, it's been done for me—you'll see!" Campton laughed. He was enjoying the sight of Dastrey and thinking that this visit was providentially timed to give him a chance of expatiating on his coming journey. In his rare moments of expansiveness he felt the need of some substitute for the background of domestic sympathy which as a rule would have simply bored or exasperated him; and at such times he could always talk to Dastrey.

The little man screwed up his eyes and continued to tap his varnished toes.

"But she's magnificent. She's seen the Medusa!"

Campton laughed again. "Just so. For days and days I'd been trying to do something with her; and suddenly the war-funk did it for me."

"The war-funk?"

"Who'd have thought it? She's frightened to death about Ladislas Isador—who is French, it turns out, and mobilisable. The poor soul thinks there's going to be war!"

"Well, there *is*," said Dastrey.

The two men looked at each other: Campton amused, incredulous, a shade impatient at the perpetual recurrence of the same theme, and aware of presenting a smile of irritating unresponsiveness to his friend's solemn gaze.

"Oh, come—you too? Why, the Duke of Alicante has just left here, fresh from Berlin. You ought to hear him laugh at us. . ."

"How about Berlin's laughing at *him?*" Dastrey sank into a wicker armchair, drew out a cigarette and forgot to light it. Campton returned to the window.

"There can't be war: I'm going to Sicily and Africa with George the day after tomorrow," he broke out.

"Ah, George—. To be sure. . ."

There was a silence; Dastrey had not even smiled. He turned the unlit cigarette in his dry fingers.

"Too young for 'seventy—and too old for this! Some men are born under a curse," he burst out indignantly.

"What on earth are you talking about?" Campton exclaimed, forcing his gaiety a little.

Dastrey stared at him with furious eyes. "But I shall get something, somewhere . . . they can't stop a man's enlisting . . . I had an old uncle who did it in 'seventy . . . he was older than I am now."

Campton looked at him compassionately. Poor little circumscribed Paul Dastrey, whose utmost adventure had been an occasional article in an art review, an occasional six weeks in the near East! It was pitiful to see him breathing fire and fury on an enemy one knew to be engaged, at that very moment, in meeting England and France more than half-way in the effort to smooth over diplomatic difficulties. But Campton could make allowances for the irritability of the tragic generation brought up in the shadow of Sedan.

"Look here," he said, "I'll tell you what. Come along with George and me—as far as Palermo, anyhow. You're a little stiff again in that left knee, and we can bake our lamenesses together in the good Sicilian oven."

Dastrey had found a match and lighted his cigarette.

"My poor Campton—there'll be war in three days."

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Campton's incredulity was shot through with the deadly chill of conviction. There it was—there would be war! It was too like his cursed luck not to be true... He smiled inwardly, perceiving that he was viewing the question exactly as the despicable Jorgenstein and the fatuous Prince Demetrios had viewed it: as an unwarrantable interference with his private plans. Yes—but his case was different... Here was the son he had never seen enough of, never till lately seen at all, as most fathers see their sons; and the boy was to be packed off to New York that winter, to go into a bank; and for the Lord knew how many months this was to be their last chance, as it was almost their first, of being together quietly, confidentially, uninterruptedly. These other men were whining at the interruption of their vile pleasures or their viler money-making; he, poor devil, was trembling for the chance to lay the foundation of a complete and lasting friendship with his only son, at the moment when such understandings do most to shape a youth's future... "And with what I've had to fight against!" he groaned, seeing victory in sight, and sickening at the idea that it might be snatched from him.

Then another thought came, and he felt the blood leaving his ruddy face and, as it seemed, receding from every vein of his heavy awkward body. He sat down opposite Dastrey, and the two looked at each other.

"There won't be war. But if there were—why shouldn't George and I go to Sicily? You don't see us sitting here making lint, do you?"

Dastrey smiled. "Lint is unhygienic; you won't have to do that. And I see no reason why *you* shouldn't go to Sicily—or to China." He paused. "But how about George—I thought he and his mother were both born in France?"

"Yes—they were, worse luck. He's subject to your preposterous military regulations. But it doesn't make any difference, as it happens. He's sure to be discharged after that touch of tuberculosis he had last year, when he had to be rushed up to the Engadine."

"Ah, I see. Then, as you say... Still, of course he wouldn't be allowed to leave the country."

A constrained silence fell between the two. Campton became aware that, for the first time since they had known each other, their points of view were the width of the poles apart. It was hopeless to try to bridge such a distance.

"Of course, you know," he said, trying for his easiest voice, "I still consider this discussion purely academic... But if it turns out that I'm wrong I shall do all I can—all I can, do you hear?—to get George discharged... You'd better know that..."

Dastrey, rising, held out his hand with his faithful smile. "My dear old Campton, I perfectly understand a foreigner's taking that view..." He walked toward the door and they parted without more words.

When he had gone Campton began to recover his reassurance. Who was Dastrey, poor chap, to behave as if he were in the councils of the powers? It was perfect nonsense to pretend that a diplomatist straight from Berlin didn't know more about what was happening there than the newsmongers of the Boulevards. One didn't have to be an Ambassador to see which way the wind was blowing; and men like Alicante, belonging to a country uninvolved in the affair, were the only people capable of a cool judgment at moments of international tension.

Campton took the portrait of Mme. de Dolmetsch and leaned it against the other canvases along the wall. Then he started clumsily to put the room to rights—without Mariette he was so helpless—and finally, abandoning the attempt, said to himself: "I'll come and wind things up to-morrow."

He was moving that day from the studio to the hotel de Crillon, where George was to join him the next evening. It would be jolly to be with the boy from the moment he arrived; and, even if Mariette's departure had not paralyzed his primitive housekeeping, he could not have made room for his son at the studio. So, reluctantly, for he loathed luxury and conformity, but joyously, because he was to be with George, Campton threw some shabby clothes into a shapeless portmanteau, and prepared to despatch the concierge for a taxicab.

He was hobbling down the stairs when the old woman met him with a telegram. He tore it open and saw that it was dated

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Deauville, and was not, as he had feared, from his son.

"Very anxious. Must see you to-morrow. Please come to Avenue Marigny at five without fail. Julia Brant."

"Oh, damn," Campton growled, crumpling up the message.

The concierge was looking at him with searching eyes.

"Is it war, sir?" she asked, pointing to the bit of blue paper. He supposed she was thinking of her grandsons.

"No—no—nonsense! War?" He smiled into her shrewd old face, every wrinkle of which seemed full of a deep, human experience.

"War? Can you imagine anything more absurd? Can you, now? What should you say if they told you war was going to be declared, Mme. Lebel?"

She gave him back his look with profound earnestness. Then she spoke in a voice of sudden resolution. "Why, I should say we don't want it, sir—I'd have four in it if it came—*but that this sort of thing has got to stop.*"

Campton shrugged. "Oh, well—it's not going to come, so don't worry. And call me a taxi, will you? No, no, I'll carry the bags down myself."

II

"But even if they do mobilise: mobilisation is not war—*is* it?" Mrs. Anderson Brant repeated impatiently across the teacups.

Campton dragged himself up from the deep armchair he had inadvertently chosen. To escape from his hostess's troubled eyes he limped across to the window and stood gazing out at the thick turf and brilliant flower-borders of the garden which was so unlike his own. After a moment he turned and glanced about him, catching the reflection of his heavy figure in a mirror dividing two garlanded panels. He had not entered Mrs. Brant's drawing-room for nearly ten years; not since the period of the interminable discussions about the choice of a school for George; and in spite of the far graver preoccupations that now weighed on him, and of the huge menace with which the whole world was echoing, he paused for an instant to consider the contrast between his clumsy person and that expensive and irreproachable room.

"You've taken away Beausite's portrait of you," he said abruptly, looking up at the chimney-panel, which was filled with the blue and umber bloom of a Fragonard landscape.

A full-length of Mrs. Anderson Brant by Beausite had been one of Mr. Anderson Brant's wedding-presents to his bride; it was as much a part of that kind of marriage as pearls and sables.

"Yes. Anderson thought . . . the dress was so dreadfully old-fashioned," Mrs. Brant explained; and went on again: "You think it's *not* war: don't you?"

What was the use of telling her what he thought? For years and years he had not done that—about anything. But suddenly, now, a stringent necessity had drawn them together, confronting them like any two plain people caught in a common danger—like husband and wife, for example!

"It *is* war, this time, I believe," he said.

She set down her cup with a hand that had begun to tremble.

"I disagree with you entirely," she retorted, her voice shrill with anxiety. "I was frightfully upset when I sent you that telegram yesterday; but I've been lunching to-day with the old Duc de Montlhéry—you know he fought in 'seventy—and with Lévi-Michel of the 'Jour,' who had just seen some of the government people; and they both explained to me quite clearly——"

"That you'd made a mistake in coming up from Deauville?"

To save himself Campton could not restrain the sneer; on the rare occasions when a crisis in their lives flung them on each other's mercy, the first sensation he was always conscious of was the degree to which she bored him. He remembered the day, years ago, long before their divorce, when it had first come home to him that she was always going to bore him. But he was ashamed to think of that now, and went on more patiently: "You see, the situation is rather different from anything we've known before; and, after all, in 1870 all the wise people thought till the last minute that there would be no war."

Her delicate face seemed to shrink and wither with apprehension.

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"Then—what about George?" she asked, the paint coming out about her haggard eyes.

Campton paused a moment. "You may suppose I've thought of *that*."

"Oh, of course. . ." He saw she was honestly trying to be what a mother should be in talking of her only child to that child's father. But the long habit of superficiality made her stammering and inarticulate when her one deep feeling tried to rise to the surface.

Campton seated himself again, taking care to choose a straight-backed chair. "I see nothing to worry about with regard to George," he said.

"You mean——?"

"Why, they won't take him—they won't want him . . . with his medical record."

"Are you sure? He's so much stronger. . . He's gained twenty pounds . . ." It was terrible, really, to hear her avow it in a reluctant whisper! That was the view that war made mothers take of the chief blessing they could ask for their children! Campton understood her, and took the same view. George's wonderful recovery, the one joy his parents had shared in the last twenty years, was now a misfortune to be denied and dissembled. They looked at each other like accomplices, the same thought in their eyes: if only the boy had been born in America! It was grotesque that the whole of joy or anguish should suddenly be found to hang on a geographical accident.

"After all, we're Americans; this is not our job—" Campton began.

"No—" He saw she was waiting, and knew for what.

"So of course—if there were any trouble—but there won't be; if there were, though, I shouldn't hesitate to do what was necessary . . . use any influence. . ."

"Oh, then we agree!" broke from her in a cry of wonder.

The unconscious irony of the exclamation struck him, and increased his irritation. He remembered the tone—undefinably compassionate—in which Dastrey had said: "I perfectly understand a foreigner's taking that view". . . But *was* he a foreigner, Campton asked himself? And what was the criterion of citizenship, if he, who owed to France everything that had made life worth while, could regard himself as owing her nothing, now that for the first time he might have something to give her? Well, for himself that argument was all right: preposterous as he thought war—any war—he would have offered himself to France on the instant if she had had any use for his lame carcass. But he had never bargained to give her his only son.

Mrs. Brant went on in excited argument.

"Of course you know how careful I always am to do nothing about him without consulting you; but since you feel about it as *we* do—" She blushed under her faint rouge. The "we" had slipped out accidentally, and Campton, aware of turning hard-lipped and grim, sat waiting for her to repair the blunder. Through the years of his poverty it had been impossible not to put up, on occasions, with that odious first person plural: as long as his wretched inability to make money had made it necessary that his wife's second husband should pay for his son's keep, such allusions had been part of Campton's long expiation. But even then he had tacitly made his former wife understand that, when they had to talk of the boy, he could bear her saying "I think," or "Anderson thinks," this or that, but not "*we* think it." And in the last few years, since Campton's unforeseen success had put him, to the astonishment of every one concerned, in a position of financial independence, "Anderson" had almost entirely dropped out of their talk about George's future. Mrs. Brant was not a clever woman, but she had a social adroitness that sometimes took the place of intelligence.

On this occasion she saw her mistake so quickly, and blushed for it so painfully, that at any other time Campton would have smiled away her distress; but at the moment he could not stir a muscle to help her.

"Look here," he broke out, "there are things I've had to accept in the past, and shall have to accept in the future. The boy is to go into Bullard and Brant's—it's agreed; I'm not sure enough of being able to provide for him for the next few years to interfere with—with your plans in that respect. But I thought it was understood once for all——"

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She interrupted him excitedly. "Oh, of course . . . of course. You must admit I've always respected your feeling. . ."

He acknowledged awkwardly: "Yes."

"Well, then—won't you see that this situation is different, terribly different, and that we ought all to work together? If Anderson's influence can be of use. . ."

"Anderson's influence—" Campton's gorge rose against the phrase! It was always Anderson's influence that had been invoked—and none knew better than Campton himself how justly—when the boy's future welfare was under discussion. But in this particular case the suggestion was intolerable.

"Of course," he interrupted drily. "But, as it happens, I think I can attend to this job myself."

She looked down at her huge rings, hesitated visibly, and then flung tact to the winds. "What makes you think so? You don't know the right sort of people."

It was a long time since she had thrown that at him: not since the troubled days of their marriage, when it had been the cruellest taunt she could think of. Now it struck him simply as a particularly unpalatable truth. No, he didn't know "the right sort of people" . . . unless, for instance, among his new patrons, such a man as Jorgenstein answered to the description. But, if there were war, on what side would a cosmopolitan like Jorgenstein turn out to be?

"Anderson, you see," she persisted, losing sight of everything in the need to lull her fears, "Anderson knows all the political people. In a business way, of course, a big banker has to. If there's really any chance of George's being taken you've no right to refuse Anderson's help—none whatever!"

Campton was silent. He had meant to reassure her, to reaffirm his conviction that the boy was sure to be discharged. But as their eyes met he saw that she believed this no more than he did; and he felt the contagion of her incredulity.

"But if you're so sure there's not going to be war—" he began.

As he spoke he saw her face change, and was aware that the door behind him had opened cautiously and that a short man, bald and slim, was advancing at a sort of mincing trot across the pompous garlands of the Savonnerie carpet. Campton got to his feet. He had expected Anderson Brant to stop at sight of him, mumble a greeting, and then back out of the room—as usual. But Anderson Brant did nothing of the sort: he merely hastened his trot toward the tea-table. He made no attempt to shake hands with Campton, but bowing shyly and stiffly said: "I understood you were coming, and hurried back . . . on the chance . . . to consult. . ."

Campton gazed at him without speaking. They had not seen each other since the extraordinary occasion, two years before, when Mr. Brant, furtively one day at dusk, had come to his studio to offer to buy George's portrait; and as their eyes met the memory of that visit reddened both their faces.

Mr. Brant was a compact little man of about sixty. His sandy hair, just turning grey, was brushed forward over a baldness which was ivory-white at the crown and became brick-pink above the temples, before merging into the tanned and freckled surface of his face. He was always dressed in carefully cut clothes of a discreet grey, with a tie to match, in which even the plump pearl was grey, so that he reminded Campton of a dry perpendicular insect in protective tints; and the fancy was encouraged by his cautious manner, and the way he had of peering over his glasses as if they were part of his armour. His feet were small and pointed, and seemed to be made of patent leather; and shaking hands with him was like clasping a bunch of twigs.

It had been Campton's lot, on the rare occasions of his meeting Mr. Brant, always to see this perfectly balanced man in moments of disequilibrium, when the attempt to simulate poise probably made him more rigid than nature had created him. But to-day his perturbation betrayed itself in the gesture with which he drummed out a tune on the back of the gold and platinum cigar-case he had unconsciously drawn from his pocket.

After a moment he seemed to become aware of what he had in his hand, and pressing the sapphire spring held out the case with the remark: "Coronas."

Campton made a movement of refusal, and Mr. Brant, overwhelmed, thrust the cigar-case away.

"I ought to have taken one—I may

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need him," Campton thought; and Mrs. Brant said, addressing her husband: "He thinks as *we* do—exactly."

Campton winced. Thinking as the Brants did was, at all times, so foreign to his nature and his principles that his first impulse was to protest. But the sight of Mr. Brant, standing there helplessly, and trying to hide the twitching of his lip by stroking his lavender-scented moustache with a discreetly curved hand, moved the painter's imagination.

"Poor devil—he'd give all his millions if the boy were safe," he thought, "and he doesn't even dare to say so."

It satisfied Campton's sense of his rights that these two powerful people were hanging on his decision like frightened children, and he answered, looking at Mrs. Brant: "There's nothing to be done at present . . . absolutely nothing.—Except," he added abruptly, "to take care not to talk in this way to George."

Mrs. Brant lifted a startled gaze.

"What do you mean? If war is declared, you can't expect me not to speak of it to him."

"Speak of it as much as you like, but don't drag him in. Let him work out his own case for himself." He went on with an effort: "It's what I intend to do."

"But you said you'd use every influence!" she protested, obtusely.

"Well—I believe this is one of them."

She looked down resignedly at her clasped hands, and he saw her lips tighten. "My telling her that has been just enough to start her on the other tack," he groaned to himself, all her old stupidities rising up around him like a fog.

Mr. Brant gave a slight cough and removed his protecting hand from his lips.

"Mr. Campton is right," he said, quickly and timorously. "I take the same view—entirely. George must not know that we are thinking of using . . . any means. . ." He coughed again, and groped for the cigar-case.

As he ceased, there came over Campton a sense of their possessing a common ground of understanding that Campton had never found in his wife. He had had a hint of the same feeling, but had voluntarily stifled it, on the day when Mr. Brant, apologetic yet determined, had come to the studio to buy George's portrait. Campton had seen then how the man suffered from his failure, but had chosen to attribute his distress to the humiliation of finding there were things his money could not purchase. Now, that judgment seemed as unimaginative as he had once thought Mr. Brant's overture. Campton turned on the banker a look that was almost fraternal.

"We men know . . ." the look said; and Mr. Brant's parched cheek was suffused with a flush of understanding. Then, as if frightened at the consequences of such complicity, he repeated his stiff bow and went out.

A few moments later, when Campton issued forth into the Avenue Marigny, it came to him as a surprise to see the old unheeding life of Paris still going on. In the golden decline of day the usual idlers sat under the horse-chestnuts of the Champs Elysées, children scampered between turf and flowers, and the perpetual stream of motors rolled up the central avenue to the restaurants beyond the gates.

Under the last trees of the Avenue Gabriel Campton stood looking across the Place de la Concorde. No doubt the future was dark: he had guessed from Mr. Brant's precipitate arrival that the banks and the Stock Exchange feared the worst. But what could a man do whose convictions were so largely formed by the play of things on his retina, when before him, in the setting sun, all that majesty of space and light and architecture spread out undisturbed? Paris was too triumphant a fact not to argue down his fears. There she lay in the security of her beauty, and once more proclaimed herself eternal.

III

THE night was so lovely that, though the Boulogne express arrived late, George at once proposed dining in the Bois.

His luggage, of which, as usual, there was a good deal, was dropped at the Crillon, and they shot up the Champs Elysées as the summer dusk began to be pricked by lamps.

"How jolly the old place smells!" George cried, breathing in the scent of sun-warmed asphalt, of flower-beds and freshly watered dust. He seemed as much alive to such impressions as if his first word at the station had not been:

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"Well, this time I suppose we're in for it." In for it they might be; but meanwhile he meant to enjoy the scents and scenes of Paris as acutely and unconcernedly as ever.

Campton had hoped that he would pick out one of the humble cyclists' restaurants near the Seine; but not he. "Madrid, is it?" he said gaily as the taxi turned into the Bois; and there they sat, under the illuminated trees, in the general glitter and expensiveness, with the Tziganes playing down their talk, and all around them the painted faces that seemed to the father so old and obvious, and to the son, no doubt, so full of novelty and mystery.

The music made conversation difficult; but Campton did not care. It was enough to sit and watch the face in which, after each absence, he noted a new and richer vivacity. He had often tried to make up his mind if his boy were handsome. Not that the father's eye influenced the painter's; but George's young head, with its thick blond thatch, the complexion ruddy to the golden eyebrows, and then abruptly white on the forehead, the short amused nose, the inquisitive eyes, the ears lying back flat to the skull against curly edges of fair hair, defied all rules and escaped all classifications by a mixture of romantic gaiety and shrewd plainness like that in certain eighteenth-century portraits.

As father and son faced each other over the piled-up peaches, while the last sparkle of champagne died down in their glasses, Campton's thoughts went back to the day when he had first discovered his son. George was a schoolboy of twelve, at home for the Christmas holidays. At home meant at the Brants', since it was always there he stayed: his father saw him only on certain days. Usually Mariette fetched him to the studio on one afternoon in the week; but this particular week George was ill, and it had been arranged that in case of illness his father was to visit him at his mother's. He had one of his frequent bad colds, and Campton recalled him, propped up in bed in his luxurious overheated room, a scarlet sweater over his nightshirt, a book on his thin knees, and his ugly little fever-flushed face bent over it in profound absorption. Till that moment George had never seemed to care for books: his father had resigned himself to the probability of seeing him grow up into the ordinary pleasant young fellow, with his mother's worldly tastes. But the boy was reading as only a bookworm reads—reading with his very finger-tips, and his inquisitive nose, and the perpetual dart ahead of a gaze that seemed to guess each phrase from its last word. He looked up with a smile, and said: "Oh, Dad . . ." but it was clear that he regarded the visit as an interruption. Campton, leaning over, saw that the book was a first edition of Lavengro.

"Where the deuce did you get that?"

George looked at him with shining eyes. "Didn't you know? Mr. Brant has started collecting first editions. There's a chap who comes over from London with things for him. He lets me have them to look at when I'm seedy. I say, isn't this topping? Do you remember the fight?" And, marvelling once more at the ways of Providence, Campton perceived that the millionaire's taste for owning a library had awakened in his stepson a taste for reading it. "I couldn't have done that for him," the father had reflected with secret bitterness. It was not that a bibliophile's library was necessary to develop a taste for letters; but that Campton himself, being a small reader, had few books about him, and usually borrowed those few. If George had lived with him he might never have guessed the boy's latent hunger, for the need of books as part of one's daily food would scarcely have presented itself to him.

From that day he and George had understood each other. Initiation had come to them in different ways, but their ardour for beauty had the same root. The visible world, and its transposition in terms of one art or another, were thereafter the subject of their interminable talks; and Campton, with a passionate interest, watched his son absorbing through books what had mysteriously reached him through his paint-brush.

They had been parted often, and for long periods; first by George's schooling in England, next by his French military service, begun at eighteen to facilitate his entry into Harvard; finally, by his sojourn at the University. But whenever they were together they seemed to make up in the first ten minutes for the longest

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separation; and since George had come of age, and been his own master, he had given his father every moment he could spare.

His career at Harvard had been interrupted, after two years, by the symptoms of tuberculosis which had necessitated his being hurried off to the Engadine. He had returned completely cured, and at his own wish had gone back to Harvard; and having finished his course and taken his degree, he had now come out to join his father on a long holiday before entering the New York banking-house of Bullard and Brant.

Campton, looking at the boy's bright head across the lights and flowers, thought how incredibly stupid it was to sacrifice an hour of such a life to the routine of money-getting; but he had had that question out with himself once for all, and was not going to return to it. His own success, if it lasted, would eventually help him to make George independent; but meanwhile he had no right to interfere with the boy's business training. He had hoped that George would develop some marked talent, some irresistible tendency which would decide his future too definitely for interference; but George was twenty-five, and no such call had come to him. Apparently he was fated to be only a delighted spectator and commentator; to enjoy and interpret, not to create. And Campton knew that this absence of a special bent, with the strain and absorption it implies, gave the boy his peculiar charm. The trouble was that it made him the prey of other people's plans for him. And now all these plans—Campton's dreams for the future as well as the business arrangements which were Mr. Brant's contribution—might be wrecked by to-morrow's news from Berlin. The possibility still seemed unthinkable; but in spite of his incredulity the evil shadow hung on him as he and his son chatted of political issues.

George made no allusion to his own case: his whole attitude was so dispassionate that his father began to wonder if he had not solved the question by concluding that he would not pass the medical examination. The tone he took was that the whole affair, from the point of view of twentieth-century civilization, was too monstrous an incongruity for something not to put a stop to it at the eleventh hour. His easy optimism at first stimulated his father, and then began to jar on him.

"Dastrey doesn't think it can be stopped," Campton said at length.

The boy smiled.

"Dear old Dastrey! No, I suppose not. That after-Sedan generation have got the inevitability of war in their bones. They've never been able to get beyond it. *Our* whole view is different: we're internationals, whether we want to be or not."

"To begin with, if by 'our' view you mean yours and mine, you and I are not French," his father interposed, "and we can never really know what the French feel on such matters."

George looked at him affectionately. "Oh, but I didn't—I meant 'we' in the sense of my generation, of whatever nationality. I know French chaps who feel as I do—Louis Dastrey, Paul's nephew, for one; and lots of English ones. They don't believe the world will ever stand for another war. It's too stupidly uneconomic, to begin with: I suppose you've read Angell? Then life's worth too much, and nowadays too many millions of people know it. That's the way we all feel. Think of everything that counts—art and science and poetry, and all the rest—going to smash at the nod of some doddering diplomatist! It was different in old times, when the best of life, for the immense majority, was never anything but plague, pestilence and famine. People are too healthy and well-fed now; they're not going off to die in a ditch to oblige anybody."

Campton looked away, and his eye, straying over the crowd, lit on the long heavy face of Fortin-Lescluze, seated with a group of men on the other side of the garden.

Why had it never occurred to him before that if there was one being in the world who could get George discharged it was the great specialist under whose care he had been?

"Suppose war does come," the father thought, "what if I were to go over and tell him I'll paint his dancer?" He stood up and made his way between the tables.

Fortin-Lescluze was dining with a party

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of jaded-looking politicians and journalists. To reach him Campton had to squeeze past another table, at which a fair worn-looking lady sat beside a handsome old man with a dazzling mane of white hair and a Grand Officer's rosette of the Legion of Honour. Campton bowed, and the lady whispered something to her companion, who returned a stately vacant salute. Poor old Beausite, dining alone with his much-wronged and all-forgiving wife, bowing to the people she told him to bow to, and placidly murmuring: "War—war," as he stuck his fork into the peach she had peeled!

At Fortin's table the faces were less placid. The men greeted Campton with a deference which was not lost on Mme. Beausite, and the painter bent close over Fortin, embarrassed at the idea that she might overhear him. "If I can make time for a sketch—will you bring your dancing lady to-morrow?"

The physician's eyes lit up under their puffy lids.

"My dear friend—will I? She's simply set her heart on it!" He drew out his watch and added: "But why not tell her the good news yourself? You told me, I think, you'd never seen her? This is her last night at the 'Posada,' and if you'll jump into my motor we shall be just in time to see her come on."

Campton beckoned to George, and father and son followed Fortin-Lescluze. None of the three men, on the way back to Paris, made any allusion to the war. The physician asked George a few medical questions, and complimented him on his look of recovered health; then the talk strayed to studios and theatres, where Fortin-Lescluze firmly kept it.

The last faint rumours of the conflict died out on the threshold of the "Posada." It would have been hard to discern, in the crowded audience, any appearance but that of ordinary pleasure-seekers momentarily stirred by a new sensation. Collectively, fashionable Paris was already away, at the seashore or in the mountains, but not a few of its chief ornaments still lingered, as the procession through Campton's studio had proved; and others had returned, drawn back by doubts about the future, the desire to be nearer the source of news, the irresistible French craving for the forum and the market when messengers are foaming in. The public of the "Posada," therefore, was still Parisian enough to flatter the new dancer; and on all the pleasure-tired faces, belonging to every type of money-getters and amusement-seekers, Campton saw only the old familiar music-hall look: the look of a house with lights blazing and windows wide, but nobody and nothing within.

The usualness of it all gave him a sense of ease which his boy's enjoyment confirmed. George, lounging on the edge of their box, and watching the yellow dancer with a clear-eyed interest refreshingly different from Fortin's tarnished gaze, George so fresh and cool and unafraid, seemed to prove that a world which could produce such youths would never again settle its differences by the bloody madness of war.

Gradually Campton became absorbed in the dancer, and began to observe her with the concentration he brought to bear on any subject that attracted his brush. He saw that she was more paintable than he could have hoped, though not in the extravagant dress and attitude he was sure her eminent admirer would prefer; but rather as a little crouching animal against a sun-baked wall. He smiled at the struggle he should have when the question of costume came up.

"Well, I'll do her, if you like," he turned to say; and two tears of senile triumph glittered on the physician's heavy cheeks.

"To-morrow, then—at two—may I bring her? She leaves as soon as possible for the south. She lives on sun, heat, radiance. . ."

"To-morrow—yes," Campton agreed.

His decision once reached, the whole subject bored him, and in spite of Fortin's entreaties he got up and signalled to George.

As they strolled home through the brilliant midnight streets, the boy said: "Did I hear you tell old Fortin you were going to do his dancer?"

"Yes—why not? She's very paintable," said Campton, abruptly shaken out of his security.

"Beginning to-morrow?"

"Why not?"

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"Come, you know—*to-morrow!*" George laughed.

"We'll see," his father rejoined, with an obscure sense that if he went on steadily enough doing his usual job it might somehow divert the current of events.

On the threshold of the hotel they were waylaid by an elderly man with a round face and round eyes behind gold eyeglasses. His grey hair was cut in a fringe over his guileless forehead, and he was dressed in expensive evening clothes, and shone with soap and shaving; but the anxiety of a frightened child puckered his innocent brow and twitching cheeks.

"My dear Campton—the very man I've been hunting for! You remember me—your cousin Harvey Mayhew of Utica?"

Campton, with an effort, remembered, and asked what he could do, inwardly hoping it was not a portrait.

"Oh, the simplest thing in the world. You see, I'm here as a Delegate—" At Campton's look of enquiry, Mr. Mayhew interrupted himself to explain: "To the Peace Congress at the Hague—why, yes: naturally. I landed only this morning, and find myself in the middle of all this rather foolish excitement, and unable to make out just how I can reach my destination. My time is—er—valuable, and it is very unfortunate that all this commotion should be allowed to interfere with our work. It would be most annoying if, after having made the effort to break away from Utica, I should arrive too late for the opening of the Congress."

Campton looked at him wonderingly. "Then you're going anyhow?"

"Going? Why not? You surely don't think—?" Mr. Mayhew threw back his shoulders, pink and impressive. "I shouldn't, in any case, allow anything so opposed to my convictions as *war* to interfere with my carrying out my mandate. All I want is to find out the route least likely to be closed if—if this monstrous thing should occur."

Campton considered. "Well—if I were you I should go round by Luxembourg—it's longer, but you'll be out of the way of trouble." He gave a nod of encouragement, and the Peace Delegate thanked him profusely.

Father and son were lodged on the top floor of the Crillon, in the little apartment which opens on the broad terraced roof. Campton had wanted to put before his boy one of the city's most perfect scenes; and when they reached their sitting-room George went straight out onto the terrace, and leaning on the parapet, called back: "Oh, don't go to bed yet—it's too jolly."

Campton followed, and the two stood looking down on the festal expanse of the Place de la Concorde strown with great flower-clusters of lights between its pearly distances. The sky was full of stars, pale, remote, half-drowned in the city's vast illumination; and the foliage of the Champs Elysées and the Tuileries made masses of mysterious darkness behind the statues and the flashing fountains.

For a long time neither father nor son spoke; then Campton said: "Are you game to start the day after to-morrow?"

George waited a moment. "For Africa?"

"Well—my idea would be to push straight through to the south—as far as Palermo, say. All this cloudy watery loveliness gives me a furious appetite for violent red earth and white houses crackling in the glare."

George again pondered; then he said: "It sounds first-rate. But if you're so sure we're going to start why did you tell Fortin to bring that girl to-morrow?"

Campton, reddening in the darkness, felt as if his son's clear eyes were following the motions of his blood. Had George suspected why he had wanted to ingratiate himself with the physician?

"It was stupid—I'll put her off," he muttered. He dropped into an armchair, and sat there, in his clumsy infirm attitude, his arms folded behind his head, while George continued to lean on the parapet.

The boy's question had put an end to their talk by baring the throbbing nerve of his father's anxiety. If war were declared the next day, what did George mean to do? There was every hope of his obtaining his discharge; but would he lend himself to the attempt? The deadly fear of crystallizing his son's refusal by forcing him to put it into words kept Campton from asking the question.

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IV

THE evening was too beautiful, and too full of the sense of fate, for sleep to be possible, and long after George had finally said "All the same, I think I'll turn in," his father sat on, listening to the gradual subsidence of the traffic, and watching the night widen above Paris.

As he sat there, discouragement overcame him. His last plan, his plan for getting George finally and completely over to his side, was going to fail as all his other plans had failed. If there were war there would be no more portraits to paint, and his vision of wealth would vanish as visions of love and happiness and comradeship had one by one faded away. Nothing had ever succeeded with him but the thing he had in some moods set least store by, the dogged achievement of his brush; and just as that was about to assure his happiness, here was this horrible world-catastrophe threatening to fall across his path.

His misfortune had been that he could neither get on easily with people nor live without them; could never wholly isolate himself in his art, nor yet resign himself to any permanent human communion that left it out, or, worse still, dragged it in irrelevantly. He had tried both kinds, and on the whole preferred the first. His marriage, his stupid ill-fated marriage, had after all not been the most disenchanting of his adventures, because Julia Ambrose, when she married him, had made no pretense of espousing his art.

He had seen her first in the tumble-down Venetian palace where she lived with her bachelor uncle, old Horace Ambrose, who dabbled in inferior bric-a-brac and cultivated an innocent Bohemianism. Campton, looking back, still understood why, to a raw youth from Utica, at odds with his father, unwilling to go into the family business, and strangling with violent unexpressed ideas on art and the universe, marriage with Julia Ambrose had seemed the perfect solution. She had been born in Paris, of a drifting and impecunious American couple, and educated there, after their death, in a fashionable convent. Thence she had passed to her uncle's guardianship; and all the ideas that most terrified and scandalized Campton's family were part of the only air she had breathed. She had never intentionally feigned an exaggerated interest in his ambitions. But her bringing-up made her regard them as natural; she knew what he was aiming at, though she had never understood his reasons for trying. The jargon of art was merely one of her many languages; but she talked it so fluently that he had taken it for her mother-tongue.

The only other young girls he had known well were his sisters—earnest young women with eye-glasses who thought he ought to come home—and a friend of Miss Ambrose's, a queer abrupt young American, already an old maid at twenty-two, and in open revolt against her family for reasons not unlike his own.

Adele Anthony, the queer girl, had come abroad to keep house for a worthless "artistic" brother, who was preparing to be a sculptor by prolonged sessions in Anglo-American bars and the lobbies of music-halls. When he finally went under, and was shipped home, Miss Anthony stayed on in Paris, ashamed, as she told Campton, to go back and face the righteous triumph of a family connection who had unanimously disbelieved in the possibility of making Bill Anthony into a sculptor, and in the wisdom of his sister's staking her small means on the venture.

"Somehow, behind it all, I was right, and they were wrong; but to do anything with poor Bill I ought to have been able to begin two or three generations back," she confessed.

Miss Anthony had many friends in Paris, of whom Julia Ambrose was the most admired; and she had assisted sympathizingly (if not enthusiastically) at Campton's wooing of Julia, and their hasty marriage. Her only note of warning had been the reminder that Julia had always been poor, and had always lived as if she were rich; and that was silenced by Campton's rejoinder that the Magic Mangle, to which the Campton prosperity was due, was some day going to make him rich, though he had always lived as if he were poor.

"Well—you'd better not, any longer," Adele sharply advised; and he laughed, and promised to go out and buy a new hat. In truth, careless of comfort as he

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was, he adored luxury in women, and was resolved to let his wife ruin him if she did it handsomely enough. Doubtless she might have, had fate given her time; but soon after their marriage old Mr. Campton died, and it was found that a trusted manager had so invested the profits of the Mangle that the heirs inherited only a series of law-suits.

John Campton, henceforth, was merely the unsuccessful son of a ruined manufacturer; painting became a luxury he could no longer afford, and his mother and sisters besought him to come back and take over what was left of the business. It seemed so clearly his duty that, with anguish of soul, he prepared to go; but Julia, on being consulted, developed a sudden passion for art and poverty.

"We'd have to live in Utica—for some years at any rate?"

"Well, yes, no doubt—." They faced the fact desolately.

"They'd much better look out for another manager. What do you know about business? Since you've taken up painting you'd better try to make a success of that," she advised him; and he was too much of the same mind not to agree.

It was not long before George's birth, and they had intended, like prudent Americans, to go home for the event, and thus spare their hoped-for heir the inconvenience of coming into the world, like his mother, in a foreign country. But now this was not to be thought of; and the disadvantage to George was lost sight of by his parents in the contemplation of their immediate anxieties.

For a few years their life dragged along shabbily and depressingly. Now that Campton's painting was no longer an amateur's hobby but a domestic obligation, Julia thought it her duty to interest herself in it; and her only idea of doing so was by means of what she called "relations," using the word in its French and diplomatic sense.

She was convinced that her husband's lack of success was due to Beausite's blighting epigram, and to Campton's subsequent resolve to strike out for himself. "It's a great mistake to try to be original till people have got used to you," she said, with the shrewdness that sometimes startled him. "If you'd only been civil to Beausite he would have ended by taking you up, and then you could have painted as queerly as you liked."

Beausite, by this time, had succumbed to the honours which lie in wait for such talents, and in his starred and titled maturity his earlier dread of rivals had given way to a prudent benevolence. Young artists were always welcome at the receptions he gave in his sumptuous hotel of the Avenue du Bois. Those who threatened to be rivals were even invited to dine; and Julia was justified in triumphing when such an invitation finally rewarded her efforts.

Campton, with a laugh, threw the card into the stove.

"If you'd only understand that that's not the way," he said.

"What is, then?"

"Why, letting all that lot see what unutterable rubbish one thinks them!"

"I should have thought you'd tried that long enough," she said with pale lips; but he answered jovially that it never palled on him.

She was bitterly offended; but she knew Campton by this time, and was not a woman to waste herself in vain resentment. She simply suggested that since he would not profit by Beausite's advance the only alternative was to try to get orders for portraits; and though at that stage he was not in the mood for portrait-painting, he made an honest attempt to satisfy her. She began, of course, by sitting for him. She sat again and again; but, lovely as she was, he was not inspired, and one day, in sheer self-defence, he blurted out that she was not paintable. She never forgot the epithet, and it loomed large in their subsequent recriminations.

Adele Anthony—it was just like her—gave him his first order, and she did prove paintable. Campton made a success of her long crooked pink-nosed face; but she didn't perceive it (she had wanted something oval, with tulle, and a rose in a taper hand), and after heroically facing the picture for six months she hid it away in an attic, whence, a year or so before the date of the artist's present musings, it had been fished out as an "early Campton," to be exhibited half a dozen times, and have articles written about it in the leading art reviews.

Adele's picture acted as an awful warn-

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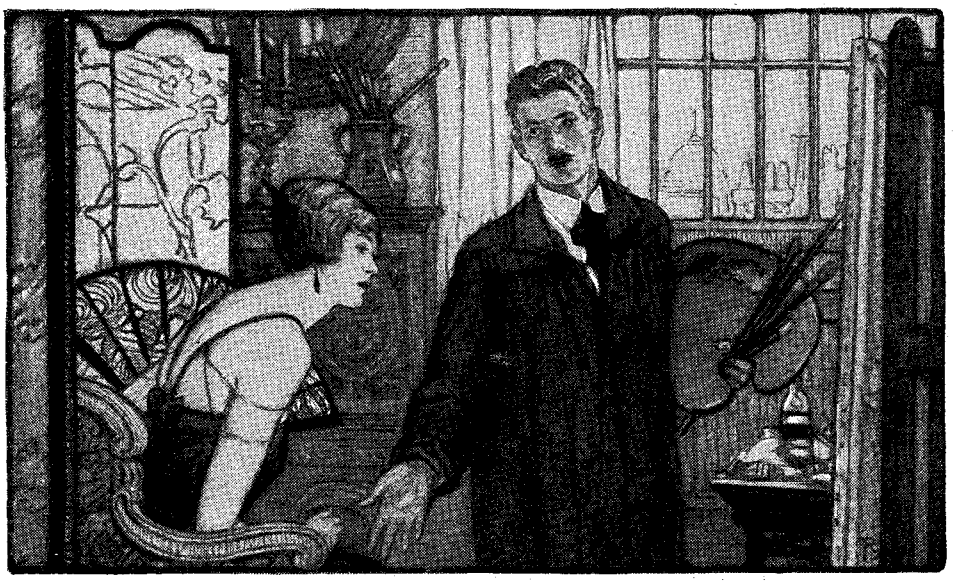
ing to intending patrons, and after one or two attempts at depicting mistrustful friends Campton refused to constrain his muse, and no more was said of portrait-painting. But life in Paris was growing too expensive. He persuaded Julia to try Spain, and they wandered about there for a year. She was not fault-finding, she did not complain, but she hated travelling, she could not eat things cooked in oil, all blue-white too, from her cotton skirt to the kerchief knotted turbanwise above two folds of blue-black hair. Her round forehead and merry nose were relieved like a bronze medallion against the wall; and she stood with her hands on her hips, laughing at a little pig asleep under a cork-tree, who lay on his side like a dog.

The vision filled the carriage-window and then vanished; but it remained so



. . . And one day, in sheer self-defence, he blurted out that she was not paintable.—Page 656.

and his pictures seemed to her to be growing more and more ugly and unsaleable.

Finally they came one day to Ronda, after a trying sojourn at Cordova. In the train Julia had moaned a little at the mosquitoes of the previous night, and at the heat and dirt of the second-class compartment; then, always conscious of the ill-breeding of fretfulness, she had bent her lovely head above her Tauchnitz. And it was then that Campton, looking out of the window to avoid her fatally familiar profile, had suddenly discovered another. It was that of a peasant girl in front of a small whitewashed house, under a white pergola hung with bunches of big red peppers. The house, which was close to the railway, was propped against an orange-coloured rock, and in the glare cast up from the red earth its walls looked as blue as snow in shadow. The girl was sharply impressed on Campton that even then he knew what was going to happen. He leaned back with a sense of relief, and forgot everything else.

The next morning he said to his wife: "There's a little place up the line that I want to go back and paint. You don't mind staying here a day or two, do you?"

She said she did not mind; it was what she always said; but he was somehow aware that this was the particular grievance she had always been waiting for. He did not care for that, or for anything but getting a seat in the diligence which started every morning for the village nearest the white house. On the way he remembered that he had left Julia only forty pesetas, but he did not care about that either. . . He stayed a month, and when he returned to Ronda his wife had gone back to Paris, leaving a letter to say

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that the matter was in the hands of her lawyers.

"What did you do it for—I mean in that particular way? For goodness knows I understand all the rest," Adele Anthony had once asked him, while the divorce proceedings were going on; and he had shaken his head, conscious that he could not explain.

It was a year or two later that he met the first person who *did* understand: a Russian lady who had heard the story, was curious to know him, and asked, one day, when their friendship had progressed, to see the sketches he had brought back from his *fugue*.

"*Comme je vous comprends!*" she had murmured, her grey eyes deep in his; but perceiving that she did not allude to the sketches, but to his sentimental adventure, Campton pushed the drawings out of sight, vexed with himself for having shown them.

He forgave the Russian lady her artistic obtuseness for the sake of her human comprehension. They had met at the loneliest moment of his life, when his art seemed to have failed him like everything else, and when the struggle to get possession of his son, which had been going on in the courts ever since the break with Julia, had finally been decided against him. His Russian friend consoled, amused and agitated him, and after a few years drifted out of his life as irresponsibly as she had drifted into it; and he found himself, at forty-five, a lonely thwarted man, as full as ever of faith in his own powers, but with little left in human nature or in opportunity. It was about this time that he heard that Julia was to marry again, and that his boy would have a stepfather.

He knew that even his own family thought it "the best thing that could happen." They were tired of clubbing together to pay Julia's alimony, and heaved a united sigh of relief when they learned that her second choice had fallen, not on the bankrupt "foreign Count" they had always dreaded, but on the Paris partner of the famous bank of Bullard and Brant. Mr. Brant's request that his wife's alimony should be discontinued gave him a moral superiority which even Campton's recent successes could not shake. It was felt that the request expressed the contempt of an income easily counted in seven figures for a pittance painfully screwed up to four; and the Camptons admired Mr. Brant much more for not needing their money than for refusing it on principle.

Their attitude left John Campton without support in his struggle to keep a hold upon his boy. His family sincerely thought George safer with the Brants than with his own father, and the father could advance to the contrary no arguments they would have understood. All the forces of order seemed leagued against him; and it was perhaps this fact that suddenly drove him into conformity with them. At any rate, from the day of Julia's remarriage no other woman shared her former husband's life. Campton settled down to the solitude of his dusty studio at Montmartre, and painted doggedly, all his thoughts on George.

At this point in his reminiscences the bells of Sainte Clotilde rang out the half-hour after midnight, and Campton rose and went into the darkened sitting-room.

The door into George's room was open, and in the silence the father heard the boy's calm breathing. A light from the bathroom cast its ray on the dressing-table, which was scattered with the contents of George's pockets. Campton, dwelling with a new tenderness on everything that belonged to his son, noticed a smart antelope card-case (George had his mother's weakness for Bond Street novelties), a wrist-watch, his studs, a bundle of bank-notes; and beside these a thumbed and dirty red book, the size of a largish diary.

The father wondered what it was; then of a sudden he knew. He had once seen Mme. Lebel's grandson pull just such a red book from his pocket as he was leaving for his "twenty-eight days" of military service; it was the *livret militaire* that every French citizen under forty-eight carries about with him.

Campton had never paid much attention to French military regulations: George's service over, he had dismissed the matter from his mind, forgetting that his son was still a member of the French army, and as closely linked to the fortunes of France as the grandson of the concierge of Montmartre. Now it occurred to him that that little red book

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would answer the questions he had not dared to put; and stealing in, he possessed himself of it and carried it back to the sitting-room. There he sat down by the lamp and read.

First George's name, his domicile, his rank as a *maréchal des logis* of dragoons, the number of his regiment and its base: all that was already familiar. But what was this on the next page?

"In case of general mobilisation announced to the populations of France by public proclamations, or by notices posted in the streets, the bearer of this order is to rejoin his regiment at ——.

"He is to take with him provisions for one day.

"He is to present himself at the station of —— on the third day of mobilisation at 6 o'clock, and to take the train indicated by the station-master.

"The days of mobilisation are counted from 0 o'clock to 24 o'clock. The first day is that on which the order of mobilisation is published."

Campton dropped the book and pressed his hands to his temples. "The days of mobilisation are counted from 0 o'clock to 24 o'clock. The first day is that on which the order of mobilisation is published." Then, if France mobilised that day, George would start the second day after at 6 in the morning. George might be going to leave him within forty-eight hours from that very moment!

Campton had always vaguely supposed that, some day or other, if war came, a telegram would call George to his base; it had never occurred to him that every detail of the boy's military life had long since been regulated by the dread power which had him in its grasp.

He read the next paragraph: "The bearer will travel free of charge—" and thought with a grin how it would annoy Anderson Brant that the French government should presume to treat his stepson as if he could not pay his way. The plump bundle of bank-notes on the dressing-table seemed to look with ineffectual scorn at the red book that sojourned so democratically in the same pocket. And Campton, picturing George jammed into an overcrowded military train, on the plebeian wooden seat of a third-class compartment, grinned again, forgetful of his own anxiety in the vision of Brant's exasperation.

Ah, well, it wasn't war yet, whatever they said!

He carried the red book back to the dressing-table. The light falling across the bed drew his eye to the young face on the pillow. George lay on his side, one arm above his head, the other laxly stretched along the bed. He had thrown off the blankets, and the sheet, clinging to his body, modelled his slim flank and legs as he lay in dreamless rest.

For a long time Campton stood gazing; then he stole back to the sitting-room, picked up a sketch-book and pencil and returned. He knew there was no danger of waking George, and he began to draw, eagerly but deliberately, fascinated by the happy accident of the lighting, and of the boy's position.

"Like a statue of a young knight I've seen somewhere," he said to himself, vexed and surprised that he, whose plastic memories were always so precise, should not remember where; and then his pencil stopped. What he had really thought was: "Like the *effigy* of a young knight" —though he had instinctively changed the word as it formed itself. He leaned in the doorway, the sketch-book in hand, and continued to gaze at his son. It was the clinging sheet, no doubt, that gave him that look . . . and the white glare of the electric burner.

If war came, that was just the way a boy might lie on a battle-field—or afterward in a hospital bed. Not *his* boy, thank heaven; but very probably his boy's friends: hundreds and thousands of boys like his boy, the age of his boy, with a laugh like his boy's. . . The wicked waste of it! Well, that was what war meant . . . what to-morrow might bring to millions of parents like himself.

He stiffened his shoulders, and opened the sketch-book again. What watery stuff was he made of, he wondered? Just because the boy lay as if he were posing for a tombstone! . . . What of Signorelli, who had sat at his dead son's side and drawn him, tenderly, minutely, while the coffin waited?

Well, damn Signorelli—that was all! Campton threw down his book, turned out the sitting-room lights, and limped away to bed.

(To be continued.)

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"What Else Did Father Do?"

BY EDWARD W. BOK

Author of "The Americanization of Edward Bok"

A MAN came to me not long ago who had decided to retire from business. "Six months ago," he said, "I was unconvinced that I could safely leave my responsibility, but I have thought it over and reached exactly the opposite conclusion: that my business, which I have built up in thirty-six years, will be the better for it if I take my hands off and give my younger men a chance. I shall keep myself on call for consultation, but not for active participation."

He was fifty-one years of age, and did a business last year of three million dollars.

"But," he added, "I have made the mistake so common to most American business men. I have followed my business to the exclusion of all else, and now I have no inner resources. I cannot, with my active temperament, sit down and twiddle my thumbs, and to follow the seasons and play golf all year seems a waste of time."

"Why should you?" I asked.

"It is all I know," he replied.

"What has been your hobby outside of business?" I asked. I knew, but I wanted him to say it.

"Golf and going to the theatre twice a week for relaxation," was his summary with a grim smile. "Pretty barren. I realize it now."

"You have given your money liberally, though. To what particular charity or interest did you give most generously?" I continued.

He told me. I asked him to which one particular work he gave most. He cited three. When asked why, he explained that they interested him the more because of the practical work they were doing. "It wasn't the up-in-the-air work that so many organizations do; it got down to bed-rock, to the people who needed it most," he explained.

"Which one of the three appealed to you strongest, do you think?" I urged.

He pondered, and then named the one I hoped he would.

"Why don't you go into that work, and supply exactly what they need in that work to make it more effective and expand it?" I asked.

"I know nothing about it," he answered, "except that I have heard their story and given my money."

I took a letter out of the drawer of my desk and handed it to him. It offered me the presidency of the organization. "They are coming to me for my answer to-morrow at eleven o'clock," I said. "Come and sit in and listen."

The next morning he came and heard the committee, two of whom he knew, explain the kind of man they were looking for as a president.

"In other words, you want a business man," I said, "a man who can reshape your organization: put two or three new men in the more important places, inspire and direct their work; salesmen, in other words, who can sell your work just as commercial salesmen sell manufactured products; put the organization on a budget and conduct it as a man would his business, supplying ordinary common-sense, executive judgment and the ability to initiate and produce results through others."

"Exactly," said the committee as with one voice.

I had recited precisely what my friend had done with his business. He began to see with dawning clearness what so many business men fail to see: that what business demands in a man is precisely what the organizations outside of business demand and which if they had in their governing head the altruistic work of the world would be farther advanced. It is not a question of a different set of talents; it is exactly the same set of talents. No matter how thoroughly a man may have immersed himself in business to the ex-

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clusion of all else, he still possesses the precise judgment, the exact faculty of sizing up men, the identical executive ability, and the "selling" quality that the organizations devoted to welfare stand in such crying need of. Instead of an utter submergence in business unfitting a man for successful public welfare work of any kind, it is the identical experience which fits him so completely for the problem. It is the clear, steady head, with the force and personality of the business man, sharpened and developed in affairs, that is so urgently needed in so many welfare organizations.

The business man concerned in the above incident became president. He has been in the harness now for eleven months. A happier man is scarcely to be found in New York. From the moment he took hold of his new work it responded to his touch. He revitalized the organization, reshaped it here and there; dropped not a single attaché, but encouraged and inspired them all; is working by a budget which cut the expenses 20 per cent, and last winter the organization did a quality and quantity of work unequalled in its history. And it was a going concern at that. All it needed was practical leadership to send it skimming along new and unseen paths which were at once obvious to the trained business mind.

A man had overexerted in his business during the war and broken down. Three physicians had worked their hardest to bring him round. They finally succeeded. "But," they warned, "no return to your old business. The mind must not get back into its old grooves. You can be as active as you like, but not there. Leave that to your associates. You go into some entirely new line; something that will absorb you as did your business; something, if possible, for the benefit of your fellow men. Go in for civics, education, the fine arts, welfare, anything, and go into it as far as you like. But keep away from the old grooves. Forget money-making. You've done enough of that."

"All fine enough," he said to me. "The doctors are probably right. But what will I get into? I have never known anything but my business. It's just been coal, coal, all my life."

We went over the same ground as I had with my friend of the previous paragraph, and naturally we emerged at the same point of clarity. This man is now likewise busy; as busy and as contented as any man I ever saw. "Wouldn't go back to business for the world," he said to me recently. "My only trouble is to let go, so as to get away this summer for a vacation."

"Happy in it, evidently," I commented.

"Happy?" he echoed. "My dear fellow, never been so happy in my life. Never felt so well. I wouldn't have believed it possible how differently a man can feel working for the other fellow instead of working for himself."

The truth is, if men could realize what that feeling really is and what it means to a man's mental, physical, and spiritual being we would have just the right exodus from the business world that would be beneficial to it and into the world so full of waiting responsibilities and offering a quality of service where those men are needed, where the new and different work would add ten years to the lives of those men who, in business, feel burdened, depressed, and old before their time. They have become jaded from a lifetime of sameness.

What the average man cannot get through his head is the idea of dividing his life between two periods—one of requisition and the other of distribution. John D. Rockefeller sensed this and has reached the age of eighty-three doing it and playing golf, with his mind active enough with his distributions so as to keep him vitally interested, while all his other associates in Standard Oil who failed to do it have passed off. But Mr. Rockefeller had the divination to see that a time comes to a man who has acquired when he must cease taking out of the world and begin putting something into it. A man's life is like the soil of a farm: the point comes when he must put into the soil what he has taken out, else life becomes barren and unproductive.

We need not amass the fortune of a Rockefeller. His is an extreme case of enormous wealth. It is not so much the man who has made money in large quantities as the man who has large executive ability, who has used this gift from God to

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build himself up and his family—who, having acquired ample means, is entirely able, if he wishes, to turn his ability from further personal aggrandisement to a similar achievement in a field where he will build up some effective instrument for others. The sooner this man realizes that no inner and complete satisfaction will come to him if he persists in his self-centred course, the sooner he gets the truth into his mind that from those to whom much has been given much is expected; the sooner it comes to him that what is his to-day has come to him from the public and should in a measure go back to that public; the sooner he realizes that we who are fathers will in the future be remembered by our children, not by the money we were able to make and pile up, but by what we did with it when we got it —the sooner we will see a more contented race of American men instead of a growing proportion of men who, in offices and on the street and on golf-courses, are dropping in their tracks from strains on their hearts overworked in the race for more power, more money, and more self-centred achievement.

When a man has developed a competence due to the energy and the development of his ability and experience he is apt to forget that he thereby owes a duty to some one other than himself. He owes a duty to his family who have stood by him, seen him through his troublesome years, and who sent him out into his world of achievement well fed, well cared for, and with the priceless stimulant of love to push him on. He owes it to that family to leave behind him, for them, a name that will stand for something else than the mere acquirement of money. For men must bear in mind that the next generation is going to have a clearer idea of the real meaning of life. Our sons and daughters are already beginning to see and discuss that there is something more to life than the mere making of money; that man cannot live by bread alone. These successors of ours are going to look back to our records and ask, as asked one son recently: "Yes, I know that father made a lot of money and built up a big business. But what else did he do?" That will be the acid test: "What else did he do?" That is the yardstick by which hundreds of fathers will be measured, and our names and our works will mean to our children exactly what we make those names stand for and the works we fashion with our hands. And, as things are, it will be a merciless reckoning for some of us. The next generation is distinctly on the way to new standards of responsibility. Everywhere the signs are on the horizon. Talk with the future men and women who are leaving our colleges. It is no longer the sordid material mind that knows only the dollar-mark and nothing else.

The father who thinks the situation out at all and through, the older he gets the more does he realize that his children are all that he has; they are his hopes; in them lies the perpetuation that is so close to every man. What else in the future have we, as fathers, that is worth while? It is solely and singly what our son is going to be; the kind of woman our girl will be. Our hearts are centred on those thoughts; they are our dreams; our prayers are fulfilled or not as they develop or fail of development. It is all very well to expect much of them. But what do we give them to go by in our lives and our examples? A record of self-achievement? Creditable. A man's first thought and ambition, as it should be. But what more? "What else did father do?" How will our record bear that question—the scrutiny of the son or daughter with an awakened civic conscience which already believes, and will realize more fully than ever in the years to come, that for a man to live a four-squared life he must have made the world a little better because he lived in it? This is not idle theory: it is a fact, a condition, a state of mind already with us. It is already in the minds of the young, and the times ahead are going to be conducive to the elaboration and cultivation of this measurement of a man's life. "I know, I know," said a twenty-four-year old son impatiently to me the other day; "I have heard a lot about my father's ability to make money and the money he has made. But I have been watching him, and I don't see that he does much with it except to use it to make more money."

"I have been watching him." That is the first sign, and hundreds of fathers, devoted to their families and hopeful of

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their sons, are to-day, unknown to themselves, being watched by their own flesh and blood and their measures taken. In the balance of the minds of their own children are they being weighed, and it is up to them, and distinctly up to them too, to decide how far or not they shall be found wanting.

Here is an authentic instance which shows the way our sons are going, and the kind of experience that an increasing number of fathers will have in the future.

A clear-eyed, clean-limbed young chap returned from his college graduation to his father's home in a large Western city.

That evening the father said: "Well, son, you're through college. Now what?"

"I should like to go into civics in the city, father," was the answer.

"Civics?" echoed the father, laying down his paper. "Why civics?"

"Well, it has seemed to me," said the son in a tone that left no doubt of its certainty, "that the people of the city have done a great deal for us, through your business; that it is from their hand, in an indirect way, that I received my education, and it struck me that if I have gotten anything out of that opportunity I should give it back to them. I have been reading the home papers at college for the last year; and general conditions do not seem to me to be getting any better. And I thought some one in this family ought to take a hand and try to contribute."

A slight flush came into the face of the father as he asked: "You don't think I do, then?"

"I haven't read or heard of your doing so, father. So I asked Uncle Ben and Aunt Jess the other day when they were at college, and they said that 'business was your long suit' and that you had never gone in for anything else. I don't mean for one moment to criticise, father; such a thing is farthest from my mind. Doubtless you have your reasons for hewing close to the business and giving all your abilities to its extension. But the people of the city certainly have been good to you, and thus to us, and if, as I heard you say the other day, your business was getting better all the time, and if, as I get from the newspapers, the city is growing worse all the time, it seems to me there is something due from us. Am I too altruistic?"

"Not at all, my boy. On the contrary, I think you have a very good angle on the situation. I like it," added the father.

"I am glad of that, sir," fervently answered the son. "You have been mighty good to me, father; your hand has always been out to me when I needed it, and I don't want in any way to go against your plans or wishes for me. But I thought when you asked me 'What now?' you would like me to be frank."

"That's right, Bob," said the father, as he fixed a steady look on his boy's face, and then transferred it to that of his wife, who caught a world of meaning in it.

The following evening after dinner the father asked: "Going out this evening, Bob?"

"No, sir," answered the boy.

"Well, let's sit down and have a chat," said the father, lighting a cigar. "I have thought quite a little about what you said last evening, and the more I have considered what you said the better I like it and you."

"Thanks, father, a lot for saying that," said the boy.

"I mean it, boy," said the father as he gave his boy his straight, full eyes. "But you're the only succession I have, you know, for the business, and it would seem a bit unnecessary to let the business go into other hands when I have always hoped it might remain in the family. Tell me frankly, have you anything against my business as a business, or against business as a proposition?"

"Indeed, no; not for one minute," answered the boy. "On the contrary, I think you have built up a marvellous business, father, and everybody says you have built it up on the square deal with the public. Uncle says there isn't a dishonest nickel in it. No, no, father, I like your business, and I like business as a proposition. I have been reading along commercial and financial lines because mother has told me of your hopes for me, and I wanted you to find me as ready as a fellow can be with a theoretical knowledge at twenty-three."

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"Very well said, Bob," smiled the father. "But you don't want it as an exclusive and all-absorbing job; you'd like a bit of civic on the side. Is that your idea?"

"Exactly. I am perfectly willing and ready to go into the business if you will let me, and work my hardest for it. But I should like a chance and time to do something on the side, as you put it, and then when I reach about your age I should like to go in for public welfare altogether. Do you see that as practicable?"

"Perfectly, son, perfectly. And it fits in exactly with a plan I want to propose. How would this strike you? Suppose you go into the business to make it for the present your major job, and take on some civic work in your off-hours. Let me play part of my job into your hands, increase the responsibilities of the three partners and their percentage in the business, and let me get gradually out, so that I can go in for civics, partly at first and in a year or three, say, altogether. To tell you the truth, Bob, I haven't been satisfied with myself for quite a while, and what you said has brought the whole thing to a head. I pleased your mother this morning when I told her. How does it get to you, son?"

"Simply wonderful, father. I could ask for nothing better. If you'll go in to do for the city, with your abilities and standing, there's no need for me."

And so it was arranged and so it came about.

That was twenty months ago.

The other day the son said to the father: "Well, father, you're certainly going it strong in your city work. You're on the first page again this evening. At this rate you're certainly going to have Sis and me remember you as something more than a money-getter."

Said the father to me later: "That was the phrase that got me, Bok: 'something more than a money-getter.' It was what it revealed to me: I had been talked over by my boy and girl as a mere 'money-getter'; those children had gone to my brother and sister to get a line on me and had been told that business was my long suit and, probably they had added, nothing else. That talk with my son that evening was a red-letter day for me. My boy and I were always good friends, thank God, there wasn't much distance between us, but now we are pals. He awakened me."

And that is exactly what is going to come about: the new generation is going to awaken the old, and in proportion as it does it will redound to the betterment of men and to the advancement of the American social order. It is a new era of thinking that we fathers are facing with our sons, and the sooner we realize it the better.

The man who goes on and leaves a fortune to further build up his family, and contents himself with that achievement, perpetuating a name simply by the money he leaves behind, violates a healthful American tradition.

It is not meeting the case for a man to give his check or his name or the end of an exhausting day to the betterment of his fellow men. The spectacle that we see to-day of the presence of the names of a lot of capable business men on the boards or committees of organizations for social work—names that spell nothing else but names, names that mean a check and not even casual interest—is one of the most misleading factors in our whole problem of social advance in America. Infinitely better would it be for these men plainly to mark themselves as chasers of the dollar, solely and singly, than to mislead many who accept the presence of such names as evidences of good faith, of an interest in their fellow beings and a knowledge of the work, instead of ostensibly and palpably indorsing a work of which they know little or nothing and an organization of which they never or rarely attend a meeting. At least in our service for others let us be honest. If we are posted as directors let us direct or help to direct. But to fool the public, to perjure ourselves, is infinitely worse than to stand forth in honest declaration that the mart is our god, that the tape is our bible, and that we are indifferent to the judgment of our children when they ask in the years to come, when we shall be no more: "What else did father do?"

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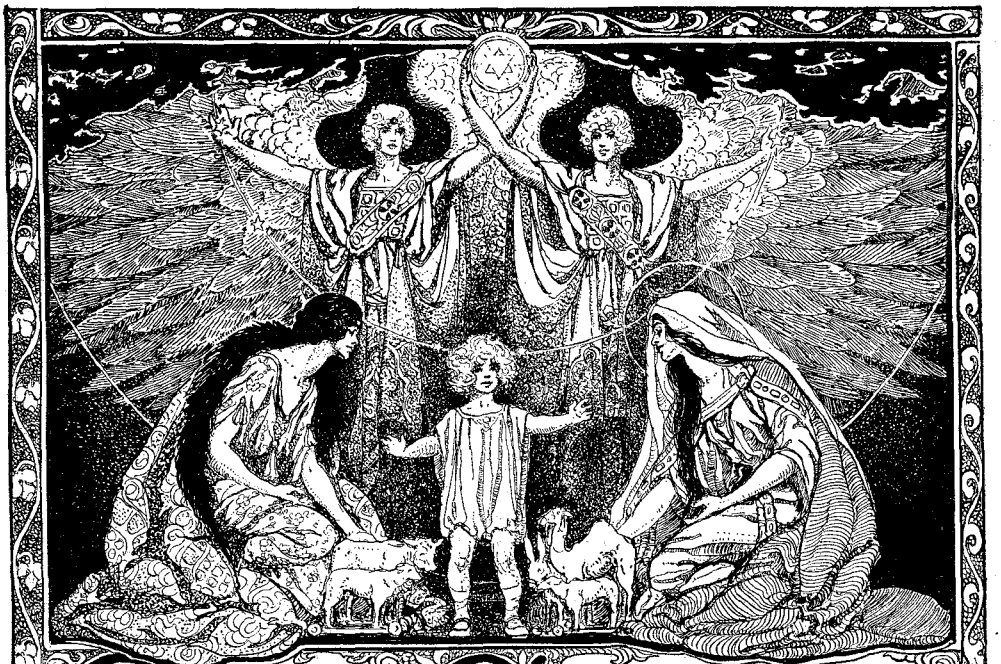

A Child's Christmas

Martha Haskell Clark

Decoration by Beatrice Stevens

Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day—
The wondered, breathless waking through fir-sweet morning gray,

White tropic forests on the pane against the dawn-streaked skies,
The awe of faith unhesitant in lifted childish eyes;

The spluttered, spicy, teasing joy of kitchen-fragrance sweet,
The sting of frost upon his face, the snow-creak neath his feet;

The swish of runners, song of bells, the laughing-echoed call
From drifted hilltops, sparkling white; the blue sky folding all;

The holly-berried table top, the feasting and the fun,
With Christmas ribbons strewing all until the day is done;

The hush of candle-lighting time, the hearth-flame flickered red,
The warm soft clasp of clinging hands up shadowed stairs to bed;

The crib-side talk that slacks and stills on stumbled drowsy note,
The love that stings behind your eyes, and catches in your throat;

The hope, the fears, the tenderness, the Mary-prayer you pray—
Who has not loved a little child, he knows not Christmas Day.

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My Princess

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I

I HAVE known but one princess in my day. . . .
I always knew that princesses would wear
Long strings of pearls wound through their golden hair,—
That they were young and delicate as some fay
Caught in mid-forest, and that smiles must live
Like sunlight in the swift blue of their eyes.
A princess, though a hunted fugitive,
Surely still trails her cloud of mysteries!
But this my princess was distressed and tired,
Her eyes were puffy and her hands were old;
She had forgotten all she once desired;
Eternal greyness held her in its fold:—
A sick old woman, shuffling down the way
That leads to where the story's end is told.

II

And yet a princess is a princess still,
Though she remembers, forty years behind,
The days when lovers to the Hollow Hill
Came for her sake; and lonely, bitter, blind,
My princess was my princess as she said—
"I will deny, while I have living breath,
All that is lonely, bitter, blind," she said:
"I will allege life, though I look on death.
All things are nothing. Happiness is a dream.
Yet now that I am honored with the old
I will contest everything but that gleam
Which makes, a little while, the days of gold.
Spare me your kindness!— For my pennon shall stream,
Down to the place where the story's end is told."

Taken Ship

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

TO-NIGHT, about the little town,
The lights will glimmer, golden-soft;
But I shall be horizon-down
Facing the stars that climb aloft.

And you, to-night, around the fire,
Will draw the curtains, pitying me—
When I have gained my heart's desire,
The wide wind and the swinging sea!

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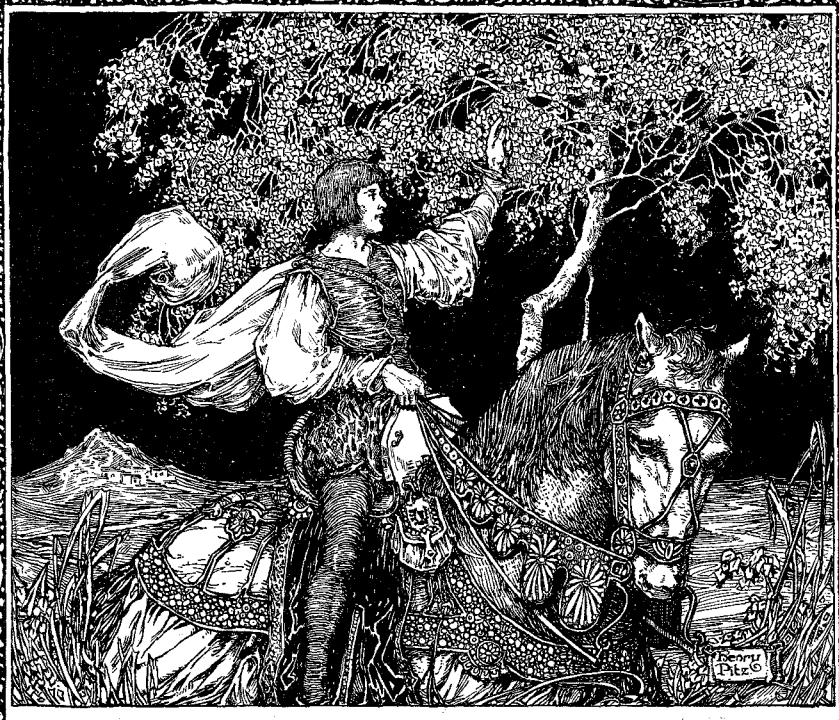

The Calling Road

BY MARY R. S. ANDREWS

DECORATION BY HENRY PITZ

MISTS of the springtime thicken the trees,
And the road calls;
Silver-vague bugles blow under the breeze;
The stream falls, falls.
Ever beyond a far, brown turning,
Where the road falls,
Is the heart's desire; an altar flame's burning,
A god calls—calls.

Then up to the saddle and follow, follow
The road's clear calling;
Hark to the hoofs on the sod in the hollow—
Quick, soft they're falling!
Mists of the springtime, light hoofs the earth spurning,—
Ever beyond the road's far turning,
Ever beyond, heart's desire of our yearning!
The stream sings,—falls;
And the heart's desire's always beyond the turning—
And the road calls.

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Mountain Prayer

BY STRUTHERS BURT

God lift up the ragged rain
And let me see the hills again;
High and green and heart-compelling,
Where the windy hours are swaying.

Straight across the hidden land
All the little valleys stand,
And by evening will be sound
Of water falling to the ground:

Waters falling, and the singing
Of a thrush, whose overflinging,
Tawny notes enchant the pine,
The lupine, and the columbine:

The firs that gather all the light
To gild again the deepening night:
The small blanched flowers that are strewn
Like a host of stars unknown.

Here come many shapes again
. . . God lift up the ragged rain. . . .
Let the dear dead mountain-lovers
Find the old warm bracken covers.

And the whispering and the wind,
And once more the seeking mind:
Break their old and utter peace,
But with solace and surcease.

For an hour they know the sweet
Weariness of eager feet;
For an hour they know the cool
Of a dusk-discovered pool;

Build anew with flameless fire
Their contented evening pyre.
Not for them the storm again.
God lift up the ragged rain.

In a valley rimmed with red
Crescent mountains overhead,
There are cedars and a grass
Stirred with lilies as you pass;

And a turf of moss and mint
Where a brook is imminent.
All night long my horses crop
To the bells that never stop;

Till I sleep a little moon
Dips the sky with silver spoon;
All night long the mist is white,
And trembles with a golden light.

God lift up the ragged rain
And let me see the hills again.

The Minor Poet

BY ETHELEAN TYSON GAW

I climbed a holy hill
  Sheathed in gold flame.
Down from that glory height
  Wingéd I came.

I saw the smile of God
  Born of Love's eyes—
Caught in my web of song
  Love fainting lies.

I heard the morning stars
  Croon to the sea—
Could I but snare in words
  That mystery!

Oh, Psyche kissed my heart,
  Phœbus my eyes,
But on my eager lips
  Dumb magic lies!

Trail's End

BY HILDEGARDE H. JOHN

So this is the end of the long, long trail
That led us far apart—
A tiny house where a hearth fire glows
With tiny flames of gold and rose
To warm my hungry heart.

So this is the end of the weary path
That carried you away—
A little house, along whose lawn
The robins flutter in the dawn
And greet the happy day.

So this is the end of the drear gray path
That led across the sea—
A little house along whose walls
The ever faithful ivy crawls
And roses nod in glee.

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The Barred Way

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

I WANT so to go back again,
It seems an easy thing to do—
To walk the green mile of the glen
And climb a little hill I knew.

A bird could fly there in an hour,
A child could stroll there in a day—
And I may never know the power
That holds my will and bars my way.

There's just a little hill to climb
And then—three poplars in a row,
Hearts do not break a second time—
I wonder why I cannot go

To Daphne, Knitting

BY ARTHUR S. HARDY

INTO the Future far she peers—
Mother of Prophets and of Seers!

Long before her store she stands—
Softest of fleeces from Eastern lands,
Webs of lace from Flemish hands,
Shimmering silks from Lyons looms,
Challenge to nature's rarest blooms—
Stands in thought, the while her fingers
Wander, searching, 'mong her treasures,
Shy as lover's touch that lingers—
Pauses, dreaming, hearing measures
Only known to Heavenly Muses—
Pauses, hesitates, and chooses!

Now she sits in rapt contentment,
And if, unseen, you find a moment
When her downcast eyes, unwitting,
Bend above her needles, lo!
You will see a woman knitting—
Something!

To and fro, to and fro
Deftly the moving needles go,
And in her shining eyes a smile,
Mysterious, wondrous, without guile.

Interpreter

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THERE is a subtle language—
Beside it words are vain—
The haunting tones of moonlight,
The silver glint of rain;
The broken spirit hears it
And on fresh wings again,
It rises to new rapture,
Forgetting the old pain.

The happy-hearted hearken
And answer it with song—
That whisper of the pine-trees,
Or waves the beach along;
The little children know it,
Whose wide eyes see no wrong;
Perhaps some maiden dreams it,
The mellow fields among.

And when the poet speaketh
A more than mortal best,
Returning from far journeys
On his immortal quest—
Oh, voices of the rainbow
And cloudy mountain crest!
He singeth near your language
And, hearing, we are blest.

The Spirit of the Dawn

BY BERTHA BOLLING

I MET the spirit of the dawn,
Amid the young spring hours;
And prayed that she would lead me on,
Unto her rarest flowers.

She led me forth, and yet afar,
Past wave and mountain blue;
Past many a lovely garden close,
Where sweetest blossoms grew;

Unto a field which red did glow
Amid all other things.
The spirit of the dawn bent low,
And touched it with her wings.

"Ah, no!" I cried, "and thus does dawn
Fulfill the night's demand?"
"The battle-field," she said; "and here,
The flower of the land!"

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Home

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

NEVER a hearth, perhaps, with its soft light falling
Over the velvet depths of a cosy chair;
Only an unknown trail and the sea's far calling,
And a keen mist clinging like diamond dust to my hair.
Never a sound of church-bells chiming the hour,
Over the settled calm of a village place;
Only a perfect love in its rarest flower. . .
That—and your face!

Never the ease of a damask covered table,
Never the laughter of neighbors coming to tea,
Only a climb, for as long as we are able,
Only dim heights that our eyes alone can see.
Never a book of verse in a garden corner,
When a sun-dial catches the western sky's warm shine,
Only a prayer for the weak, and a laugh for the scorner—
Those—and your hand in mine.

Never an oaken door, when the dark comes creeping,
Stoutly barred to shut out the furtive night—
Only the stars to smile on our dreamless sleeping,
And the bow of the moon to give us a silver light.
Never the man-built laws to guard our resting,
Keeping us safe from fancied wrongs or harms;
Only the freedom of birds, when they are nesting;
That—and your arms.

Never a hearth, perhaps, with its soft light falling
Over the velvet depths of a cosy chair.
Only the voice of romance, ever calling,
Only the rainbow's end, and the treasure there!
Never a shield as we fight through life's stormy weather,
Only the knowledge, as love and living slips,
That we will win to a haven of rest, *together*—
That—and your lips!

Premonition

BY ALICE L. BUNNER

I THINK, perhaps, when I am old and gray
The barrier of the real will pass away
And I shall hear loved footsteps on the stair
See old familiar forms beside my chair.
I shall not know that those I see are dead
The years are gone and I am comforted.
And though in tender pity you may say
"She has forgot, she lives in yesterday."
Your eyes are holden and you cannot see
But I, who go one step beyond, am free.

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"Buy My Sweet Lavender"

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Decoration by Henry Pitz

"Buy my sweet lavender!" I heard an old man crying
In the grey streets of London on a warm Summer day.
"Buy my sweet lavender!" the drab old stones defying,
Crooned the ancient vendor as I walked my lonely way.

For one can be lonely in London!—that great city
Where the people surge in thousands down the long, thin Strand.
"Buy my sweet lavender!" It sounded like a ditty
Sung in Summers long ago in Shakespeare's blessèd land.

And for a glad moment I was no longer lonely!
I thought of wet lanes, and gardens hushed and cool,
Where the blue flowers flamed, and the noisy street was only
A dream, a forgotten thing; the fountain in the pool

The one sound I heard when the bright day started—
Glorious remembrance in that hot, crowded street.
"Buy my sweet lavender!" Oh, I was happy-hearted,
For the flowers and the fragrance and the voice were piercing sweet!

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City Rain

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

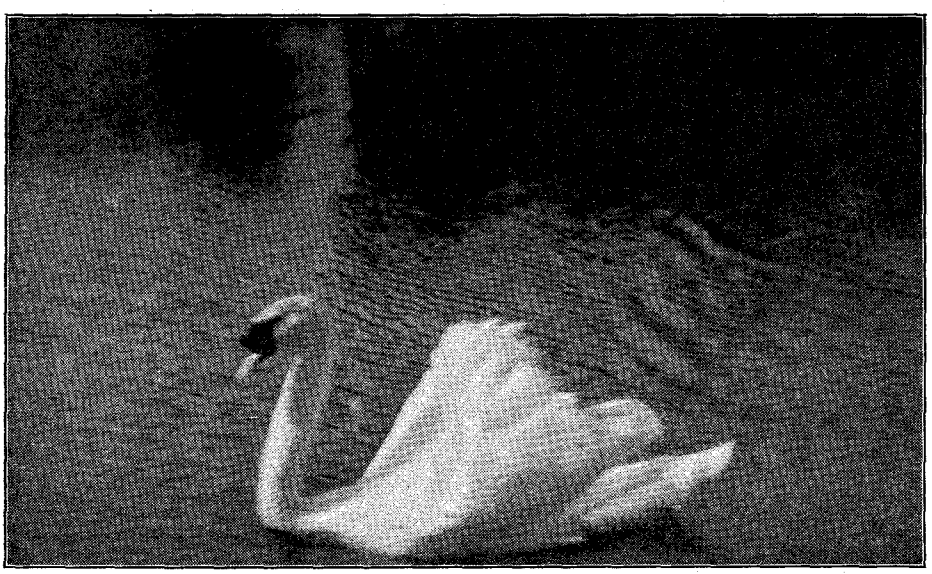
THE skies are etched with traceries of grey;
Gusts of white rain blow down between the walls;
With silver heaviness the torrent falls
From leads and gutters, shattering into spray
And hissing on the pavement. Oh, that clean
Harsh rain like this could break the stone-work in,
Crumple the city's towers, and begin
To wake from hidden earth its meed of green!
We are built on rock, and like the rock we rise
Sterile, defiant, when the spring rains come;
So hard of heart our stoniness resounds
With echoes of the storm, though we are dumb.
On our dead strength the splendor beats and pounds,
Dashing its living wonder in our eyes.

"The Swan of Tuonela"

BY JOHN FINLEY

(AFTER HEARING THE ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY SIBELIUS, THE GREAT FINNISH COMPOSER, PLAY HIS SONG OF THE SWAN)

NINE seas—and then the River on whose tide
The Swan of Tuonela swims beside
The souls that pass to regions of the dead;—
With such sweet ferry song they know no dread.



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From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

IV.—FROM GREENHORN TO CITIZENSHIP AND COLLEGE DEGREE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD PRINTS

THE Columbia boat-race victory at Henley occurred in 1878. By that time I had already with the assistance of Bilharz finished a considerable portion of my Greek and Latin preparation for Princeton—or, as I called it, for "Nassau Hall." My change of allegiance from Princeton to Columbia was gradual.

Columbia College was located at that time on the block between Madison and Park Avenues and between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets in New York City. One of its proposed new buildings was, according to report, to be called Hamilton Hall, in honor of Alexander Hamilton. When I learned this I looked up the history of Alexander Hamilton. One can imagine how thrilled I was when I found that Hamilton left the junior class at Columbia College and joined Washington's armies as captain when he was barely nineteen, and at twenty was lieutenant-colonel and Washington's aide-de-camp! What an appeal to a young imagination! Few things ever thrilled me as much as the life of Alexander Hamilton. Every American youth preparing for college should read the history of Hamilton's life.

One cannot look up the history of Hamilton's life without running across the name of another great Columbia man, John Jay, first Secretary of Foreign Affairs, appointed by Congress, and the first Chief Justice of the United States, appointed by Washington, and a stanch backer of brilliant Hamilton. Chancellor Livingston, another great Columbia man, administered the first constitutional oath of office to Washington; he also completed the purchase of Louisiana from France. The more I studied the history of Hamilton's time the more I saw what tremendous influence Columbia's alumni exerted at that time. Cortlandt Street being near Trinity Church, I walked there to look at the Hamilton monument in the Trinity churchyard. This monument was the first suggestion to me of a bond of union between Trinity Church and Columbia College. Before long I found many other bonds of union between these two great institutions.

Every time I passed Columbia College in my long walks up-town and looked at the rising structure of Hamilton Hall, I thought of these three great Columbia men. What student of Hamilton's life could have looked at Hamilton Hall on Madison Avenue without being reminded of the magnificent intellectual efforts which two young patriots, Hamilton and Madison, made in the defense of the federalist form of the new American Republic? It happened thus that my memory of Nassau Hall at Princeton gradually faded, although it never vanished. The famous boat-race victory of a Columbia crew at Henley would not alone have produced this effect. It was produced by three great New York men of the Revolutionary period who were alumni of "Columbia College in the City of New York." Columbia had at that time a school of mines and engineering, separate from the college. I was much better prepared for it than for Columbia College, thanks to the evening lectures at Cooper Union, and to my natural inclination to scientific studies, but I imagined that the spirit of Hamilton, Jay, and Livingston hovered about the academic buildings of Columbia College only.

Bilharz rejoiced when I informed him

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of my decision to put on extra pressure in my classical studies preparatory for Columbia College, and congratulated himself, as I found out later, that he had succeeded in rescuing me from the worship of what he called scientific materialism. The good old fellow did not know that at that very time I was spending many hours of my spare time reading Tyndall's "Heat as a Mode of Motion," and Tyndall's famous lectures on Sound and Light, which he delivered in this country with great success in the early seventies. These popular descriptions of physical phenomena were the poems in prose to which I referred before. Another book of a similar character came into my hands at that time through the Cooper Union Library. I have a copy of it now, having received it over thirty years ago as a present from the late General Thomas Ewing. It is called "The Poetry of Science," published in 1848 by Robert Hunt. It starts with the following quotation from Milton:

"How charming is Divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Tyndall's and Hunt's writings appealed to my imagination at that time in the same way as Milton's "Paradise Lost," or as Longfellow's "Hiawatha," or as William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis." They convinced me that the Slavs were not the only people who, as I had been inclined to think, see the poetical side of science, but that everybody sees it, because science on its abstract side is poetry; it is Divine Philosophy, as Milton calls it. Science is a food which nourishes not only the material but also the spiritual body of man. This was my pet argument whenever I was called upon to defend science against Bilharz's attacks.

My progress in Greek and Latin grammar under the guidance of Bilharz was rapid even before I had decided to steer for Columbia. It was a question of memory and of analysis. My memory had had a stiff linguistic training during the several years preceding that date, in trying to master the English language with all its vagaries in spelling and pronunciation. These vagaries I did not find in the grammars of the classical languages, which appeared to me to be as definite and as exact as the geometrical theorems in Euclid. Hadley's Greek Grammar did not differ much, I thought, from Davies Legendre's Geometry. Mathematics was always my strong point, and good memory is a characteristic virtue of the Serb race; I, therefore, had an easy road in my classical studies with Bilharz.

As time went on I saw that entrance into Columbia College was within easy reach so far as my studies were concerned. But here again the old question arose which I first asked myself three years before, when the train, taking me from Nassau Hall to the Bowery, was approaching New York. "Social unpreparedness" stared me in the face. I could not define it, but I felt its existence. I shall try to describe it. Columbia College, a daughter of great Trinity Church, an alma mater of men like Hamilton, Jay, Livingston, and of many other gentlemen and scholars who guided the destiny of these great United States—can that great American institution, I asked myself, afford to enroll a raw Serbian immigrant among its students; train me, an uncouth employee of a cracker factory, to become one of its alumni? I thought of the first sentence in the Declaration of Independence, but it did not persuade me that I was an equal of the American boy who was prepared to meet all the requirements necessary for entrance into Columbia College, because I was convinced that in addition to entrance examinations there were other requirements for which no prescribed examinations existed. The college of Hamilton and of Jay expected certain other things which I knew I did not have and could not get from books. A jump from the Cortlandt Street factory to Columbia College, from Jim and Bilharz to patriarchal President Barnard and the famous professors at Columbia, appeared to me like a jump over Columbia's great and venerable traditions. Old Lukanitch and his family and their American friends helped me much to start building a bridge over this big gap, but the more I associated with these people, who lived around humble Prince Street, not far from the Bowery, the more I saw my shortcomings in what I called, for want of a better name, "social prepared-

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ness." "How shall I feel," I asked myself, "when I begin to associate with boys whose parents live on Madison and Fifth Avenues, and whose ancestors were friends of Hamilton and of Jay?" Their traditions, I was sure, gave them an equipment which I did not have, unless my Serbian traditions proved to be similar to their American traditions. My native village attached great importance to traditions, and I knew how much the peasants of Idvor would resent it if a stranger not in tune with their traditions attempted to settle in their historic village.

The examination of immigrants which I saw at Castle Garden, when I landed, had made me think that traditions did not count for much in Castle Garden. But my principal acquisition from my apprenticeship as greenhorn had been the recognition that there are great American traditions, and that the opportunities of this country are inaccessible to immigrants who, like Bilharz, do not understand their meaning and their importance in American life. Vila's mother on the Delaware farm, my experiences with Christian of West Street, and Jim's little sermons in the Cortlandt Street boiler-room impressed this idea upon my mind very strongly. The mental attitude of a young Serb from the military frontier was naturally very receptive to impressions of that kind. My respect for the traditions of my own race had prepared me to respect the traditions of the country which I expected to adopt, and hence I was afraid that my cultural equipment was not up to the standards of the college boys who were brought up in accordance with American traditions. My subsequent experience showed me that my anxiety was justifiable.

I have already mentioned that a short time before I ran away from Prague and headed for the United States I had read a translation of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It had been recommended to me by my American friends who gave me a free ride in a first-class compartment from Vienna to Prague. My mention of the name of this great woman, together with the names of Lincoln and of Franklin, as Americans that I knew something about, had won me the sympathy of the immigration officials at Castle Garden, who, otherwise, might have deported me. Her name was deeply engraved upon the tablets of my memory. The famous Beecher-Tilton trial was much discussed in those days in the New York press, and when I heard that Henry Ward Beecher was a brother of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" my opinion of Tilton was formed, and no judge or jury could have changed it. Beecher's photographs, which I saw in my inspection tours on Broadway, confirmed me in my belief that he was a brother worthy of his great sister. Young Lukanitch and his sister knew of Beecher's fame and, although strict Roman Catholics, they consented to accompany me on my first pilgrimage to Beecher's Plymouth Church, and there I saw the great orator for the first time.

His face looked to me like that of a lion and his long gray locks, reaching almost to his shoulders, supported this illusion. The church provided a setting worthy of his striking appearance. The grand organ behind and above the pulpit supplied a harmonious musical background to the magnificent singing of the large choir. I felt that the thrilling music was tuning me up for the sermon which the great orator was about to preach, and I was right. The sermon was free from involved theological analysis; it dealt with simple questions of human life and its determination by human habits. It was a dramatic and poetic presentation of the little sermons which Jim preached in the Cortlandt Street boiler-room, but in a very plain form of statement. The fact, however, that I found many spiritual bonds between great Plymouth Church and Jim's humble boiler-room shows me today why Beecher touched the heart-strings of the plain people. He helped them to solve some of their problems of life just as Jim tried to help me solve mine. But Jim was not a cultured man and he delivered his chunks of practical wisdom in the same offhand manner in which he fed shovelfuls of coal to the busy fires under his boilers. Beecher, on the other hand, was a great orator and a great poet, and every little grain of wisdom stored up in human life was placed before his congregation with all the force of his overpowering personality and with all the embellishments with which the imagination of a poetical nature could

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clothe it. I felt thrills creeping over my whole body as I listened and the effect was not only mental and spiritual, but also physical, undoubtedly because of the quickening of the blood's circulation produced by the mental exhilaration. Bilharz, although a rigid Roman Catholic, admitted, after hearing Beecher several times, that great sermons are possible even without any theological flavoring. "But," said he in his usual dramatic way, "everything is possible to a poetic soul which is propelled by the wings of a genius." A remarkable concession from a man of Bilharz's training and mental attitude!

Jim, who was a strict Presbyterian, rejoiced that I had picked out a Congregational Church for religious worship, and old Lukanitch confessed that if I persuaded his children to go with me to Plymouth Church very often they might desert the Roman Catholic faith of their ancestors. I felt assured, however, that St. Sava and the Orthodoxy of my mother would never lose me through the influence of Beecher's genius, because Beecher was preaching to all humanity and not to a particular creed. His words were like the life-giving radiation of the sun, which shines upon all things alike. I saw in him a living example of that type of Americans who, like Hamilton, Jay, Livingston, and the other great men of whom I had heard at the Philadelphia exposition, were the spiritual and the intellectual giants of the Revolutionary period. My study of the history of Hamilton's life had shown me that the number of these giants was large; many of them signed the Declaration of Independence. I did not fail to see in this a most propitious omen of a great future for the country. What a spiritual giant Lincoln must have been, I thought, when I heard Beecher refer to him with humblest veneration! Beecher was the sunrise which dispelled much of that mist which prevented my eyes, just as it prevents all foreign eyes, from seeing the clear outline of American civilization.

Four years previously I had for the first time attended an American church service in Delaware City, and had carried away the impression that in matters of public worship America was not up to the standards prescribed by the Serbian Church. Beecher and his Plymouth Church changed my judgment completely. Beecher's congregation seemed to me like a beehive full of honey-hearted beings. Each of them reminded me of the Americans who had befriended me at the railroad station in Vienna, and had rescued me from the official dragon who threatened to send me back to the prisons of the military frontier. I firmly believed that Beecher was preaching a new gospel, the American gospel of humanity, the same gospel which his great sister had preached. Every member of his congregation looked to me like a faithful disciple of this doctrine.

One of those honey-hearted disciples was a Doctor Charles Shepard, of Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. He and his family were Unitarians, I think, but they often attended Plymouth Church on account of their great admiration for Beecher. Doctor Shepard's family was, in my opinion, a family of saints; generosity, refinement, and spiritual discipline filled the golden atmosphere of their home. When I disclosed my plans to the good doctor, he offered to help me carry them out. He was an ardent advocate of the curative powers of hydropathy in conjunction with proper diet and total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" was his motto, and by cleanliness he meant freedom from unclean habits of every kind. His theory was successfully practised in his hydropathic establishment, and he flourished, and his institution was famous. His very old father, over eighty years of age, who managed the office of the establishment, needed assistance, and Doctor Shepard offered me the position and spoke of getting a friend of his to help me prepare for entrance to Columbia. His friend was Professor Webster, who taught Greek and Latin at the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn. I jumped at Doctor Shepard's offer, although the prospect of deserting Jim and Bilharz made me feel badly. But Jim applauded my decision and he recalled his prophecy that I should soon outgrow the opportunities of the New England Cracker Factory. Bilharz expressed his gratification that he had contributed to my progress, and he certainly had, both by what he praised and by what he condemned. He was sincere in

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both, but his praise was founded upon a rare knowledge of classical literatures, while his condemnation was due to prejudice against science and against American democracy. The real secret of his grip upon my imagination I shall disclose later.

Professor Webster was an ideal pedagogue; his pupils were boys and girls from some of the best families of Brooklyn. Their teacher was to them an apostle of classical culture, in which they were much interested, partly because of their admiration for their beloved teacher. After a few private lessons he invited me to join his classes in Greek and Latin, where I was received with many signs of cordiality from both the boys and the girls. Like myself, they were preparing for college. I attended these classes three times a week and entertained them much by my continental pronunciation of Greek and Latin, which I had learned from Bilharz, who had also taught me to recite the Greek and Latin hexameter with proper intonation. This delighted the heart of Professor Webster and of his pupils. Recitations of Greek and Latin verses with faultless rhythm were all which at first I could offer to the entertainment of my classmates. After a while I entertained some of them with Serbian poetry and also with Serbian kolo dancing. I made every effort to make them forget that I was a Balkan barbarian, but everybody, as if reading my thoughts, assured me that I was contributing more to the Adelphi Academy than I was getting in return. I knew better. I felt that the association with those splendid boys and girls and with Professor Webster contributed much more to my preparation for Columbia than all the book work which I ever did anywhere.

Doctor Shepard and his family saw the rapid change in me, I thought, and many of their evidences of approval were very encouraging. When I first met Doctor Shepard he was strongly pro-Turkish whenever the Balkan war, which was raging at that time, was discussed. He had a notion that the Serbians were a rebellious and barbarous race. During the early part of 1879 he gradually shifted to the Serbian side, and I was bold enough to take all credit for it to myself. I considered his and his family's approval the best test of the success of my efforts to understand the American standards of conduct. This success meant much more to me in my preparation for college than the success in my studies.

In an interscholastic athletic contest I volunteered to run in a ten-mile race without any previous training, and won. From that day on my friends at the Adelphi Academy regarded me as one of their number, and it was a liberal education to me to listen to their eulogies of *my loyalty to them and to their institution*, which, they said, I displayed when I fought under the Adelphi banner on the athletic field. Legends began to grow up among the Adelphi boys and girls about a Serbian youngster who won the ten-mile race without previous training. When your young and enthusiastic friends begin to indulge in legends about you, be assured that you are getting on some. But legends, like nursery rhymes, will lull you to sleep if you are not very, very wide-awake. This experience made me see clearly what young Lukanitch meant when he told me what oarsmanship might do for me at Columbia even if I did not know much Greek and Latin. I was confirmed in this when the boys of the Adelphi Academy who expected to enter Yale or Princeton used much of their persuasive powers to steer me to these colleges. It encouraged me much and diminished greatly my anxiety about "social unpreparedness." But my answer was that the college of Hamilton, Jay, and Livingston, in the City of New York, was the port for which I was sailing, and that Beecher's church in Brooklyn would be one of the anchors to keep me there, and that Beecher, as far as I was concerned, would be a part of Columbia College.

The summer vacation of 1879 was approaching, and I knew that all my academic friends in New York and Brooklyn would leave for the country. There was nothing to keep me in Brooklyn except my obligations to good Doctor Shepard. He excused me when I told him that I wished to devote all my time during that summer to study, so as to insure my passing with a high mark all my entrance examinations in the following autumn. A high mark would gain me freedom from all tuition fees at Columbia, a very seri-

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ous consideration. Doctor Shepard approved, and I moved to what I called, jokingly, my summer "villa" on the Passaic River, near Rutherford Park, New Jersey. It was a tiny little cottage near the bank of the river; it had not been occupied for a long time, and it was looked after by an old Danish woman who lived quite near it. She kept two cows and a lot of chickens and ducks and sold butter and eggs and fowl. Her son Christopher peddled kindling-wood in Passaic, Belleville, and Newark, New Jersey. The old lady consented to let me live in the cottage until a permanent tenant should appear, and she was willing to take care of me for a certain payment per week. I accepted her terms on condition that she allow me to work off a certain part of the agreed amount by sawing kindling-wood from ten to twelve in the morning and from four to six in the afternoon. My suggestion made her thoughtful, and she finally confessed her fear that my exercises before meals might give me such an appetite that I would eat her out of house and home. We agreed to try the scheme for a week and we were both satisfied with the result. She took good care of me, and I furnished her with more kindling-wood for her son's trade than she had ever expected. Moreover, the regular help, who was hired for the specific purpose of cutting kindling-wood, increased his output, in order to keep up with me. I enjoyed the work hugely as means of splendid exercise and rejoiced in making the output as large as possible. The old lady was delighted with the unexpected result. Every two-hour period of sawing and splitting of kindling-wood was followed by a dip and swim in the Passaic River, and by the end of the summer I was all muscle and could have run a race of twenty miles without any previous training. This proved a very valuable asset in the beginning of my college career; muscle and brawn are splendid things to take along when one enters college, and have while in college. Several incidents in my college career bear upon the interesting feature of athletics in American college life, and I shall describe them later even at the risk of appearing egotistical. This feature is characteristically American and is quite unknown on the continent of Europe.

Eight hours each day I devoted to study: three in the morning to Greek, three in the afternoon to Latin, and two in the evening to other studies. It was a most profitable summer outing of over three months, and it cost me only thirty dollars; the rest was paid in sawing and splitting of kindling-wood. Whenever I read now about the Kaiser's activities at Doorn, I think of my summer activities in 1879, and I wonder who in the world suggested my scheme to William Hohenzollern!

During the last week of September of that year I presented myself at Columbia for entrance examinations. They were oral, and were conducted by the professors themselves and not by junior instructors. The first two books of the Iliad, excepting the catalogue of ships, and four orations of Cicero, I knew by heart. My leisure time at my Passaic River "villa" permitted me these pleasant mental gymnastics; I wanted to show off before Bilharz with my Greek and Latin quotations; to say nothing of the wonderful mental exhilaration which a young student gets from reading aloud and memorizing the words of Homer and of Cicero. The professors were greatly surprised and asked me why I had taken so much trouble. I told them that it was no trouble, because Serbs delight in memorizing beautiful lines. The Serbs of Montenegro, for instance, know by heart most of the lines which their great poet Nyegoush had ever written, and particularly his great epic "The Mountain Glory." I told them also of illiterate Baba Batikin, the minstrel of my native village, who knew most of the old Serbian ballads by heart. Besides, I assured the professors, I wanted to do in Greek and Latin as well as I possibly could, so as to gain free tuition. For the other studies I was not afraid, I told them, and they assured me that my chances for free tuition were certainly good. The other examinations gave me no trouble, thanks to my training with Bilharz and with the lecturers in the evening classes at Cooper Union. A note from the Registrar's office informed me a few days later that I was enrolled as a student in Columbia College with freedom from all tuition fees. There was no person in the United States on that glorious day happier than I!

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The college atmosphere which I found at Columbia at that time gave me a new sensation. I did not understand it at first and misinterpreted many things. The few days preceding the opening of the college sessions I spent chasing around for a boarding-house, while my classmates were hanging around the college buildings, making arrangements to join this or that fraternity, and also solidifying the line of defense of the freshmen against the hostile sophomores. There was a lively process of organization going on under the leadership of groups of boys who came from the same preparatory schools. These groups led and the others were expected to follow without a murmur. Insubordination or even indifference was condemned as lack of college spirit. This spirit was necessary among the freshmen, particularly because, as I was informed later, there was a great common danger — the sophomores! I saw some of this feverish activity going on, but did not understand its meaning and hence remained outside of it, as if I were a stranger and not a member of the freshman class, which I heard described, by the freshmen themselves, as the best freshman class in the history of Columbia. The sophomores denied this in a most provoking manner; hence the hostility. Nobody paid any attention to me; nobody knew me, because I did not come from any of the preparatory schools which prepared boys for Columbia. One day I saw on the campus two huge waves of lively youngsters beating against each other just like inrolling waves of the sea lifting on their backs the returning waves which had been reflected from the cliffs of the shore. The freshmen were defending a cane against fierce attacks of the sophomores. It was the historic Columbia cane rush, I was told by Michael, the college janitor, who stood alongside of me as I looked on. It was not a real fight resulting in broken noses or blackened eyes, but just a most vigorous push-and-pull contest, the sophomores trying to take possession of a cane which a strong freshman, surrounded by a stalwart body-guard of freshmen, was holding and guarding just as a guard of fanatic monks would defend the sacred relics of a great saint. This freshmen group was the centre of the scrimmage and it stood there like a high rock in the midst of an angry sea. Coats and shirts were torn off the backs of the brave fighters, some attacking and others defending the central group, but not a single ugly swear-word was heard nor did I see a single sign of intentional bloodshed. Members of the junior and senior classes watched as umpires. Michael, the janitor, who knew everybody on the college campus as a shepherd knows his sheep, was not quite certain about my identity. He asked me whether I was a freshman, and when I said "yes," he asked me why in the world I was not in the rush, defending the freshmen body-guard. He looked so anxious and worried that I felt sure of being guilty of some serious offense against old Columbia traditions. I immediately took off my coat and stiff shirt and plunged into the surging waves of sophomores and freshmen and had almost reached the central body-guard of freshmen, eager to join in its defense when a sophomore, named Frank Henry, grabbed me and pulled me back, telling me that I had no business to cross the line of umpires at that late moment. I did not know the rules of the game and shoved him aside and we clinched. He was the strongest man in Columbia College, as I learned later, but my kindling-wood operations on the banks of the Passaic River had made me a stiff opponent. We wrestled and wrestled and would have wrestled till sunset like Prince Marco and the Arab Moussa Kessedjia in the old Serbian ballads, if the umpires had not proclaimed the cane rush a draw. The main show being over, the side show which Henry and I were keeping up had no further useful purpose to serve and we stopped and shook hands. He was glad to stop, he admitted, and so was I, but he told my classmates that "if that terrible Turk had been selected a member of the freshmen body-guard the result of the cane rush might have been different." I told him that I was a Serb, and not a Turk, and he apologized, saying that he could never draw very fine distinctions between the various races in the Balkans. "But, whatever race you are," said he, "you will be a good fellow if you will learn to *play the game*." Splendid advice from a college boy! "*Play the game*," what a wonderful phrase! I studied it long, and

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the more I thought about it the more I was convinced that one aspect of the history of this country with all its traditions is summed up in these three words. No foreigner can understand this country who does not know the full meaning of this phrase, which I first heard from a Columbia College youngster. No foreign language can so translate the phrase as to reproduce its brevity and at the same time convey its full meaning. But, when I heard it, I thought of the bootblacks and newsboys who, five years previously, had acted as umpires when I defended my right to wear a red fez. To "play the game" according to the best traditions of the land which offered me all of its opportunities was always my idea of Americanization. But how many immigrants to this land can be made to understand this?

Some little time after this incident I was approached by the captain of the freshman crew, who asked me to join his crew. I remembered young Lukanitch's opinion about oarsmanship at Columbia, and I was sorely tempted. But, unfortunately, I had only three hundred and eleven dollars when I started my college career, and I knew that if I was to retain my free tuition by high standing in scholarship and also earn further money for my living expenses, I should have no time for other activities. "Study, work for a living, no participation in college activities outside of the recitation-room! Do you call that college training?" asked the captain of the freshman crew, looking perfectly surprised at my story, which, being the son of wealthy parents, he did not understand. I admitted that it was not, in the full sense of the word, but that I was not in a position to avail myself of all the opportunities which Columbia offered me, and that, in fact, I had already obtained a great deal more than an immigrant could reasonably have expected. I touched his sympathetic cord, and I felt that I had made a new friend. The result of this interview was that my classmates refrained from asking me to join any of the college activities for fear that my inability to comply with their request might make me feel badly. I had their sympathy, but I missed their fellowship, and therefore I missed in my freshman year much of that splendid training outside of the classroom which an American college offers to its students.

At the end of the freshman year I gained two prizes of one hundred dollars each, one in Greek and the other in mathematics. They were won in stiff competitive examinations and meant a considerable scholastic success, but, nevertheless, they excited little interest among my classmates. Results of examinations were considered a personal matter of the individual student himself and not of his fellow classmen. The prizes were practically the only money upon which I could rely to help carry me through my second year. The estimated budget for that year, however, was not fully provided for and I looked for a job for the long summer vacation. I did not want a job in the city. My kindling-wood activity of the preceding summer suited me better, and after some consultation with my friend Christopher, the kindling-wood peddler of Rutherford Park, I decided to accept a job on a contract of his to mow hay during that summer in the various sections of the Hackensack lowlands. No Columbia athlete ever had a better opportunity to develop his back and biceps than I had during that summer. I made good use of it, and earned seventy-five dollars net.

When my sophomore year began I awaited the cane rush which, according to old Columbia custom, took place between the sophomores and the freshmen at the beginning of each academic year, and I was prepared for it; I also knew what it meant to "play the game." This time my class had to do the attacking and I helped with a vengeance. The muscles which had been hardened in the Hackensack meadows proved most effective and the result was that shortly I had the freshmen's cane on the ground, was lying flat over it, covering it with my chest. The pressure of a score of freshmen and sophomores piled up on top of me threatened to squeeze the cane through my chest bone, which already, I imagined, was pressing against my lungs, my difficult breathing leading me to think that my last hour had come. Fortunately, the umpires cleared away the lively heap of struggling boys on top of me, and I breathed freely again. Some freshmen were found stretched alongside

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of me with their hands holding onto the stick. An equal number of sophomores held on and, consequently, the umpires declared the rush a draw. Nobody was anxious to have another rush, and it was proposed by the freshmen to settle the question of class superiority by a wrestling-match, two best out of three falls, had won Greek and mathematical prizes. They knew nothing about my strenuous mowing in the Hackensack meadows during three long months of that summer. The captain of the class crew approached me, felt my biceps, my chest, and my back, and shouted, "All right!" The wrestling-match came off, and the fresh-

Photograph of Pupin taken in 1883 when he graduated at Columbia.

catch as catch can. They had a big fellow who had some fame as a wrestler of great strength, and they issued a defiant challenge to the sophomores. My classmates held a meeting in order to pick a match for the freshman giant, but nobody seemed to be quite up to the job. Finally I volunteered, declaring that I was not afraid to tackle the freshman giant. "Do you expect to down him with Greek verses and mathematical formulæ?" shouted some of my classmates, who had grave doubts about the muscle and the wrestling ability of a fellow who man giant had no show with a boy who had learned the art of wrestling on the pasture-lands of Idvor, and had held his own against experienced mowers in the Hackensack meadows. The victory was quick and complete and my classmates carried me in triumph to Fritz's saloon, not far from the college, where many a toast was drunk to "Michael the Serbian." From that day on my classmates called me by my first name and took me up as if I had been a distinguished descendant of Alexander Hamilton himself. My scholastic victory in Greek and math-

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ematics meant nothing to my classmates, because it was a purely personal matter, but my athletic victory meant everything, because it was a victory of my whole class. Had I won my scholastic victory in competition with a representative from another college, then the matter would have had an entirely different aspect. *Esprit de corps* is one of those splendid things which American college life cultivates, and I had the good fortune to reap many benefits from it. He who pays no attention to this *esprit de corps* in an American college runs the risk of being dubbed a "greasy grind."

The sophomore year opened auspiciously. Eight of my classmates formed a class, the Octagon, and invited me to coach them in Greek and in mathematics, twice a week. The captain of the class crew was a member of it. I suspected that he remembered my reasons for refusing to join the freshman crew and wanted to help. The Octagon class was a great help in more ways than one. I also gave instruction in wrestling to several classmates in exchange for instruction in boxing. This was my physical exercise, and it was a strenuous one. Devereux Emmet, a descendant of the great Irish patriot, was one of these exchange instructors; he could stand any amount of punishment in our boxing bouts, which impressed upon my mind the truth of the saying that "blood will tell." Before the sophomore year was over my classmates acknowledged me a champion not only in Greek and in mathematics, but also in wrestling and boxing. The combination was somewhat unusual and legends began to be spun about it, but they did not turn my head, nor lull me to sleep, not even when they led to my election as class president for the junior year. This was indeed a great compliment, for, because of the junior promenade, the dance given annually by the junior class, it was customary to elect for that year a class president who was socially very prominent. A distinguished classmate, a descendant of three great American names, and a shining light in New York's younger social set, was my chief opponent and I begged to withdraw in his favor; a descendant of Hamilton inspired awe. But my opponent would not listen to it. He was a member of the most select fraternity and not at all unpopular, but many of my classmates objected to him, although he was the grandson of a still living former secretary of state and chairman of the board of trustees of Columbia College. They thought that he paid too much attention to the fashion-plates of London, and dressed too fashionably. There were other Columbia boys at that time who, I thought, dressed just as fashionably, and yet they were very popular; but they were fine athletes, whereas my opponent was believed to rely too much upon the history of his long name and upon his splendid appearance. He certainly was a fine example of classical repose; his classmates, however, admired action. He was like a young Alcibiades in breeding, looks, and pose, but not in action.

Some of the old American colleges have been accused from time to time of encouraging snobbery and a spirit of aristocracy which is not in harmony with American ideas of democracy. My personal experience as student at Columbia gives competency to my opinion upon that subject. Snobs will be found in every country and clime, but there were fewer snobs at Columbia in those days than in many other much less exalted places, although Columbia at that time was accused of being a nest of dudes and snobs. This was one of the arguments advanced by those friends of mine at the Adelphi Academy who tried to persuade me to go to Princeton or Yale. The spirit of aristocracy was there, but it was an aristocracy of the same kind as existed in my native peasant village. It was a spirit of unconscious reverence for the best American traditions. I say "unconscious," and by that I mean absence of noisy chauvinism and of that racial intolerance by which the Teutonism of Austria and the Magyarism of Hungary had driven me away from Prague and from Panchevo. A name with a fine American tradition back of it attracted much attention, but it was only a letter of recommendation. He who was found wanting in his make-up and in his conduct when weighed by the best Columbia College traditions—and they were a part of American traditions—had a lonely time during his college career, in spite of his illustrious

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name or his family's great wealth. Foreign-born students, like Cubans and South Americans, met with a respectful indifference so long as they remained foreigners. Needless to say that many of them adopted rapidly the attractive ways of the Columbia boys. But nobody would have resented it nor even paid any attention to it if they had retained their foreign ways. A hopeless fellow became a member of that very small class of students known at that time as "muckers." They complained bitterly of snobbery and of aristocracy. I do not believe that either the spirit of plutocracy, or of socialism and communism, or of any other un-American current of thought could ever start from an American college like Columbia of those days, and bore its way into American life. That type of aristocracy which made the American college immune from contagion by un-American influence existed; it was very exacting, and it was much encouraged. But when American college boys, accused of bowing to the spirit of aristocracy, have among them a Hamilton, a Livingston, a DeWitt, and several descendants of Jay, and yet elect for class president the penniless son of a Serbian peasant village because they admire his mental and physical efforts to learn and to comply with Columbia's traditions, one can rest assured that the spirit of American democracy was very much alive in those college boys.

My success with the Octagon class established my reputation as a doctor for "lame ducks." This was the name of those students who failed in their college examinations, usually examinations in Greek, Latin, and mathematics. Lame ducks needed a special treatment, called *coaching*. I became quite an expert in it, and presently I saw a flock of lame ducks gathering around me, offering liberal rewards for a speedy cure. My summer vacations no longer called me to the Passaic River to cut kindling-wood, nor to the Hackensack meadows to strain my back to the utmost trying to keep up with experienced mowers. Coaching lame ducks was incomparably more remunerative and left me also with plenty of leisure time for tennis, horseback riding, or swimming and diving contests. During the college sessions I usually had in charge several bad cases of academic lameness, cases that could not be cured during the summer vacations, but had to be carefully nursed throughout the whole academic year. Financially I fared better than most of my young professors and I saved, looking ahead for the realization of a pet dream of mine. My coaching experience was remunerative not only from the material but also from the cultural side; it brought me in touch with some of the best exponents of New York's social life, where I found a hearty welcome, a friendly sympathy, and many lessons, which I always considered as being among the most valuable acquisitions in my college life. One of them deserves a special mention here.

Lewis Morris Rutherfurd, a trustee of Columbia College, was at that time the head of the famous Rutherfurd family. He was a gentleman of leisure and devoted himself to science and particularly to photographic astronomy, just as did his famous friend, Doctor John William Draper, the author of the "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." Rutherfurd was a pioneer worker in this field of astronomy, and his photographs of the moon and of the stars were always regarded by the scientists of the world as most valuable contributions to astronomy. The historic Rutherfurd mansion, with its astronomical observatory, was on Eleventh Street and Second Avenue. Rutherfurd's sons Lewis and Winthrop were my fellow students at Columbia; Lewis was a year ahead of me and Winthrop was a year below me. Through their cousin, a chum and classmate of mine, I became acquainted with them. No handsomer boys ever sat in Hamilton Hall: tall, athletic, and graceful, just like two splendid products of the physical culture of classical Greece. One of them held the American championship in racquets, and the Long Island hunt clubs counted them among their best steeplechase riders. Lewis just squeezed his way through college, but Winthrop, owing to circumstances beyond his control, threatened to drop by the academic roadside; the load of some seven conditions was too heavy and too discouraging.

My chum, Winthrop's cousin mentioned above, was a brilliant raconteur,

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and he used to spin out with wonderful skill many a funny tale about my coaching experiences, describing in a grotesque manner how an audacious youngster, straying over here from a Serbian peasant village, was bullying young aristocrats of New York, and how these aristocrats were submitting to it like little lambs. Rutherfurd, senior, who was my chum's uncle, heard some of these humorous tales. He enjoyed them hugely, and they suggested to him a scheme for diminishing somewhat his son's heavy load of conditions. He and his family were to spend the summer of 1882 in Europe, and he suggested that Winthrop and I go to his country place, where we could rule supreme and spend the summer preparing for Winthrop's autumn examinations. Winthrop consented, in order to please his family, and he agreed to the definite programme of work which I prescribed. Rutherfurd, senior, was anxious that Winthrop should breathe the atmosphere of Columbia College for four years, even if he should not get the full benefit of the college curriculum. He had a view of college education which was somewhat novel to me and made me understand more clearly the question which the captain of the freshman crew had addressed to me in my freshman year: "Study, work for a living, no participation in college activities outside of the recitation rooms! Do you call that college training?" But I shall return to this a little later.

"Winthrop is very fond of you," said Rutherfurd, senior, before he sailed for Europe, "and if you fail to pull him through, that will be the end of his college career. Your job is a difficult one, almost hopeless, but if you should succeed you would place me under a very great obligation." I was already under great obligations to him, for he had disclosed a view of the world of intellect before my eyes such as nobody ever had prior to that time. New York never produced a finer type of gentleman and scholar than was Lewis Rutherfurd. His personality impressed me as Henry Ward Beecher's had, and I could easily have persuaded myself that he was the reincarnation of Benjamin Franklin. I vowed to spare no effort in my attempts to "place him under a very great obligation."

Winthrop co-operated at first. But Winthrop's friends at the Racquet Club, at the Rockaway Hunt Club, and at Newport were puzzled, and they inquired what strange influences kept Winthrop in monastic seclusion at the Rutherfurd Stuyvesant estate in the backwoods of New Jersey. Besides, a stableful of steeplechasers, which had won many prizes, stood idle and looked in vain for their master Winthrop to train them. Even the servants on the estate looked puzzled and could not decipher the mysterious change that had come over their young autocrat. A foreign-born youngster, a namesake of Michael, the Irish gardener on the estate, seemed to be supreme in authority, and that puzzled the servants still more. Winthrop was making great scholastic efforts, in order to please his distinguished father, but he was a high-strung youth and after a while his behavior began to suggest the fretting of a thoroughbred protesting against the bit handled by the heavy touch of an unskilled rider. I saw a crisis approaching and it finally came. Winthrop suddenly refused to do another stroke of work unless the programme of work was greatly modified, permitting him to make occasional trips to the Racquet Club, to the Rockaway Hunt Club, and to Newport. I knew what that meant and promptly refused; a hot discussion followed, and some harsh words were spoken, resulting in a challenge by Winthrop; I accepted and agreed that the best man was to have his way during the remainder of the summer. Winthrop, the great racquet player of America, the famous steeplechase rider of Long Island, and the young aristocrat, kept his word and responded eagerly to my calls for additional scholastic efforts. He was a noble, handsome, and manly American youth whose friendship I was proud to possess.

In the autumn Winthrop got rid of most of his conditions, proceeded with his class, and eventually graduated from Columbia in 1884. My imaginative chum, Winthrop's cousin, composed a great tale describing this incident and he called it: "A Serbian Peasant versus an American Aristocrat." Those who had the good fortune to enjoy the humor of this tale (and among them was F. Marion Crawford, the novelist and cousin of my chum)

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pronounced it a great literary accomplishment, and they all agreed that Winthrop was the real hero of the story; he played the game like a thoroughbred. Mr. Rutherfurd, senior, enjoyed the tale as much as anybody, and he was delighted with the result of our summer work. Winthrop's behavior did not surprise him, because, he assured me, Winthrop played the game as every American gentleman's son would have played it. "Every one of your classmates," exclaimed this trustee of Columbia College, "would have done the same thing; or he would be unworthy of a Columbia degree." The first function of the American college, according to him, was to train its students in the principles of conduct becoming an American who is loyal to the best traditions of his country.

Lewis Morris Rutherfurd, November, 1875.

My senior year opened even more auspiciously than my sophomore or my junior year did. Lewis Rutherfurd, trustee of Columbia College, gentleman and scholar, and famous scientist, became my mentor. Winthrop's success was to place him under very great obligations to me, he said before he sailed for Europe in the spring, and after his return his actions proved that he meant even more than he had said. A father could not have been more solicitous about my future plans than he was, and his advice indicated that he understood my case much better than I did myself. At the beginning of my senior year I was still undecided as to what I was to do after graduation, and I began to feel anxious; my mentor's advice was most welcome, and it certainly was one of the determining factors for my future plans.

In my preceding account of my preparations for college and of my life in college there is much which sounds like a glorification of muscle and of the fighting spirit. I feel almost like apologizing for it, but do I really owe an apology? My

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whole life up to this point of my story was steered by conditions which demanded muscle and the fighting spirit. To pass six weeks during each one of several summers as herdsman's assistant in company with twelve other lively Serb youngsters as fellow assistants, meant violent competitions in wrestling, swimming, herdsman's hockey, and other strenuous games for hours and hours each day, and one's position in this lively community depended entirely upon muscle and the fighting spirit. Magyarism in Panchevo and Teutonism in Prague produced a reaction which appealed to muscle and to the fighting spirit, which finally drove me to the land of Lincoln. Muscle and the fighting spirit of the bootblacks and newsboys on Broadway met me on the very first day when I ventured to pass beyond the narrow confines of Castle Garden, in order to catch the first glimpse of the great American metropolis. No sooner had I finished serving my apprenticeship as greenhorn, and advanced to a higher civic level, than I encountered again muscle and the fighting spirit of the college boys. In the beginning of my college career I found very little difference between the pasture-lands of my native village and the campus of the American college. The spirit of playfulness and the ferment of life in the hearts of youth was the same in both, and it manifested itself in the same way, namely, in athletics which encourage a glorification of muscle and of the fighting spirit. This was most fortunate for me, because it offered me a wide avenue by which I could enter with perfect ease into that wonderful activity called college life. Other avenues existed, but to a Serbian youth who but a few years before that time was a herdsman's assistant, these other avenues were practically closed. I have described the avenue which was open to me, but with no intention to indulge in an egotistical glorification of that avenue.

Rutherfurd, my mentor, scholar, and scientist, and trustee of Columbia College, did not believe as some people do that athletics would ever cause our colleges to degenerate into gladiatorial schools. Athletics in the form of wrestling and boxing did not interfere in the least with my scholarship. Healthy young people and healthy young nations are prone to worship the heroic element in human life, thought trustee Rutherfurd, and, according to him, the Greeks prevented this exuberance of youth from degenerating into brutality by cultivating the art of physical culture. He was longing forty years ago, and I am still longing to-day, for the time when American colleges will have a four years' course in physical culture, conducted by medical and athletic experts. His sons, he thought, practised this art by their devotion to the game of racquets and of steeplechase riding. They were splendid athletes, but nevertheless they were mellow-hearted and gentle youths. The fact that their scholarship was not high did not disturb their learned father, because much of his own scholarship and scientific learning, he told me, had been acquired long after he had graduated from Union College.

Many of my fellow students were, just like myself, very fond of athletics and of other activities outside of the college curriculum, and yet we were enthusiastic students of Greek literature, of history and economics, of constitutional history of the United States, and of English literature. But here was the secret: Professor Merriam was a wonderful expounder of the great achievements of Greek civilization; Professor Monroe Smith made every one of us feel that English and American history, that is the history of Anglo-Saxon civilization, was an indispensable part of our daily life; Professor Burgess made us believe that political economy was one of the most important subjects in the world; and Professor Richmond Mayo Smith's lectures on the Constitutional History of the United States made us all imagine that we understood the spirit of 1776 just as well as Hamilton did. These professors were the great scholars of Columbia College when I was a student there, and they had most attractive personalities too. The personality of the professors, like that of the famous Van Amringe, and their learning, like that of the venerable President Barnard, were the best safeguards for students who showed a tendency to devote themselves too much to the worship of muscle and the fighting spirit, and of activities outside of the college curriculum. Fill your professorial

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chairs in colleges with men of broad learning and of commanding personality and do not worry about the alleged evil influences of athletics, and of other college activities outside of the recitation-room. That was the recommendation of trustee Rutherfurd forty years ago; to-day I add: the college needs great professors just as much as the various research departments of a university need them; perhaps even more.

Literary societies, college journalism, glee-club practice, and exercises in the dramatic art consumed, when I was a college student, just as much of the college student's time as athletics did. They and athletics constituted the outside college activities. The recitation-room brought the student into touch with the personalities of the professors; college activities outside of the recitation-room, whether they were athletics or anything else, brought the student into touch with the personalities of his fellow students. Each one of these influences had, according to the experiences of my college life, its own great value, and contributed its distinct share to what is usually called the character-forming of the college student, but what Rutherfurd, the Columbia College trustee, called training in the principles of conduct becoming an American who is loyal to the best traditions of his country. Neither one nor the other influence can be weakened without crippling seriously that great object which trustee Rutherfurd called "the historical mission of the American college."

There was another educational activity which should be mentioned here. My regular attendance at Plymouth Church I considered as one of my most important college activities outside of the recitation-room. Beecher's sermons and Booth's interpretations of Shakespeare were sources of stirring inspiration. They occupied a very high place among my spiritual guides. Beecher, Booth, and several other men of genius who were active in New York in those days were, as far as my college training was concerned, members of the Columbia College faculty. This is what I probably meant when I said to my friends at the Adelphi Academy that "Columbia College in the City of New York" was the port for which I was sailing and that Beecher's church in Brooklyn was a component part of Columbia College. Taking college activities in this broader sense I always believed that the spiritual, intellectual, and artistic activities in the city of New York were component parts of Columbia College; they certainly contributed much to the fulness of my college life. I often wondered whether this was in the minds of those who framed the official name "Columbia College in the City of New York," when the old name "King's College" was abandoned in 1787.

I have nearly finished the story of my college career, and I am aware that it is silent on a subject which was always dear to my heart; that subject is science. A young lad who was stimulated so much by the lives of the scientific men represented in the Cooper Union library painting, entitled, "Men of Progress"; by the splendid scientific exhibits in Philadelphia in 1876; by Jim's boiler-room demonstrations supplemented by Cooper Union lectures on heat; by Tyndall's and Hunt's poetic descriptions of scientific achievements; and above all by his own visions concerning physical phenomena on the pasture-lands of his native village—that lad goes through college, and the story of his college career is nearly closed without saying anything about his scientific studies at Columbia College! That certainly looks strange and suggests the inference that after all Bilharz had finally succeeded in tearing me away completely from, what he called the worship of scientific materialism. Bilharz did not succeed in that, but what he actually did is worth relating here.

After my departure from Cortlandt Street Bilharz felt quite lonesome and tried to get companionship and consolation from a Tyrolean zither which he managed well in spite of his stiff fingers. Knowing my fondness for Homer's heroic verse and for the lyric verse in the chorus of Greek dramas he practised reciting them with zither accompaniment. He thus imitated most successfully a Serbian gouslar's recitations of old Serbian ballads, accompanied by the single-string instrument, called *gousle*. In recognition of the success of his clever scheme which, I was sure, he devised for my special benefit I called him the Greek gouslar. He who has

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seen huge multitudes of Serbs assembled around a blind gouslar in the midst of some great festive gathering, listening by the hour in spellbound silence to his recitations, will understand how Bilharz managed to attract me to many a neighborhood gathering on the top loft of the Cortlandt Street factory. Every time I listened to the zither accompanying his chanting of familiar Greek verses I imagined that Baba Batikin's spirit was transferred from the little peasant village of Idvor to the great metropolis of America! Whenever I told him that, he seemed to be immensely pleased, because the life of a blind gouslar appealed to him much. Professor Merriam was certainly a great Greek scholar, but Bilharz was a great Greek gouslar, and when he chanted the verses of the Iliad with zither accompaniment I was tempted to imagine that he was a reincarnation of Homer. Between Bilharz and Merriam I could not help devoting much of my time in college to the study of Greek. I have never regretted it, but I do regret that the academic halls of the American colleges of to-day do not resound any more with that solemn Greek rhythm which I first heard on the top loft of the Cortlandt Street factory. Bilharz disappeared from Cortlandt Street a short time before I graduated, and he left me his zither as a souvenir and also an old edition of Homer's Iliad by the famous German philologist Dindorf. I have not seen him since that time, but I shall never forget him. He was the first to call my attention to an old and magnificent civilization, the spiritual beauty of which appealed to my young imagination with increasing force as my knowledge of it increased. I often recall his almost fanatical dislike of mechanisms, and wonder what he would say to-day if he heard the pianola, the phonograph, and some of the distortions of radio broadcasting, to say nothing of the dramatic atrocities of the kinematograph!

On the other hand, again, the growth of my understanding from the very first day of my landing at Castle Garden was due to my feeding upon the spiritual food which was offered to me daily by a civilization in which I was living, and which I wished to understand but did not understand. My preparation for college lifted here and there the mist which prevented my vision from seeing the clear outline of American civilization. Columbia College brought me into touch with the college life of American boys and with men of great learning and wonderful personalities and they helped me to dispel every particle of that mist, and there in the clear sunshine of their learning I saw the whole image of what I believed to be American civilization: a beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother, which is the Anglo-Saxon civilization. The memory of this vision always recalled to my mind the ode of Horace which opens with the line:

"O matre pulchra filia pulchrior!"

The study and the contemplation of these two civilizations, the ancient civilization of Greece and the new civilization of the Anglo-Saxons, which appealed to me as the two greatest civilizations of human history, made every other study in my college curriculum appear as insignificant, although I gained several prizes in the exact sciences, and although I never gave up the idea that my future work would be in the field of science.

But there is another and perhaps the most potent reason why science figures so little in the preceding part of the story of my college career. Instruction in the exact sciences in those days was most elementary, not only at Columbia College but also in most American colleges. For instance, laboratory work in physics and in chemistry was not a part of the Columbia College curriculum, and the lecture-room told me less about physics than I had known from my studies of Tyndall's popular publications and from the Cooper Union instruction before I entered college. The question, "What is Light?" I brought with me from the pasture-lands of my native village, and the professor of physics at Columbia College offered no answer to it except to refer to vibrations in an ether, the physical properties of which he admitted he could not describe satisfactorily. On this point he did not seem to be much wiser than my humble teacher Kos in Panchevo. My mentor, Rutherfurd, was always interested in this question, as in many other advanced questions in science, and he took much delight in discussing them with me. He was the first to inform me that the great

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question, "What is Light?" will probably be answered when we understand more clearly a new electrical theory which was advanced by a Scotch physicist, Maxwell by name, who was a pupil of the great Faraday.

One day toward the end of my senior year I told my mentor, Rutherfurd, of a lecture-room experiment performed by Rood, his friend, and at that time professor of physics at Columbia College. This experiment was the first announcement to me that Faraday was one of the great discoverers in electrical science. The experiment was simplicity itself, and consisted of a loose coil of copper wire, held in the left hand of the lecturing professor, the terminals of the coil being connected to a galvanometer supported on the wall of the lecture-room, so that its needle could be seen by every student in the room. When Rood, like a magician manipulating a wand, moved with his right hand a small magnet toward the coil, the distant galvanometer needle, impelled by a force which up to that time was a mystery to me, swung violently in one direction, and when the magnet was moved away from the coil the galvanometer needle swung just as violently in the opposite direction. When one terminal, only, of the coil was connected to the galvanometer, and thus the electric circuit of the coil was broken, the motion of the magnet produced no effect. "*This is Faraday's discovery of Electromagnetic Induction*," said Rood with a deep sigh, and ended the lecture without any further comment, as if he wished to give me a chance to think it over before he added additional information. Rutherfurd knew Rood's picturesque mannerism, and my description of the experiment amused him. He suggested that the good professor was very fond of mystifying his students. I certainly was much mystified and did not wait for the next lecture to clear the mystery, but spent all day and most of the night reading about Faraday's wonderful discovery. It was made over fifty years before that time, but I never knew anything about it, although Edison's dynamos in his New York Pearl Street station had been supplying for over a year thousands of customers with electric power for incandescent lighting. Columbia College was not one of these customers for a long time after my graduation. When I finished my description of the experiment, and assured Rutherfurd that it was the most thrilling physical phenomenon that I had ever seen, and that I had remained awake almost all night after seeing it, he looked pleased, and informed me that this very phenomenon was the basis of Maxwell's new Electrical Theory.

That was the experiment which helped me to decide a very weighty question. Professor Rood had informed me that in recognition of my high standing in Science as well as in Letters I could choose either of two graduate fellowships, one in Letters or one in Science, each worth five hundred dollars a year. Either would have meant an additional three years of graduate study at Columbia. I was much tempted to turn to Letters and continue my work with Merriam, the idol of all Columbia College students, including myself, who had felt the wonderful charm of his personality and of his profound and at the same time most picturesque classical scholarship. But the magic experiment which had told me the first story of Faraday's great discoveries, and had aroused my dormant enthusiasm for physics, caused me to bid good-by to Merriam and turn to science, my first love. Nevertheless, I did not accept the fellowship in science and stay three years longer at Columbia; I preferred to take up the study of Faraday and of Maxwell in the United Kingdom, where these two great physicists were born and where they had made their great discoveries. Trustee Rutherfurd and his young nephew, my chum and classmate, John Armstrong Chanler, applauded my decision, and promised to assist me in my undertaking whenever assistance should be needed. Rutherfurd assured me that I should certainly succeed as well in my scientific studies in European universities as I had succeeded in my general cultural studies at Columbia College, if the revelations of the new world of physics, certainly in store for me, could arouse in me the same enthusiasm which had been aroused by the revelations of that new spirit and that new current of thought which had given birth to the American civilization. That this enthusiasm would not be wanting was

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amply demonstrated, he said, by the effect which Faraday's fundamental experiment had produced in my imagination.

Richmond Mayo Smith, my teacher in constitutional history, had assured me, toward the end of the senior year, that I was fully prepared for American citizenship, and I had applied for my naturalization papers. I received them on the day before I was graduated. Two ceremonies which are recorded in my life as two red-letter days took place on two successive days; it is instructive to give here a brief comparison between them. The ceremony which made me a citizen of the United States took place in a dingy little office in one of the municipal buildings in City Hall Park. I received my diploma of Bachelor of Arts in the famous old Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street on the following day. There was nobody in the naturalization office to witness the naturalization ceremony except myself and a plain little clerk. The graduation ceremonies in the Academy of Music were presided over by the venerable President Barnard; his luxuriant snowy-white locks and long beard, and his luminous intelligence beaming from every feature of his wonderful face, gave him the appearance of Moses, as Michael Angelo represents him; and the academy was crowded with a distinguished and brilliant audience. The little clerk in the office handed me my naturalization papers in an offhand manner, thinking, apparently, of nothing but the fee due from me. President Barnard, knowing of my high standing in the graduating class and of my many struggles to get there, beamed with joy when he handed me my diploma amidst the applause of my numerous friends in the audience. When I left the naturalization office, carrying my precious multicolored and very ornate naturalization papers, the crowd in City Hall Park was moving about as though nothing had happened; but when I stepped down from the academy stage, with my Columbia diploma in hand, my old friend Doctor Shepard handed me a basket of roses with the best wishes of his family and of Henry Ward Beecher; Mr. and Mrs. Lukanitch were there, and the old lady kissed me, shedding tears copiously and assuring me that if my mother were there to see how well I looked in my academic silk gown she also would have shed many a tear of joy; numerous other friends were there and made much fuss over me, but all those things served only to increase the painful contrast between the gay commencement ceremonies and the prosy procedure of my naturalization on the preceding day. One ceremony made me only a Bachelor of Arts. The other made me a citizen of the United States. Which of the two should have been more solemn?

There was a picture which I had conjured up in my imagination when first I walked one day from the Cortlandt Street factory to Wall Street to see the site of old Federal Hall. The picture was that of Chancellor Livingston administering the constitutional oath of office to President Washington. To me it was a picture of the most solemn historical act which New York or any other place in the world ever had witnessed. When the little clerk in the naturalization office handed me my naturalization papers, and called upon me in a perfunctory way to promise that I would always be loyal to the Constitution of the United States, the picture of that historical scene in Federal Hall suddenly reappeared to me, and a strange mental exaltation made my voice tremble as I responded: "I will, so help me God!" The little clerk noticed my emotion, but did not understand it, because he did not know of my long-continued efforts throughout a period of nine years to prepare myself for citizenship of the United States.

As I sat on the deck of the ship which was taking me to the universities of Europe, and watched its eagerness to get away from the busy harbor of New York, I thought of the day when, nine years before, I had arrived on the immigrant ship. I said to myself: "Michael Pupin, the most valuable asset which you carried into New York harbor nine years ago was your knowledge of and profound respect and admiration for the best traditions of your race . . . the most valuable asset which you are now taking with you from New York harbor is your knowledge of and profound respect and admiration for the best traditions of your adopted country."

(To be continued.)

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An American Citizen

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

[These articles about "REAL PEOPLE WHO ARE REAL SUCCESSES," depict those whose achievements, founded on character, have made them valuable and respected citizens. The test is not money or fame.]

HE gives you at once an impression of solidity; a person not to be jostled or pushed. Of good height and substantially built, at seventy-eight he still carries himself erectly; walks with the air of a man who knows his destination and will arrive on time. The color of health is in his smooth-shaven cheeks. His smile is worth waiting for and his laugh has the ring of honest mirth. You feel that here is a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows. A prosperous farmer you might say, in town to sell cattle; or if you met him in a seaport you might think: here is a fine type of the mariner, a retired captain perhaps, still capable of going down to the sea in a ship which he will most certainly carry to its destination and bring back to the home port in safety.

Such a man is Lucius B. Swift, an American citizen.

In a vote conducted recently by the Indianapolis *News* to determine the ten greatest citizens of the Hoosier Commonwealth my hero did not, I believe, receive a single ballot. And this is not surprising. His achievements are not of the sort that speak strongly to the popular imagination. Nothing spectacular: no loud trumpetings; no fireworks; unknown indeed, even by sight, to a large majority of the three hundred thousand inhabitants of the city where he has lived for forty-three years. Money has never figured importantly in his scheme of things; if it had, he might be rich. His ideals of what constitutes a fame worth the winning are not those of that considerable number of persons who are convinced that getting there is the main business of life. And yet, I feel that my hero has arrived, though not by the usual means of transportation or acclaimed in the common terminology of the heralds of success; yet, somehow, he has attained an altitude that makes it necessary for us to lift our eyes a bit if we would rightly see him.

I shall not commit the indiscretion of attempting to estimate the number of American citizens who always put their country first; but I shall say without a moment's hesitation that Lucius B. Swift is entitled to sit in the front row of any gathering of such patriots. And if an investigation should be made to disclose just how many of those present really had made tangible and concrete sacrifices for their country's good and for the good of humanity, I am sure that my hero would be singled out for special praise, though he would be deeply embarrassed to find himself thus singled out for attention.

So far as my contemplation of the human species has gone, Mr. Swift is unique. I have never known a man who would risk so much for a cause as he. A foolish man, it may be said, to have spent so much time working for the public interest where there was not the slightest chance that he would be thanked for it; where, in fact, in most cases, he laid himself open to abuse or ridicule in undertaking disagreeable tasks which were, as he often heard, none of his business. Herein lies the admirable, the distinguishing thing about him: a conviction, deeply inbred in his nature, that democracy presupposes the sincere interest and devoted service of every individual, and that the public business is every citizen's concern.

I picture him as a serious, earnest, plodding boy in his early years spent on the farm in Orleans County, New York, where he was born; and we may be sure that he made the most of his opportunities at the Yates Academy, less than a mile away, where he laid the foundations of his education. Directly descended from William Swift who settled on Cape Cod in 1637, a good deal of American history had passed into his blood when he began to hear of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the bitter controversies of the fifties centering at last in the name of Lincoln. At the first call for troops Lucius, then sixteen, enlisted, but after drilling for many weeks was rejected because of his age. His company went away without him; whereupon he borrowed money from a neighbor to carry him to its camp in

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Maryland, where by a patriotic fiction his age was put down as eighteen and he was accepted. I shall say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that this is the first and only time in the course of his seventy-eight years that Lucius B. Swift ever lent himself to duplicity. I had known Mr. Swift ten years before I learned that he had served three years as a private soldier in the Civil War, and then the fact was mentioned casually that he might testify to the spirit of democracy that animated the men in the ranks.

I doubt whether any other private soldier in that war saw it with quite Swift's detachment. The attitude and demeanor of his comrades interested him; he weighed and considered the merits of his commanders—saw the whole business from the view-point of a serious lad capable of understanding that he was participating in a great episode of history. In a paper he prepared several years ago, Mr. Swift gave his impressions as an enlisted man of life in the army just before the battle of Chancellorsville. By this time he was a seasoned soldier with battles in the Valley of Virginia against Stonewall Jackson, sixteen weeks in Southern prisons, and two winter campaigns behind him. The end of the second day at Chancellorsville saw him again Jackson's prisoner, followed by a magical parole from Libby Prison after twelve days. He writes:

"On the evening of Sunday, April 26th, the order was issued to march next morning, each man to carry eight days' rations and sixty rounds of cartridges; three days' rations and forty rounds were the usual load. Next morning each man was left to judge for himself the amount of food which would last him eight days. I counted three meals a day, with three hard-tacks and one slice of bacon for each meal. I therefore carefully arranged in my haversack seventy-two hard-tacks, twenty-four slices of bacon, twenty-four tablespoonfuls of coffee and the same number of sugar, a quart cup, a spoon, a towel, a comb and soap. In my knapsack I had one suit of underclothing, one pair of socks, and a blanket, and my overcoat was rolled in my piece of a dog-tent and strapped on the outside. The march began, the 11th corps now under General Howard taking the lead, and then we followed and after us came the 5th corps under General Meade. This was the flanking column. We were now 40,000 strong. Our route was west up the Rappahannock. After a few miles began the usual casting off of winter surplus, which always occurred on the first spring march and the road was strewn with overcoats, blankets and articles of every kind to lighten the load. The dogwood was in blossom and the grass was green in the fields, but there were no signs of cultivation; the country was sleeping, waiting for the war to cease. We felt well and marched easily. There was in my company a sprinkling of all kinds of spicy Irishmen and a few Germans. The rest were mostly American farmer boys like myself and included twenty school-teachers. With such a combination there was no lack of conversation and jokes, and the march was not always dull plodding. To a great extent officers and men were school and village comrades. The officers of my regiment, as a rule, were men of substance and character at home and were respected by us. Our colonel was a real father of the regiment and our other officers, although often our schoolmates and boy companions and but a single remove from actual comradeship now, were yet officers having the right to command, and no enlisted man ever for a moment trespassed upon that right. Our captain often urged the sergeants to keep a line between themselves and the other men, but we could not bring ourselves to do it with old schoolmates and when off duty we were simply comrades with them. But on duty, the matter was different; we expected to be obeyed without demur and I never knew of but one case of disobedience."

All this was discipline, preparation for other tasks that were to engage his interest. Honorably discharged in June, 1865, Sergeant Swift having, in a manner of speaking, already taken his postgraduate course in the school of war, took up what was by contrast the rather prosaic business of completing his preparation for college. He had saved something from his army pay, and on his discharge in June he went back to school, at the same time assisting in the labor of the home farm. He chose the University of Michigan as his college, it being at that time one of the few American institutions that did not re-

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quire Greek, which he lacked. He was graduated from Michigan in the class of 1870 and returned to Medina, near the home farm, where he spent two years in a law office. Having left the university in debt, he decided to teach until the debt was paid. The authorities of his alma mater recommended him for appointment as teacher in the public schools of La-Porte, Indiana. There in due course he became superintendent, and in 1876 he married Miss Mary Ella Lyon, a graduate of Elmira College, whom he had brought to LaPorte to join his teaching staff. Meanwhile Mr. Swift put in his leisure reading law. By 1879 the Swifts, by their joint labor, had accumulated twenty-five hundred dollars. They removed to Indianapolis, where Mr. Swift passed the examination for admission to practise in the United States courts. He knew only one person in the Hoosier capital, the state superintendent of public instruction. His receipts for the first year were thirty-five dollars. In the second year he did much better and felt encouraged to hang on. Mrs. Swift taught in the high school for a year and then became, and continues to be, her husband's self-effacing co-worker, as zealous in public service as he.

In those days the bar of Indianapolis was unexcelled in the West, numbering among its distinguished members Benjamin Harrison, William H. H. Miller, John M. Butler, John T. Dye, William P. Fishback, Joseph E. McDonald, and Thomas A. Hendricks. Indianapolis society at that time was rather a tight corporation. It counted for much that one's folks could boast pioneer ancestors or at least had lived on Hoosier soil through the Civil War period and been identified with the valiant host that upheld the Union under the banner of the war governor, Oliver P. Morton. It was not easy for any newcomer without social or business connections to get a foothold. But the clients who began to find Mr. Swift in Room 2, Hubbard Block, clung to him. Many of them were Germans, who liked his industry and forthright speech and the care he brought to even the smallest commission. Note here this fact, that as his list of clients lengthened, those who brought him the most business were Germans, for we shall come back to this.

It was the way of the Swifts to make haste slowly. They lived for eight years in three rooms, where Mrs. Swift did her own housework in addition to assisting at the office. Before I knew them I marked the couple in their goings and comings in our streets, accompanied usually by a dog that spent the day in the law office. Sometimes there was a market-basket, too, and books. Lucius B. Swift's name adorned the same door in the Hubbard Block till the building was torn down; and the story-and-a-half cottage on a side street where they still live has been their home for thirty-four years. If you pass that way you will know the place by the vines and flowers that all but hide the house.

Fierce partisanship, a characteristic of the Hoosiers from the days of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, has always made it more comfortable for an Indiana man to align himself with one or the other of the political parties. This is emphasized in the case of a lawyer, who may be assisted in developing a practice by participating in party affairs and gaining an office that will widen his acquaintance and create business contacts. Politics had been a subject much discussed in Mr. Swift's boyhood on the New York farm. Horace Greeley's *Tribune* was the family newspaper, and youthful interest in the slavery issue had been visualized for impressionable youth by the occasional appearance at the back door of the Swift home of a fugitive slave. Swift, the school-teacher and Civil War veteran, was disposed to take his politics seriously. He was influenced by the reading of the New York *Evening Post*, and *The Nation*, then conducted by E. L. Godkin, and *Harper's Weekly* under George William Curtis's editorship. Definite ideals of politics took form in his mind, strengthened by criticisms of Grant's two administrations, and the scandals of the Tweed ring in New York. Bossism, plunder, the bestowal of offices upon faithful henchmen, struck him as wholly irreconcilable with the spirit and promise of American institutions. It occurred to him that the nation he had carried a musket to preserve might still have some work for him to do.

While traditionally a Republican, he had done a good deal of thinking about politics when in 1884 Blaine was nominated for the presidency. To live in In-

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dianapolis and affiliate with the Mugwumps was not calculated to promote a newcomer's fortunes either professionally or socially. The animosities left by the Civil War were still so bitter that to be a Democrat was a social disqualification, but to be a Mugwump was to be "queer"—at best the object of amused or cynical curiosity. It may be said of the Indiana Republicans who bolted the Republican presidential nomination of 1884, that they were fit though few. Mr. Swift was of that company, and he established enduring friendships with men he was to be associated with in other contests. Indiana rocked under the furious struggle. It was in that battle that Mr. Swift first displayed his fighting qualities as a civilian. He became chairman of the Indiana Mugwump Committee of One Hundred, and gave time sorely needed for his own affairs to assist in defeating Blaine. I find in one of his speeches a particular emphasis laid upon Cleveland's promises with respect to the merit system, a matter which had already attracted Mr. Swift. An address he delivered before the Freidenker Verein of Indianapolis, January 8, 1885, was I believe the first public utterance on this subject in Indiana. It was a vigorous and effective discussion of the spoils system in American politics, and it is not surprising that Horace White should have brought it to the attention of Carl Schurz and George William Curtis, and that Curtis should have remarked that it was the best thing he had seen on the subject, adding: "Isn't it strange that the cause should take root in Indiana?" It was strange indeed, stranger even than Mr. Curtis knew!

While watching Cleveland's struggle with the importunate job-hunters, very hungry and very thirsty by reason of their long exclusion from federal office, Mr. Swift addressed himself to the business—which was not strictly his business any more than it was that of any other citizen—of exposing the evil features of the management of the Indiana benevolent institutions. These were then operated under laws which made spoils of the jobs and gave the contracts to political favorites. There was now an Indiana Civil Service Reform Association, and under its auspices the Indiana Hospital for the Insane was subjected to a merciless scrutiny.

Having read himself out of the Republican party by supporting Cleveland, Mr. Swift did not hesitate to arouse the ire of the Indiana democracy by showing in what manner the party was using the hospital to strengthen the party machinery. A Republican legislature was not averse to laying bare Democratic iniquity, and an investigation was ordered. Mr. Swift, without pay, gathered and produced before a committee of the senate testimony in support of the charges. The committee's report, with this evidence, made a volume of one thousand three hundred and thirty-five pages! Not only was there a plain showing of favoritism and dishonesty as to contracts but there were cases of drunkenness and immorality among the attendants; helpless patients had been beaten and taunted by their guardians and rotten food was served to them. Mr. Swift spent three weeks, working day and night, presenting the evidence to the committee. This investigation initiated the processes by which the Indiana benevolent institutions were taken out of politics and established upon a business and humanitarian basis. Apart from the satisfaction of performing thoroughly and effectively a public duty, with resulting permanent benefit to his state, Mr. Swift got nothing for his meddlesomeness except, he once remarked to me with his characteristic chuckle, the loss of one valued client, a business man who had been one of the favored contractors!

President Cleveland, with the best intentions in the world, was unable to protect the classified service; and in September, 1886, we find Mr. Swift writing a pamphlet of fifty-three pages in small type, setting forth the manner in which the Pendleton civil-service law was being evaded in Indiana. It may here be said of Mr. Swift's speeches and pamphlets that they are excellent reading. For direct straightforward narrative the literary student would have difficulty in finding their equal. When he went after the management of the Indianapolis post-office in the first Cleveland administration he had, as usual, fortified himself with facts. When, among other things, he stated in Document No. 2 of the papers of the Indiana Civil Service Reform Association that a job had been found in the post-office for a man under indictment for a felony, he

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did not merely make a statement; he presented the record of the criminal court to prove it. When he declared that, owing to the reduced efficiency of the post-office, sacks of mail were let lie undistributed so long that the rats ate into them, he knew what he was talking about. A difficult adversary is a man like Swift, who never loses his temper; who, with no motive but to render an honest public service, acts on the principle that a public office is a public trust; who is unmoved by criticism and goes tranquilly on his way, mildly amused when men inquire just what he expects to gain by projecting himself into matters which clearly are none of his business—such a man is indeed puzzling and disturbing to those who view with alarm the intrusion of idealism into politics.

Owing to the tremendous pressure for place, Cleveland had been unable to fulfil his pre-election promises as to the merit system, and in 1888 Mr. Swift supported General Harrison in the hope that the Republicans would stand for a stricter enforcement of the existing civil-service laws. His share in the fight on Blaine had made his name known to the leading Eastern Independents, who were not without curiosity as to the gentleman who had now begun at Indianapolis the publication of the *Civil Service Chronicle*, a journal conducted without profit or the hope of profit. They invited Mr. Swift to Baltimore to a conference of men interested in elevating the tone of American politics. It was then that he first met Theodore Roosevelt, in the office of Charles J. Bonaparte. This was the beginning of a cordial and intimate friendship that continued to the end of Roosevelt's life. Roosevelt was appointed to the Civil Service Commission by Harrison, and in 1889 visited Indianapolis at Swift's request to investigate the conduct of the post-office. On this occasion Roosevelt had luncheon with the Swifts in their cottage on Fourteenth Street, and Mrs. Swift cooked the meal.

The hope of the reformers centred again in Cleveland after his re-election in 1892, and in a long letter to Swift, dated November 28, 1893, Roosevelt wrote:

"I had a talk with the President the other day. It was mostly, however, about the disagreements in the commission: but I am bound to say that the President, on the whole in the conversation, proved much more amenable to reason as regards civil-service-reform matters than President Harrison ever did. I personally never felt the hope, that so many reformers did, that President Cleveland would make a radical departure in favor of the reform. I thought that as regards the non-classified service he would do just about what has proved to be just about the case. President Cleveland is himself, I think, a much stronger friend of the reform than President Harrison but his party is much more hostile to it than was the Republican party, (I mean of course, the politicians who represent the parties here in Washington and elsewhere) and in consequence the net outcome has been very much the same in the two cases. Cleveland goes rather ahead of his party but does not think well enough of the reform to be willing to go so far ahead as to in any way jeopardize his party standing. Harrison, on the other hand, did not care to go ahead at all; he merely wished to keep abreast of his party in this respect; and so, as I said before, he and Cleveland stand about on the same plane in the matter."

But, in spite of this see-saw, Mr. Swift continued at his work of arousing sentiment favorable to the merit system, which was not, it must be said, a popular reform. Whenever opportunity offered, he delivered his lecture on American Feudalism, illustrating his points with concrete instances of the destructive results of the abuse of political power in Indiana and other states. Meanwhile he kept constantly in touch with Roosevelt, Bonaparte, Richard Henry Dana, and others of the Eastern reformers.

I am quoting the following letter, dated April 27, 1895, because it not only shows a charming side of Roosevelt's character but gives hints of his sense that his Indiana friend was a man of sympathy and understanding, willing to stand up and be shot at for a cause he believed to be right. Mr. Swift had written to express his regret that Roosevelt had resigned from the Civil Service Commission to become police commissioner in New York, and Roosevelt replied:

"No letter that I have received about my change to New York has pleased me as much as yours, for you are the only

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correspondent who has understood how I felt about the Civil Service Commission here. I have for six years given all my energy and all my heart to the work. I can honestly say that I think I have accomplished something, and that the cause has made during those six years far more progress from the moral than even from the material side, though the latter, as shown by the figures in the increase of the classified service themselves, is sufficiently great. Now, I entirely share your belief that the Commission must not be dependent upon any one man. In the first place, I think the whole spirit of the Commission has changed. Mr. Procter has been on with me a year and a half. He is as high-minded and upright a man as I ever met, and our methods and desires are identical. I know that he will continue the work when I am gone precisely as he and I have carried it on while I was here. I can't help believing that any new appointee or appointees will do the same. I am continually receiving letters from men who say that they don't see how the Commission will get along without me; that I am essential to it, etc. In the first place no man is essential. There are always plenty to fill his place; and secondly, I think it unhealthy to encourage a feeling that a given man is all-important.

"As for what I can do in New York I confess I feel rather doubtful. The legislature has refused to pass the police bills which it ought to have passed, and I haven't any certain knowledge of how much power I will have. Of course very much depends also upon who my colleagues are. Then I fear that the reformers, in following the lead of Dr. Parkhurst, may expect too much. There are certain evils which I fear cannot possibly be suppressed in a city like New York in our present stage of existence. I shall do my best to find out how to minimize them and make them least offensive, but more than this I fear cannot be done. As for my own course, I am, as you know, in national matters a strong Republican, and differ from most civil-service reformers, I think, in being an advocate of a vigorous foreign policy; but as Police Commissioner I am sure I do not have to say that I will be quite incapable of considering any question of politics in the execution of my duty, whether in the appointment or removal of a man, or in the adoption of a line of policy.

"Pray remember me warmly to Mrs. Swift, and again let me thank you heartily and sincerely for your letter, which I shall keep."

It is apparent from the tone of Roosevelt's frequent letters to the gentleman in Room 2, Hubbard Block, that these two men, so unlike in temperament, antecedents, and training, had formed for each other the warmest admiration. Later, on occasions when Roosevelt visited Indiana and was overwhelmed by the "thunder of the captains and the shouting," I was amused to remember that Swift was the first man in the state to know him and rightly appraise his qualities. During his years in the White House, whenever Roosevelt wanted absolutely fair and just judgments of Indiana men who sought preferment, he consulted the unassuming, plain-spoken gentleman in Indianapolis. Mr. Swift, with no axes to grind, would, with the slightest encouragement, tell the truth!

Once an Indiana congressman had been at great pains to keep Mr. Swift's name off the list of prominent Hoosiers who were to meet the President, on one of the occasions when Roosevelt paid a visit to Indianapolis. But on the train the President remarked to Vice-President Fairbanks that he very much wished to see his old friend Swift, of whom he spoke with characteristic heartiness. A telegram was immediately despatched, inviting Mr. Swift to the Fairbanks residence. There the congressman and other leading Republicans saw the President greet Swift with a cordiality the least bit dismaying in view of the fact that the modest attorney—a "snivel service reformer"—was a rank outsider who didn't speak the Indiana Republican language at all! In vigorous fashion the President said in a tone audible throughout the room: "There's no time to talk here. I shall be in Oyster Bay shortly; I want you to come down to see me as soon as you can conveniently make the trip!"

Mr. Swift was not to remain an unhonored prophet in the land of his adoption. His fellow citizens began to respect him even where they continued to be puzzled by his sturdy independence, his bothersome stirring up of things that had pre-

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viously been permitted to pass as the mere routine of politics.

In his quiet, determined way he was establishing in Indiana a new standard of political service and patiently but stubbornly insisting upon its acceptance. Patriotism, in his view, is not wholly an affair of gunpowder, but, rightly interpreted, offers its daily opportunities and duties to all lovers of good government. As one of the chief protagonists of the civil-service cause he may be pardoned for pointing with satisfaction to the fact that when he became interested in the subject in 1883 there were only 14,000 positions in the classified service; now there are 400,000. The volumes of the *Civil Service Chronicle* (there's a set in the Harvard Library) are mighty interestin' readin' for the student of American politics.

In a modest way the Swifts prospered. Their circle widened slowly, but it embraced the people of the community best worth knowing. It was an honor to be bidden to dine, or for Sunday-morning breakfast, in the Fourteenth Street cottage. You were sure to find there interesting people and stimulating talk. If the Swifts acquired a rare print or a new set of spoons, or if Mrs. Swift created a new salad, it was a privilege to be asked to share in the celebration of the event. A cheerful outlook on life has always distinguished the Swifts, but at their table and at their fireside the serious problems of life and society and the trend of world affairs have never been neglected. The breadth of their interests is indicated by a few names of distinguished visitors to Indiana who have enjoyed their hospitality—Julia Marlowe, Carl Schurz, Charles J. Bonaparte, Richard Henry Dana, Professors Taussig of Harvard and Farnham of Yale, and Colonel Henry Lee Higginson. With all their keen interest in public affairs the Swifts kept young. They have always been particularly hospitable to ambitious young men and women. It occurred to them rather late in life that they had never danced, having been too busy in their youth for much recreation. So they established a Saturday-night supper with an hour of dancing.

While Mr. Swift never figured in spectacular cases, he established on a solid basis a good law practice. His participation in politics served to plant him in public esteem as a man of absolute integrity. There was never any malice in his proddings of the incapable or corrupt; to those of us who have known him long he is endeared by a certain sweetness of temper and a delightful simplicity.

Never wasting ammunition or shooting merely to attract attention, he has through all his years in our town stood up stubbornly for clean politics and honest public service. When in 1899 a street-railway franchise was to be granted, he published a pamphlet on the subject warning the people against yielding their rights without an adequate return. He was right in his warning, though few realized it then. His protest passed unheeded, and his fellow townsmen are the poorer for their heedlessness.

In the first Bryan campaign he was at once active, speaking and writing against silver. He asked to be assigned to small meetings in country districts, where he could maintain a conversational tone in discussing his subject and invite and answer questions. He gave his whole time to the campaign. The receipts of his law office between Bryan's nomination and election day were exactly ten dollars!

When the German legions started across Belgium in 1914, Mr. Swift grew restless, and before the sinking of the *Lusitania* he saw clearly that the struggle was not one of nations but an assault upon democracy. The attitude of men of German birth or descent in America in upholding the German cause aroused his indignation and he wrote an essay, a calm consideration of the war in the light of German history. This, read before the Indianapolis Literary Club and elsewhere in 1916, was widely circulated as a pamphlet. Like all of Mr. Swift's utterances, this address contained no abuse; there was no calling of names; his information was drawn largely from German sources. His utterances were resented by his many German friends; the more influential of his German clients immediately withdrew their business. Only a few intimate friends knew of this, as it has never been Swift's way to whimper or covet the martyr's crown. He was more hurt by the severing of old ties of friendship than by the shrinking of his practice. A number of men who shared his feeling that Germany was wrong and that America "slept a base sleep beside

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an idle spear," while all civilization was menaced, gave him a dinner in 1916. Roosevelt sent the following letter:

"I very sincerely wish that I could be present at the dinner in honor of Lucius B. Swift on May 2d. Mr. Swift has combined to a peculiar degree the qualities we like to think of as typical of American citizenship at its best. I have never met in public or private life a more entirely fearless and disinterested foe of every form of political corruption. Moreover, unlike many reformers of fearlessness and zeal, he has always kept a sane and well-balanced judgment. Recently he has been fighting against what is even a more deadly foe to this country than political corruption, for he has been fighting against the peculiar baseness of moral treason which, under the guise of hyphenated Americanism, has been attacking what is best and most necessary in our national heritage. There has been an organized anti-American propaganda, very powerful politically and even financially; and against this Mr. Swift has warred fearlessly, at a time when most men held their peace. I wish I could be present at the dinner in his honor."

When America entered into the war, Mr. Swift volunteered for service and was made chairman of the District Board at Indianapolis, a court of appeals for thirty-seven local draft boards. It was like him to take the difficult job seriously, giving to it long hours in a conscientious effort to deal justly with every case. In 1919 Mr. Swift was offered a place on the Sanitary Commission at Indianapolis, a board of three members about to erect a sewage-disposal plant for the city at a cost of two and a half million dollars. Having satisfied himself that the board was designed to do its work without political interference, and that the law protected the members from the axe of the spoilsman, he accepted. In 1921 the General Assembly added the collection of ashes and garbage to the duties of the board.

A political upheaval soon landed the Honorable Samuel Lewis Shank in the mayor's office, and he publicly announced that Swift must go. The commission employs many men, and Shank's followers clamored for jobs. In a statement issued to the public Mr. Swift said:

"I have other work suspended that I would rather do; and I could resign and have peace. But the law does not intend that a commissioner shall resign in the middle of his term because a mayor comes demanding an opportunity to turn the department into a political nest and I won't do it. Besides, for more than thirty years I have fought against using the civil service to pay political or personal debts, and I will not now turn my back upon my professions and by resigning aid the mayor-elect to beat the law and complete his Tammanyization of the entire civil service of the city."

At this writing Mr. Swift continues a member of the Sanitary Board, the only political office he has ever held, and this not of his seeking. The force of ash and garbage collectors, taken over from another board, consisted of colored men, every one a master politician, each with his pull. Their superintendent, a white man, carried a ward in the hollow of his hand. Another member of the board cooperated with Mr. Swift and step by step they have freed the entire department from every vestige of politics, the first instance of the kind in the history of Indianapolis. The helpless mayor has started a movement to get the board legislated out of office. Mr. Swift regards it as one of the greatest triumphs of his life to have been able to demonstrate that nothing is easier than to exclude politics from city government.

I shall not incur the wrath of the subject of this sketch by pointing to him with a fine gesture as an example worthy of all emulation. In his long life he has cared as little for praise as for blame. He was pleased, though, when in 1919 he was recalled to his alma mater to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in recognition of his unselfish and untiring efforts in behalf of clean politics. Here is a man who has never sought the easier way or evaded a responsibility. A full life, a life of usefulness, void of low aims or mean ambitions. After years of conflict he remains an optimist—the cheeriest man I know.

"I have no complaints about anything," he said the other day; "if I had to go to-morrow it would be all right. I've had a mighty good time!"

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Loaded Dice

BY SHANE LESLIE
Author of "A Study in Smoke," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BASKERVILLE

I WAS recently passing a few days at Monte Carlo, tempted more by the weather than the spirit of gambling. I was mooning about in the sunshine, if I may so describe a very pleasant though unproductive manner of spending the time. The hothouse plants and tropical trees which grow out-of-doors in the Riviera are alone worth the pleasure of the trip. The principality of Monaco needs no foreign loans to run its government, for the tax paid by the Casino is sufficient to balance its expenses. The flowers benefit by the local affluence, for their beds are as carefully made as though they were occupying a royal suite, and they themselves receive as much toilet as ladies of fashion. Palms, prickly-pear cactus, and all kinds of thick, watery-fleshed plants thrive in the dry terraces between the mountains and the Mediterranean Sea. The top-heavy, gouty, black-fibred palm-trees give a ludicrous impression of old elephants' legs suffering, if such a medical horror is possible, from the disease called elephantiasis! The fruit of the prickly-pear looks like lumps of colored putty temporarily stuck upon the gawky leathery leaves. Another amusing plant with stiff spiked leaves a yard long looks, when it begins to wither, like strips of zebra hide cut into ribbons. Sun and dew work hand in hand all winter to make the vegetation as delightful to passing visitors to Monte Carlo as it must be consoling to constant losers!

Whether one hazards a stake or not, it is always interesting to sit outside the Casino and watch the different types who frequent that most levelling of institutions. Fortune is the most democratic of divinities, and often tosses into the lap of the humble what she has filched from the purse-proud. Great or small, adventurer or aristocrat, sharp or flat, she has a levelling effect on them all in time. They are all at the mercy of her infinite and ironical whimsicality.

Monte Carlo has this in common with certain other places in the world, like Charing Cross Station, the Piazza of St. Peter's, and Niagara Falls, that the world, with or without his wife, passes there sooner or later. If you wait, you will soon run into an acquaintance, and already you have a curious feeling that half the people you have ever known have passed that way. For once I sat waiting an hour without recognizing a face. It was like a long run of the *rouge* at the table. The *noir* seemed more and more certain to come. The next to pass must be a friend. So it was, for I recognized the worn, old-fashioned features before me. But where had I met them previously? The name came back to me with an effort. I remembered now. It was an old friend of my father's, and we had met in Hyde Park twenty years before, when I was a boy at Eton. I never forgot the gold sovereign he gave me to take back to school. I remembered, too, my father having pointed him out to me as the greatest gambler of his generation. I vaguely knew that his whole fortune had disappeared at the tables.

I was feeling lonely, so I followed him into the gambling rooms and claimed acquaintance, which he was polite enough not to refuse. He was not gambling himself, so he had time to take me round the tables and explain to me in theory one or two unfailing systems for breaking the bank. In practice I afterward found out, and even suspected at the moment, they had as often bankrupted the would-be ruptors of the bank, but he only remembered the one or two brilliant moments in his career when he had cleared out a table and left it closed for the day. I found it more interesting listening to this old-time player than watching the motley crowd who clutched the gold-spangled skirts of Fortune as she slipped by, in silences only broken by the mocking formulas of the croupiers and the whirring of the fatal ball. At the tables were sitting girls who had better been playing drafts in their schoolrooms, and hawk-eyed beldames who seemed ready to stake the price of their coffins on the winning

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number. Only when they won did a muscle relax in their tired faces. The presiding croupiers were a perpetual lesson in the art of concealing emotions. But as they were never allowed to join in a stake, they shovelled the money like so many beans. What perfect flunkies they would have made for the Sphinx! "*Messieurs faites vos jeux*," sang the croupiers, and a minute later came the warning signal, "*rien ne va plus!*" followed in a few long seconds by the announcement of the winning number, red or black, odd or even, and the swift scraping in of the lost stakes. And so it would be all afternoon and into the night and the next day again and the day after . . . crack! a sudden shot broke through the great room and everybody who was not watching a stake rushed into a corner, where some unknown plunger had just taken the last plunge into eternity by blowing out his brains. The attendants collected from every corner and formed a hedge round the dead man. Quickly and soundlessly they began moving him out by a side-door, while gamblers picking up their stakes ran to dip a finger in his blood for luck. In five minutes he had disappeared as though he had fallen off a liner into a boiling sea. Monte Carlo cannot afford to have scandals on the premises any more than any well-established and well-connected institution, and is generally more successful than others in concealing them. Blood is soon mopped up, especially if the passers believe that it is a charmed fluid. The roulette ball was soon spinning round again, and the only trace of the tragedy was the struggle of a dozen gamblers to sit where the suicide had been sitting all the afternoon. It was a superstition that the dead gambler's spirit does not leave the rooms immediately with death, but remains to avenge his ill luck on the bank; and against the unknown forces of the underworld even the bank cannot win.

I had had enough of it, and we strolled out on the terrace, my companion becoming amused to talk to such a novice in gambling matters as I then was. From the altitude of twenty years' experience he began to give me his views on Luck, which some call Providence and some the Deuce. "Gambling," he said, "is worth while to me whether I win or lose. When I win I cannot spend my money more pleasurably than by playing it again till I lose in the end. The bank must win. Let it!"

We sat down and looked across the Mediterranean as the sun slowly sank. The horizontal rays crossed eighty miles of sea, and for a moment the ghostly glimmer of Corsica appeared like a mirage and then disappeared under the claret-colored flood. My companion talked on: "For me it has always been better to have played and lost than never to have played at all. That is even the reason I never married. I felt I had a perfect right to lose all I had, provided I had no dependents. I had very few friends either, and I have managed never to borrow, and I have played for twenty years. I have nothing on my conscience or, for the matter of that, on my bank-account now. I have had my great days and known the ecstasy of sudden wealth as no gold-digger has ever felt it—thousands made in one evening. I have taken zero twice running with a doubled stake. You have no idea what transcendent bliss that brings a gambler's brain. I have done best when I trusted to the inspiration of the moment. There is luck, and there is bad luck, but that is really as far as I have ever been able to get. And luck often comes to those who feel the fascination of the table least. I have seen a man casually back the winning number and stroll off before it was declared. People are always forgetting their stakes, curiously enough, and there are always harpies who watch on the chance of claiming them. The croupier cannot refuse a claim. I do not think I ever forgot a stake. I can remember all the winning numbers on my great days still."

I asked him what the pleasures of memory meant to him, and he confessed that they were considerable. I asked him if he believed in any gambling superstition, whether he thought sitting round a gambling-table ever produced any result one could compare with spiritualism; for instance, the result of touching a dead gambler's blood, which we had witnessed an hour or two before.

"No," he said, "but I have come to the conclusion that it often makes a difference to the luck at a table who is sitting at it. Some people cause others to win. That is how it works out." I asked him if in all his experience he could think of an

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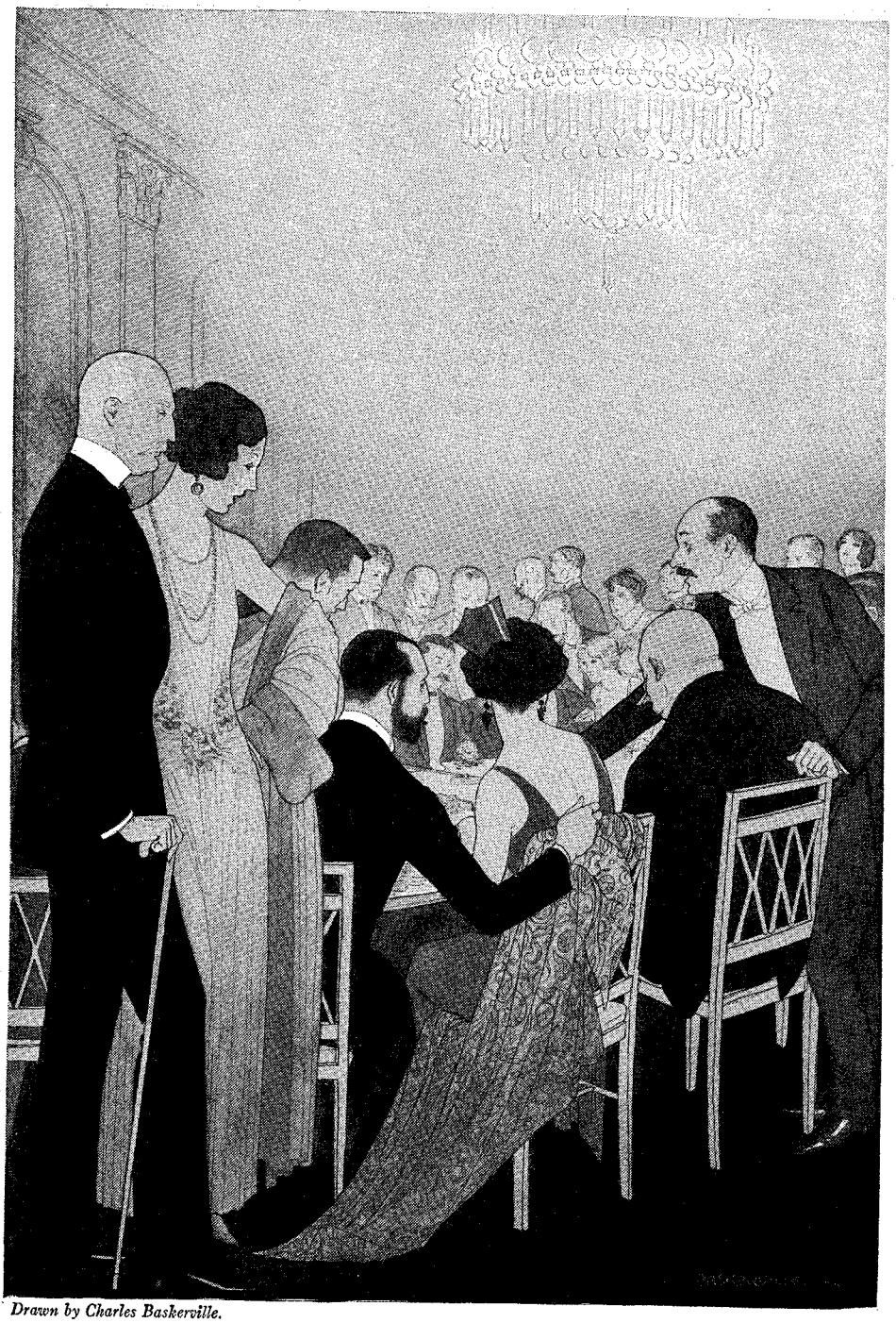

Drawn by Charles Baskerville.

"*Messieurs faites vos jeux,*" sang the croupiers.—Page 700.

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instance when a psychic influence had been at work. He sat back thinking. Then he said quietly: "I do not answer your question. I cannot say yes or no, so I say nothing." "Then you must have met something that was inexplicable," I pressed. "Perhaps," he answered; "but I have never told anybody." I knew my only chance of hearing it was to say nothing leading the conversation elsewhere, so I just waited. He got up and began walking again. When we came in front of the pigeon-shooting green, which juts like a tiny grass-green arena into the sea, he stopped and pointed to a corner of the fence. A pigeon popped out of a trap, took flight, and fell to an invisible gun. Another flew out, but fell the wrong side of the fence into the open sea, where fishermen were waiting to retrieve it from boats. Each marksman was allowed two shots to bring the pigeon down. It seemed deadly monotonous. Then my friend spoke: "That is where the first incident happened." I knew now I had only to keep silent to hear what he had to say. "I used to shoot pigeons a good deal in company with a friend of mine. When we lost at the tables we often made good by winning the prize for shooting. I sometimes won, but my friend never. Whatever he gambled at, he lost, roulette, *chemin-de-fer*, baccarat, and dice. He fell into the hands of the sharpers, a gang who induced him for a long time to believe that he was winning. Then they played him with loaded dice and he lost a fortune. One evening I was with him and the dice fell six times the same against him and every time for double or quits. He challenged the dice and they agreed to saw the ivory cubes asunder. A third party was called in and in breathless silence the dice were broken up. My friend picked up each piece with a face whiter than ivory himself, but there was no suspicion of a fraud to be found. If they had been playing with loaded dice they had substituted others. Sleight of hand can work wonders. I have no doubt my friend's challenge had been perfectly justified, but he was up against the deliberate wickedness of this world. For a moment he turned over the fragments of the dice. The scoundrel who had been playing with him smiled and murmured: '*C'est drôle, pas un grain de plomb*' ('That's funny, not a grain of lead'). My friend put down his bank-book and went out. That evening he killed himself.

"After I had seen to his burying I felt miserable and went for a long trip. When I returned I instinctively made my way to Monte Carlo. I could not change my thoughts or get my friend out of my mind, so I decided to return to the scenes of our long companionship. I immediately found that my luck had improved at the tables. Then a very strange thing happened. I sent for my guns and entered for the *grand prix* at pigeon-shooting. I found myself in winning fettle. You always know at the tables or on the green if you are in a successful mood. On the first day I killed fourteen pigeons out of fifteen. The second day saw me in the running for the championship. If you miss five birds you have to withdraw from the shooting, and soon only four guns were left. In the end two of us were left. We had each shot twenty-four out of twenty-six. Then the other missed and I only had to kill one bird to win. Seconds are long on such occasions and my eye was caught by a little sailing-boat out to sea. I could not get my eye off it and out flew the pigeon, not like an easy owl but like a flighting snipe. Ping! I missed my first shot and he swerved. Then I fired to the other side. Ping! I thought, in fact I was sure, I had missed, but no, I had just done the trick. As he flew over the fence he suddenly shot low as though something rose in his path, struck the top of the fence, and fell stone-dead on the right side of the line. I was heartily congratulated by every one on my prowess. I can tell you it was one of the good moments of my life and, as the retriever brought back my last bird, I strolled to the man in charge to see where I had hit my lucky bird. The dog man was handling the pigeon all over. I asked him if I hit the head or the body. He began plucking the feathers. When the bird was bare he looked up with a perplexed grin and said: '*C'est drôle, pas un grain de plomb!*' As soon as I heard the fatal words I walked away feeling sick. I did not shoot a pigeon again for many a long day, not until I was absolutely in want of money. And for months I tried to get those words out of my head.

"Years passed, but I never would let

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Drawn by Charles Baskerville.

'C'est drôle, pas un grain de plomb.'—Page 702.

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my mind dwell too long on the reason why that last pigeon could have shied and knocked its brains on the fence for my special benefit. It was possible that my last shot passed close overhead and drove it downward with the shock it caused in the air. I have heard of duck being killed by the sheer force of a gun's explosion without being struck by the pellets. So I attributed my good fortune to a combination of natural reasons and my own skill. And the years passed. I went on gambling and gambling, and I must say I had begun to forget my companion of other days. But one evening at Monte Carlo sitting at a table I caught sight of a face opposite which instantly telegraphed my friend's back to me. It was the scoundrel who had cheated him at dice of all his money and indirectly of his life. He was obviously down on his luck, shabbily dressed and playing small stakes with furtive apprehension. I know that look so well. A man often has it the first time he throws a stake. He generally has it when he throws his last. I could see that he had not recognized me, but to my horror, when I had a run of luck, he took special notice and came up to address me. He began talking about a system of his own in which he suggested that I should take a share. However, my own was working very well that day and I played on till I had won five thousand francs.

"When I came back to my hotel I was surprised to be told that a friend of mine was waiting in my room for me, and even more so to find that this ugly customer had followed me out of the Casino and somehow discovered where I was staying, for while I strolled home he had skipped ahead and imposed on the concièrge with some trumped-up tale. Anyhow, he had been admitted and was there, staking his life and liberty on the chance of making me disgorge a little of my winnings. As he had a revolver pointing at me from the moment I entered my room, I would have been inclined to buy him off as cheaply as I could. But I remembered what he did not, that I had a blood feud with him of many years' standing. My revolver was in my outside pocket and we fired about simultaneously. I missed him, shattering the window behind, but he hit me in the shoulder. His pellet ran under my shoulder-blade like a knife. We stood facing each other and aiming. I was trying to fire, but something held me like a vice, and I could not. Every second I expected he would shoot me through the head. I could see his fingers twitching round the stock of his gun. But as I covered him I noticed a horrible look come into his features, and if I was held, he was held doubly. Though I had missed him clean, a look of fear shot through his eyes, not the fear of a coward or a fool, or even the fear of one man of another, but the veritable fear of the evil for the Evil One when he cheats them at the end. He was staring over my shoulder into the empty bedroom behind me with glazed eyes and a tremor running through his body. He never said a word but fell back dead!

"Just then the concièrge and the police threw open the door and I found myself arrested. I declined to tell my story except in the presence of a British consul, and was taken first to a doctor, who found my wound slight, and then to the guard-house, where I was detained for the night, but I must confess I never slept with a lighter conscience. In the morning there was an inquiry before the authorities and I saw from the first that I had matters in my own hand. It was shown that I had left the Casino a winner and my assailant a heavy loser, that he had made his way on a false excuse into my room and that I had been found wounded. There was every suspicion that he had provoked the quarrel. I was only anxious that the affair should be taken down in black and white for my future good name, and I was quite ready to be accused and saddled with an act of justifiable manslaughter. The magistrates after consultation with the police said that they would be delighted to release me, but that they would be much obliged if for the purposes of their report I would tell them exactly how I had killed the deceased. I pointed to my revolver lying on the commissary's desk. 'No, *monsieur*,' I was politely told, and they all shook their heads mysteriously. 'No, *monsieur*, you may have fired, but you must have killed him in some other way.' I looked bewildered. Then the commissary went on in a quiet voice to say that they had found no bullet-hole, and he ended: '*C'est drôle, pas un grain de plomb!*' But whether from loss of blood or excitement, I had fainted."

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Tortola Boatman.

These boatmen are tall, finely proportioned men; some refuse to learn to swim because of their pride in their wonderful seamanship in handling the boats.

The Virgin Islands

A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS DONE ON LINOLEUM

BY LOWELL L. BALCOM

Mr. Balcom, a Middle-Western artist, last year visited the island of St. Thomas in the West Indies, one of the Virgin group recently acquired by the United States.

He was much impressed by the odd combination of the old Spanish and native architecture, as well as the wonderful color everywhere.

Charlotte-Amalie, a beautifully clean place (they even scrub the gutters), is the only town on the island of St. Thomas, and has attractive, narrow, hilly streets, some of them all steps, and quaint houses painted or stippled light blue, green, even pale pink, and sometimes a mixture of pearly tints.

The natives are ninety per cent colored—tall, slender, well-built people, very kindly and courteous. They speak English in a plaintive running monotone.

Besides painting, Mr. Balcom made many sketches, which he has reproduced in linoleum prints.

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The Coffin-Bearer.

The day of the funeral the carpenter builds the coffin out of pine boards and packing-boxes. When finished he hoists it to his head and carries it to the home of the deceased.

The Pop-Seller.

A typical pop and Dutch beer vender of Charlotte-Amalie, St. Thomas. The bottles are always open and foaming out over the neck.

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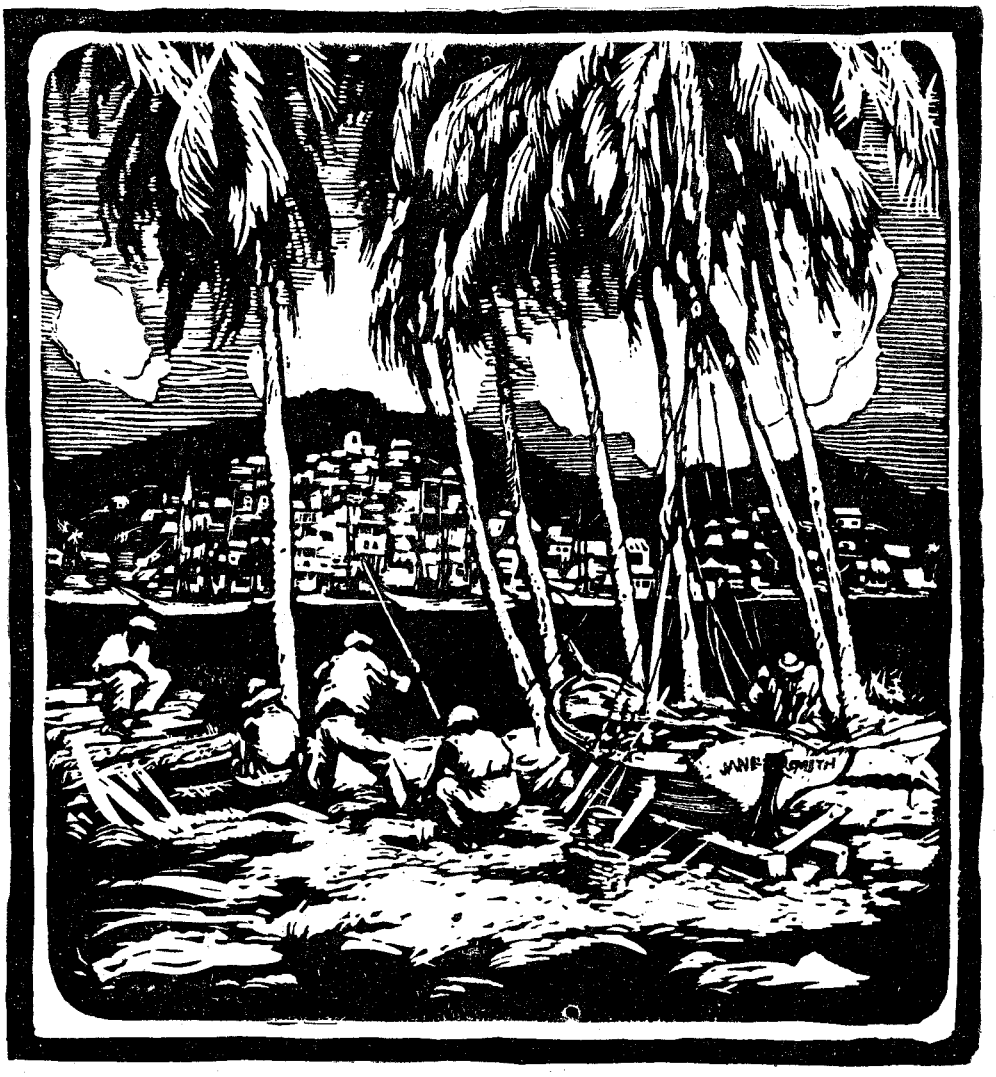

The Boat-Builders.

Boat-builders on Water Island looking north to Charlotte-Amalie. The native builders are very fine carpenters and do beautiful cabinet work.

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Cha Cha Town.

A little village a few miles from Charlotte-Amalie, settled by the French; the natives are the fishermen of the island.

Up Frenchmen's Hill.

A little view on Frenchmen's Hill, one of the three on which Charlotte-Amalie is situated.

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Courtyard in San Juan, Porto Rico.

The fascinating courtyards with their many arches, where the people sit out and carry on their daily work, cooking, laundry work, broom-making, etc.

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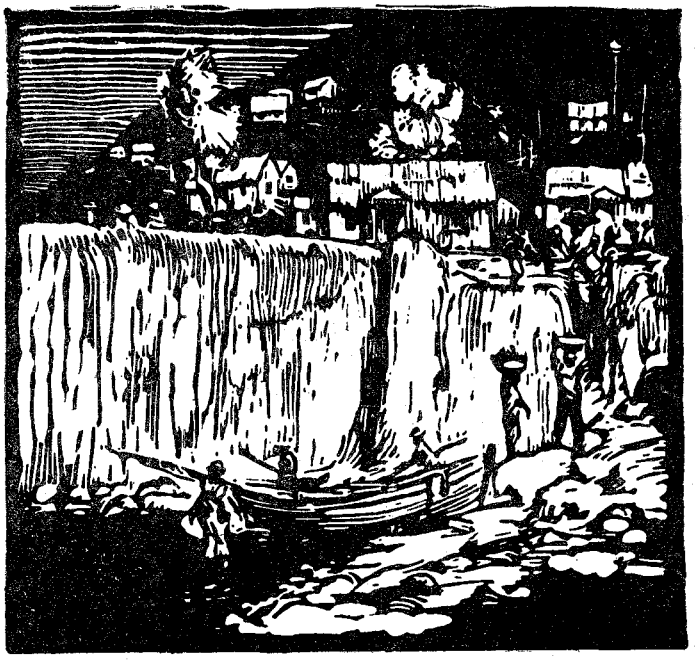

The Sea-Wall.

On the island of St. Thomas is a sea-wall where the fishing-boats come in. The fishermen sell their catch on the street on the top of the wall.

Milk-Boats of San Juan.

Little boats that carry freight around Porto Rico. Their rigging system is an ancient one, being called "a one-masted lateen rig," and is the same as that used for hundreds of years on the boats of the river Nile.

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Coral Bay.

A bay on the island of St. John. It probably took its name from the beautiful coral that can be seen in the water all round the islands.

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Market Wall.

A beautiful old Spanish iron-work gate in the wall of the market of Charlotte-Amalie, on the east side of the square, where the venders sell their fruit, fish, vegetables, and sweetmeats, spread out on wooden trays.

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"Who was the blamed idiot done it?"—Page 715.

Marley's Cove

BY CARY GAMBLE LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

I

"SO, this is old 'Marley's'?" I said.

Brent Sullivane, who had recently bought the abandoned ducking-shore, was showing me about the house.

"Yes," said he. "President Cleveland was often here. The newspapers were full of his trips to Marley's—the reporters dogged him, even in the blinds. He wrote his Venezuelan message in the dining-room. That was his bedroom, across the hall."

"Washington slept here, of course?" I said, looking into another room, on the west side.

Brent laughed.

"No," he replied, "the ubiquitous George overlooked Marley's. That's a spare room, and we use it only in summer. A light would frighten the ducks in the cove. Some are there now, very likely. Take a look." I opened the shutters and saw, through a line of trees about three hundred yards distant, the shimmering surface of the cove, black with ducks.

"What are they?" I asked. "Blackheads?"

"Redheads," he answered, "with a sprinkling of widgeon and black duck. Redheads have been scarce for years, but last month they came back to their old grounds. Yonder comes Captain Dawson in his buggy—he was in a collision, and has sworn off on automobiles. He's a rough diamond but a good sort—if you don't ruffle him. After supper, when he gets a couple of drinks under his belt, I'll get him started, and you'll hear some duck talk. If there's anything about

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ducks that he doesn't know, it's not worth knowing."

He introduced the captain, who was associated with him in the development of the property, and we went into the dining-room. I wandered about, looking at the sporting pictures. The two played cards.

"Brent," said the captain, "your friend seems sort of restless."

"He's just getting over a cold," replied Brent, "and the ride from the city has chilled him. He needs warming up. I prescribe Scotch. If that doesn't warm him, we'll try a tole. Which is it, invalid?"

"Scotland forever!" I answered. "Have you a toling-dog? I thought they had passed out with the old ducking-club days." The captain leisurely cut the cards.

"I never saw but one or two dogs that was worth a damn," said he. "Mostly, they ain't dependable. Like as not they'll bark and act dog too natural. A flag's the thing."

"Get a towel," said Brent. "I didn't intend disturbing the cove this afternoon, but it looks as if there'd be no shooting to-morrow. However, it's just right for toling. It's warm and sunny, the water is quiet, and there's no breeze. Put on your shooting duds, Barton."

While I was dressing, an argument took place as to whether to use a clean towel for a flag or a soiled one. They decided to use a clean one. The captain tied it on the end of a stick about eight feet long. We went down the road, crossed a field, and reached an oak wood, of which the line of trees fringing the cove was the continuation.

"Now," said the captain, "I've brought you in a good piece below the ducks. I'm not taking any chances. It's so ca'm you can hear them squittering 'way off here."

In the stillness, we heard black duck splashing and quacking, and the sound of many redheads mewing.

"Shaw," said the captain, "the whole thing depends on keeping quiet and out of sight. Once they hears or sees hide or hair of us, it's all up. It's going to be a tough crawl. Keep next to me." We gained a short distance, stooping. Then we dropped on hands and knees. After thirty minutes, through boggy wild-rose and greenbrier thickets, the captain, whose ample rear obscured my view, suddenly sank down.

"Quiet!" he whispered, his swarthy face aflame. "Come up, Brent." Brent crawled up. We lay like Comanches at a water-hole.

"Quiet!" the captain warned. "Creep after me till we get to that log on the shore."

We reached the log, which was hidden by tall reeds.

"Guns across the log," whispered the captain. "Nobody shoots till I give the sign."

Another minute found us in position.

The captain took his quid from his mouth and stuck it on a stalk of grass. Then he thrust the flag through the reeds and began to flop it about on the sand. He did not raise it much above the ground, but flopped it up and down, over and over. He put a good deal of wrist-work into the flopping. The towel looked like a white rooster with its head cut off.

Far out, in the middle of the cove, several hundred redheads were bunched. Apparently, they took no notice of the towel. Presently a drake came, flying slowly, very low, turning his neck from side to side, and evidently looking for a private feeding-spot. The sunlight glittered on his glossy back and vivid head. He passed us and was going on, when he saw the towel in its mad gyrations. Instantly he checked his course, set his wings, alighted, and swam toward it. The flock, meanwhile, had been watching him, and when they saw him swim they started swimming after him. Numbers of other ducks, farther up the cove, seeing them in motion, swam after them. Beyond these still others, noticing the excitement, set out singly or by squads to join them. Then a large flock, flying over from the river, alighted. Soon the entire sheet of water was dotted with wild fowl all making for a common centre—a much-soiled towel. When they were just beyond gunshot, they stopped. All the nearest, forming into a compact squadron, began swimming back and forth, parallel

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with the shore, but always keeping at a certain fixed distance. At times they passed out of sight, down the cove—with a constant stream of stragglers hurrying after—but they returned in the same order, keeping at the same fixed distance. Finally they came in. There was no hesitating now. The rear ranks were so eager to come to close quarters that they would not wait. Rising and barely clearing the heads of the front ranks, they would splash down and swim forward. This excited the displaced front ranks still more. They would rise, alight in front of the usurpers, and swim faster. Now and then a sort of frenzy seized them, and all stood on their tails and thundered with rapid wings. All were splashing, all were mewing and twittering—a thrilling sound, together with the soft ripple of so many paddling feet. At last they were close. Fierce little yellow eyes peered curiously through the reeds. They stopped. A reed rustled. They rose. It was as if a vast, gray curtain rolled violently upward. We fired. The water foamed with falling ducks—nearly all dead. They were too close for wounding.

"Hell!" The captain jumped to his feet. The swollen veins stood out on his scratched forehead. "Hell!" he repeated, looking from Brent to me. "Who moved? We'd have killed a hundred if we'd shot on the water. Who was the blamed idiot done it?"

There was no answer.

We laid the game, in a long row, on the sand. There were thirty-nine. They were heavy birds; their full, fluffed breasts beaded with shining drops; their rakish heads, with the crests still erect and bristling.

I went down the shore to watch for a legendary otter.

II

We put out three hundred decoys, at a blind, on the edge of the woods. Then we went to the house, hung up the ducks, and ordered six roasted for supper.

After a jolly "feed," Brent, despite my protests, insisted that I make third hand in a poker game. Five minutes' painful experience convinced him that I told less than the truth when I declared that I did not know poker from golf. So they chased me out. I went down the shore to watch for a legendary otter, which the cook said had drowned his dog. I got a long wait and a good soaking in a musk-rat-hole. When I returned, at twelve, the

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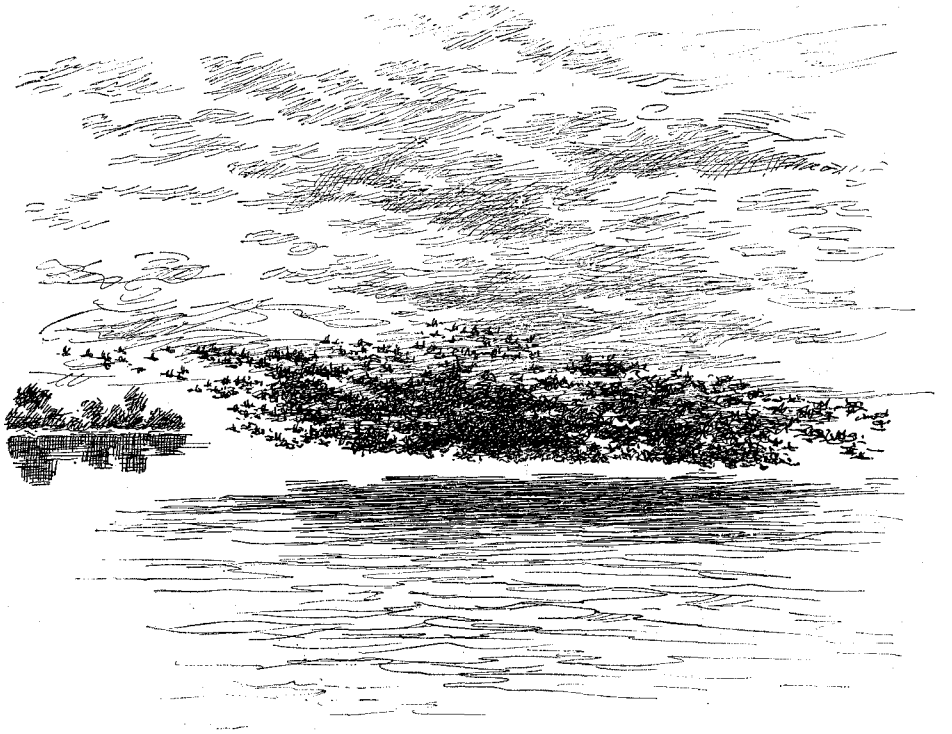

A volcano of ducks belched skyward.—Page 717.

card enthusiasts had retired. The captain was snoring the snores of the bayman, and Brent was a close second. Enduring the duet for two hours, I determined to prepare for an early start. In the vacant bedrooms I found several alarm-clocks. Some were broken, but by patient tinkering I succeeded in fixing them so that nearly all would ring. Putting them into a tin wash-boiler, I covered it with a dishpan and set it on the stove. Then I went to bed and spent the remainder of the night alternately burying my head beneath the blankets and getting up, striking matches, to see what time it was, and hoping that the alarm-clock brigade was going to be "on the job."

At four the clocks went off. And kept going off. The windows rattled. Brent swore and threw a pillow. The captain bounced out of bed. Grabbing my clothes, I went down-stairs and dressed in the kitchen. The cook was still lamenting his departed dog, but I promised him a beagle puppy, and he brightened sufficiently to have breakfast at five. As we passed the stable, the captain stopped, put down his gun, struck a match, looked at his watch, and wet his finger, to feel the wind.

"Tell you what," said he, "it's this way. There'll be no shooting in the cove to-day—it's too still. All the ducks went out when we shot, and they went clear to the bay. They're coming back the way they always come; but they'll cross the bar and swing up and bed in the river. I'm going to hitch up my buggy and beat it down there and get some overhead shooting. Come along, Shaw. We'll get a wagon-load before Brent gets a shot. I know all there is to ducks."

But Brent did not think so, and as the captain was not to be argued with, we wished him good luck and let him "beat it."

It was still dark when we reached the blind. The tide had flooded it knee-deep; so we sat on the backboards and swapped

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yarns. This whiled away some of the waiting. The sky began to lighten. We pulled up our boot-tops and stood in the water. We had not heard a duck, but with the first graying of the water they came. It looked as if it would never stop. The quarrelling island began to take on huge dimensions. It was now daylight, but of all the noisy host, none noticed our broad stool of decoys.

When he saw the storm coming, he . . . ran for the blind.—Page 718.

came—not from the direction of the bay, but overland, rushing, high overhead and far out over the cove, and then with a long dropping curve they circled and alighted, forming a noisy island, constantly growing. Now the flight was on in earnest. Around us sounded the mewing of redheads and the querulous "Hew! Hew! Hew!" of widgeon; the hoarse quacking of black duck mingled with the flapping and honking of geese; everywhere was the thunder of wings, as new-coming flocks circled and alighted. Still

"It's going to be an off day," said Brent. "They are packing. I'm glad we made the tole. I'll stir them up—they'll never decoy while that big bunch is out there."

He fired. A volcano of ducks belched skyward. The wooded shores shook as with thunder. Hurtling above the trees, they vanished. There was not even a "dipper" left to break the hazy expanse.

After an hour's wait, I proposed exploring the shore-line. Brent was too sleepy

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to move; so I left him nodding in the blind. Mallard were feeding in a slough in the woods. I stalked and shot two, but it was a hard job getting them. When I returned to the shore, the sky was heavily overcast, and it had become very cold. I went on. A puff of wind came over the water; another followed; tiny ripples chased each other ashore; dry oak-leaves rustled; over the marshes suddenly fell the sullen hand of winter. Rounding a point, I stopped. Up the bay labored a steadily rising sea; arching waves, breaking into tumbling whitecaps, drove shoreward. Long lines of swan drifted past; for all their efforts, they could not keep moorings; afar they blew, like tossing, snowy scarfs. To the southeast something caught my eye. Thin ribbons of black rose from the spume—ducks, struggling for a lee shore. I ran toward the blind. The sand was heavy, and my boots hurt. I took them off and ran on. The wind grew wild. The cove became as rough as the bay. Ahead, an oak fell, its top crashing into the charging water. From the west stung a spit of snow.

"It's coming!" Brent shouted as I came up. "We'll have our day. Put on your boots, you lunatic! I'm going to the house and get every cartridge I can find."

Brent is a good sprinter, but by the time he returned, a furious squall was raging—snow, sleet, hail, and breaks of sun.

The first to appear was a flock of gulls. Gliding and crying, they drifted about before settling in the marsh. Anxiously we watched the wooded point shutting the cove from the river. At last, swinging around it, came a flock of ducks, low over the water, buffeted by wind and wave, and barely making headway. Catching sight of the decoys, they wheeled, and, borne onward by the wind, spun past, turned, and came in. With lowering feet and arched necks, fluttering and hovering amid the hissing snowflakes, down they swarmed into the tossing decoys. A drake, getting a bump from a decoy, at once attacked the stolid aggressor. Four ducks dropped on the rise.

"Watch the point," said Brent. "If another flock swings around it, instead of keeping on up the river, it's ten to one that every duck that was here two hours ago will follow. Yonder goes another bunch! Get down! Here come thousands! Get down, can't you! They'll see you if you bat an eyelash."

I smothered a laugh. His head was bobbing up and down, trying to keep his eyes on four flocks at once. It made no difference. We stood up and fired steadily, hardly noticing the singles; we were too busy with the flocks.

"This is one on the captain," said Brent, tearing open another box of cartridges. "He's in a fine humor, if he hears the shooting."

A few minutes later somebody appeared. And in a slight hurry. It seemed that the captain didn't know "all there is to ducks." They had fooled him. Not one had flown within two miles of where he had said they would fly. When he saw the storm coming, he galloped back, turned the horse loose, and ran for the blind. Here he came, crowding in. The blind was built to hold three at a pinch; the captain weighed two hundred and fifty pounds; I, being in the middle, began to feel the pinch. We had bagged twenty-six ducks before he arrived.

We had several "darts," and fired more than a dozen shots, even while the captain was crashing through the reeds and crowding in; but he had hardly got into position when the squall died and the ducks stopped decoying. Either the muzzle of his big gun—so long that it projected above the blind—discouraged them, or they had determined to keep on demonstrating that he didn't know "all there is to ducks."

"You wait!" he said, panting. "Darn you, Shaw! Move over and let me get at my whistle—it's in my vest-pocket."

The whistle was made of the brass heads of two eight-gauge cartridges, fitted together and roughly soldered.

"Watch them redheaded rascals out there in the middle," said he. "I can't do nothing with them while they're sitting. But let them rise! Yonder's a flock of baldpates, circling. They'll likely start them."

He placed the whistle against his teeth. "Hew! Hew! Hew! Hew!" The imitation was perfect. The circling widgeon wheeled and slanted directly toward the blind. The redheads rose.

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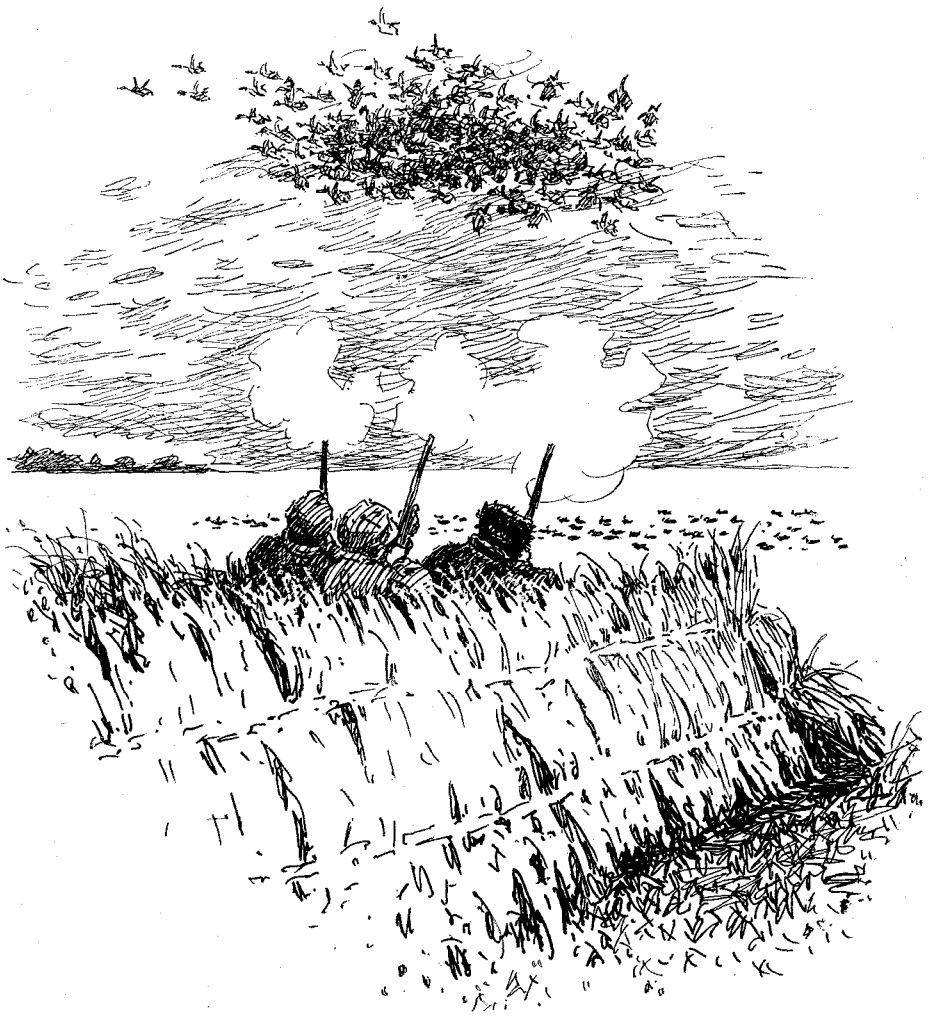

In another minute the redheads swarmed in, started to alight, and then towered.

"Don't bother with the baldpates," said he. "Let them go by. Paste the redheads."

Over they came, barely grazing the inner decoys. In another minute the redheads swarmed in, started to alight, and then towered. We fired. Sixteen fell.

"Judas Priest!" yelled the captain, frenzied. "Didn't I knock 'em that time! Did you see 'em rain when my old gun talked?"

Brent winked at me and said something; the captain did not hear it, but put his hand into my pocket, pulled out my plug of tobacco, and bit off a liberal chew.

The volley made a considerable racket, but the ducks minded it no more than if we had thrown so much water at them. They dashed in from every direction.

In a little while we stopped shooting, for the game was drifting away. With the exception of the ducks which Brent and I had bagged before the captain arrived, none of us could say he had shot a duck at which no one else had fired.

It was not necessary to use a boat. I volunteered to pick up. Caught in the reeds, where the wind and tide had drifted them, for a great distance along the shore, lay the game, lapping and tossing. Heavily they bumped against my legs, while, with slush-ice pouring in over my boot-

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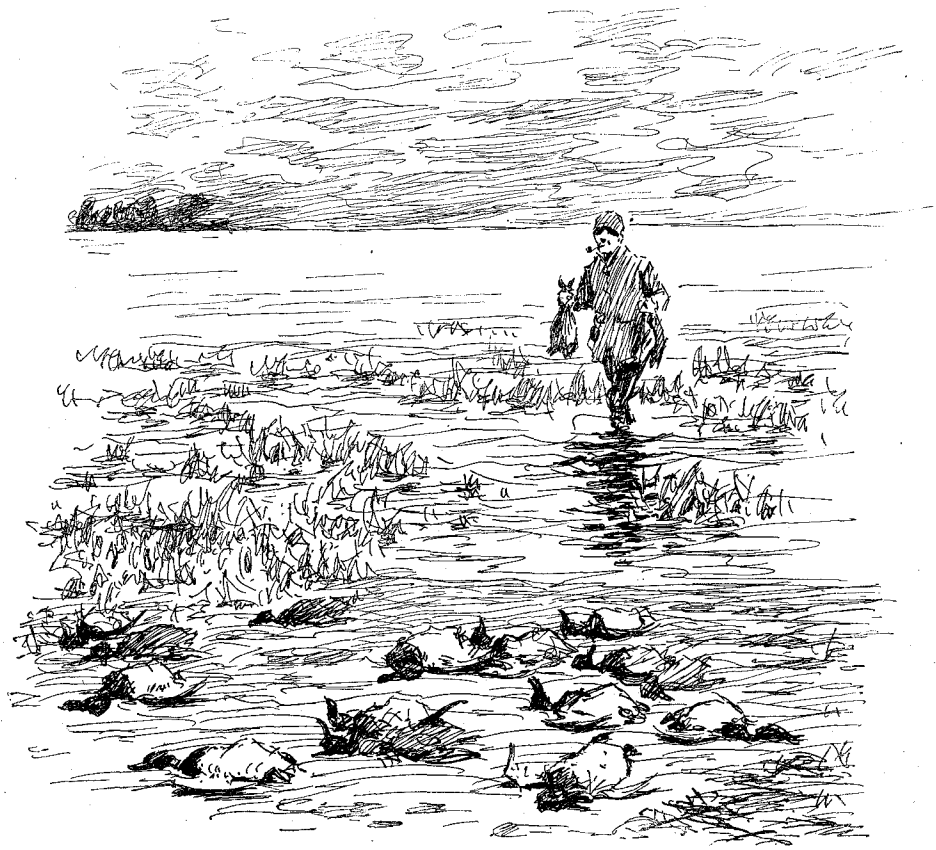

I waded on, slinging the ducks ashore.

tops, I waded on, slinging the ducks ashore. At last nearly all were retrieved, and we went to the house. Tying the ducks in pairs, we spread them on the dining-room floor, and drank a toast, in glasses of hot whiskey-punch, to the memory of that true man and sportsman—Grover Cleveland.

The bag consisted almost entirely of male redheads, in full winter plumage. Hardly a female marred the glorious color effect. There were eight widgeon; and one little blackhead—a lump of coal, amid all the brightness.

"Brent," said the captain, holding out his glass, "fill her up again. Shaw, take another slug. You're tougher 'n you look, but if you ain't in the pneumonia ward by to-morrow night, I'm a nigger. We'll let the cove rest till next week. But I sort of hate to stop. This is duck day, and we'll never get another chance like this. Damn the redheads! (He was still angry about his mistake.) They're all coming back hell bent for election this evening—they can't stay in the bay—they're coming now—the cove's lousy with them—and they're going to decoy crazier 'n ever. It ain't eleven o'clock yet. If I knowed what to do with any more ducks! We can break the records for fifty years back, if we want to. I know all— What's that you said, Brent?"

"Captain," I interrupted, "we'll go rabbit-shooting. Brent's only joking. You do know all there is to ducks; and no man can beat you. I want to ask something. How close have you ever toled ducks?"

"So close," he answered, frowning, "—when there wasn't no finicky fools along to scare them—I've had them come ashore and peck the flag."

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The Imperturbability of Pick

ANOTHER STORY OF "VAN TASSEL" AND "BIG BILL"

BY HENRY H. CURRAN

Author of "Hey, Toolan's Marchin'!" "Callahan of Carmine Street," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

WHEN the hands of the big clock finally crept around to the earnestly awaited hour of three, Pick was just one of the legion of small boys that gushed forth from the old school in Greenwich Avenue. They came out pell-mell, shouting and pulling at one another, as they filled the sidewalk with knots of squirming freedom, and then gradually evaporated into the neighboring streets for a long afternoon of play. But Pick was different. He was only nine years old, but he was already a business man, and he trudged off by himself, with becoming gravity. More than that, Pick was an athlete. He possessed a gray cap with a blue peak, and it came down over his tow head in a way that only the professional baseball player ever really acquires. You could hardly see the blue eyes and the rather pale face underneath; and the white shirt and patched corduroys clothed a frame that seemed scarcely as big as the cap itself. But Pick more than made up for these defects of stature by the professional indifference of his gait. No star could have crossed the Polo Grounds with more weary self-consciousness than Pick affected as he progressed from school to business.

At the news-stand in Eleventh Street, Pick called, "H'lo, pop," cast his little cube of old school-books into a corner, with a swing of the tight-hauled strap, and went to work. There were papers to be sorted, papers to be sold, business a-plenty to be transacted about this minute pebble in the stream of the city's affairs. For Pick's "old man" had only one leg, and there was some trouble about rheumatics in his back, besides. He had found it harder to move, as the days went by, and more and more he came to lean upon his little lieutenant, and to look for the hour when school closed and reinforcements should arrive. Then the work would go more easily. When the evening-paper rush was over, the two would board up the stand for the night and go home together, the "old man" with his crutches and Pick alongside. Not that it was much of a home—just a top-floor room in the little house in Bank Street—but "pop" had tried to keep it as it was before Pick's mother died, and it was still home to them both. The "old man" would doctor his ills as the evening began, and watch Pick until the boy fell asleep over his school-books. Then they would turn in—and that would be another day gone by.

It was late in May when the alderman of the district first came upon Pick, just squaring off at the afternoon's business. Alderman Van Tassel was young and comely, with a pair of dark eyes that looked straight at you and usually laughed a little. He was of athletic build himself, and there were other ways in which he defied the established traditions of the city fathers. He looked down at Pick and hesitated. He had to look a long way down, and all he saw for sure was the gray cap with the blue peak.

"*Dispatch* and *Clarion*," said the alderman.

Pick handed up the two papers, and left a waiting palm upstretched.

"Haven't you any later edition?" inquired Van Tassel.

"Ain't up yet," came the reply, with businesslike crispness. The palm still hovered in the neighborhood of Van Tassel's belt.

"Oh, all right," and the alderman fed the coppers into the waiting treasury. He

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started to move off, and then changed his mind.

"What team are you on?" he asked suddenly. Pick looked up suspiciously. But something in the alderman's eyes satisfied him, and he assumed a nonchalant air.

"Jeffersons," he replied carelessly. The business man had become the athlete.

"That's a good name," continued Van Tassel, by way of conversation.

"Yeah. Named after de jail—" Pick bobbed his head slightly toward Jefferson Market tower, where the jail is. "It's de fellers in de block," he added.

"Oh, yes," commented Van Tassel, with a queer expression in his eyes, though he maintained a properly respectful demeanor. "And where do you play?"

"Right here—in de block!" Pick looked suspicious again.

"No, I mean what position do you play?" exclaimed Van Tassel hastily.

"Oh, catcher."

"That's a hard position."

"Yeah," replied the catcher, indifferently, as he turned away. But Van Tassel stayed. He was looking at the crippled man at the other side of the stand. As their eyes met they exchanged a little smile behind the athlete's back.

"Er—what's your name? Do you mind telling me?" Van Tassel pursued, addressing himself to the boy again, with some trepidation.

"Pick. What's yours?"

"Jimmy!" replied Van Tassel, laughing.

"A'right, Jimmy," returned Pick, as he began sorting the papers again.

"All right, Pick!" And Van Tassel walked hastily away, lest in some way he offend against the dignity of the catcher of the Jeffersons.

At the district club that evening Van Tassel asked Big Bill Baker, his best friend, about the news-stand in Eleventh Street.

"Oh, the one-legged feller," responded Big Bill. "Yeah, I know him. Tomkins—lives in Bank Street. Lost his leg when the scaffoldin' gave way on that new loft buildin' in Fourteenth Street. Then his wife died. Never been the same since. We got 'im the news-stand. That's his kid works with 'im."

"Oh." Jimmy paused.

"Did yer lamp the baseball cap on the kid?" laughed Big Bill.

"Yes—a little big for him, isn't it?" Jimmy smiled at the recollection.

"Couldn't get none ter fit 'im any closer," was the unexpected reply. "Head's about as big as a button—" Bill's protest suddenly lapsed into silence as Jimmy looked curiously at him. The big man's gray eyes gave back look for look, but he was plainly flustered as he ran a big hand through his grizzled hair. "Well, I suppose yer got me again," he said, as Jimmy began to smile. "Yer know, it's different when y'ain't got none o' yer own." A district captain came over to join them, and Bill moved off.

"He's a queer feller, mom," Big Bill said to his wife that night. "Likes dogs and kids—an' the funny thing is, they all like him! Now, he's askin' 'bout Tomkins' kid at the news-stand—yeah, he's a queer alderman, livin' in that big house in Park Av'nyer, with all the money them Van Tassels got——"

"He's a good boy," said "mom," and that settled it.

The next day Jimmy went out of his way to buy the *Dispatch* and the *Clarion* from Pick at the stand in Eleventh Street. At the corner he waited and looked. The battery of the Jeffersons was warming up in the roadway. The pitcher was a mite bigger than Pick, but not a whit more serious. The blue peak of Pick's cap was down over his left eye as he scooped in the out-drops and upshoots. He stood squatting with feet far apart, and occasionally he would stop a wide one on the left with a single gloved hand. Or the gloved hand would reach all the way across Pick's small body, to the right and beyond, just in time for the ball to meet it and rest there. Then Pick would look bored. He returned the ball to the pitcher with dignity, but straight and true, and with a flick of the wrist that promised trouble at second should any misguided runner try to steal a base from the catcher of the Jeffersons.

Jimmy watched the warming up delightedly, and then made his purchase from "pop." As he passed the battery in his departure, he ventured a greeting from the curb. "Hello, Pick!" he called.

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The catcher looked up, with ball poised in his right hand, ready to throw. "Hello, Jimmy!" he called back, then turned and flicked the ball back to the pitcher, hard. The interruption was over. It was hard enough going for the battery of the Jeffersons, with those trucks and taxis crashing by as they did, every few minutes, without having business acquaintances butting into a man's athletics.

But Jimmy came to be more than an acquaintance; he went out of his way more than once. On one occasion he even helped "pop" with the papers for a busy ten minutes that the Jeffersons might not want for a practised battery. He never saw the Jeffersons play, although Pick said they had cleaned up some strong teams over on the "farm"—that bleak expanse of wagon-strewn asphalt that borders the docks on the North River. Jimmy could never be quite sure that there was a real, whole, nine-player team called the Jeffersons; Pick was always a little vague when games were mentioned. But the alderman forbore too close inquiry.

Furthermore, he was very busily engaged this spring and summer, not only as alderman of the district, but also as the helplessly devoted fiancé of Miss Sally Skeffington, of Washington Square. Horse and foot, he had waged his campaign for the hand of that charming young person until he had conquered—or so he thought, on that evening back in January! But it was surrender he had ridden into—whole-hearted, blind, enchanting surrender—and the nearer he came to that October day the less he understood himself. "Lost—wholly lost," his bachelor friends said mournfully, "never see him again!" It was not unnatural that from time to time he secured copies of the *Dispatch* and the *Clarion* in company with the trim little figure with the dark hair and eyes, whose chin tilted up so saucily at the aldermanic grandeur that stalked beside her. Sally had been prepared for the catcher of the Jeffersons.

"Hello, Pick!" hailed Jimmy, as they approached the stand. "This is my friend, Miss Skeffington."

Pick looked up and blinked. "Sally—that's easier!" added Miss Skeffington, quickly.

"Oh—Sally." Pick looked from one to the other. A mounting little blush began to set off the laughing black eyes. Even Jimmy began to feel confused. "She your gal?" asked Pick, resting a careful eye on the alderman.

"I hope so, Pick," replied Jimmy, beginning to blush himself.

"A'right, Sally." Pick announced his approval with businesslike decision as he turned to fish up the *Dispatch* and the *Clarion*.

From that moment Sally enjoyed the favor of the catcher of the Jeffersons. Once she went to the little room in Bank Street, and when Pick and the "old man" arrived there in the evening they found flowers and a large chocolate cake. But the attention that sent Sally up to the top notch of Pick's approval was the purchase of a brand new catcher's mit for the backstop of the Jeffersons. Curiously enough, it was Sally, and not Jimmy, who first noticed the vanishing flimsiness of the old bit of leather that Pick called a glove. Perhaps the household eye sees farther than the athlete's. In any event, it was Sally who put through the glove project, and accomplished the presentation ceremony. Pick nearly lost his balance when the big blob of brown leather was placed in his arms—not quite, but nearly.

"Gee, Sally!" That was all he could say. But when he went to work behind the mythical batter, and the hosts of the block's little people, boys and girls alike, looked their silent admiration from the curb, Pick had easily recovered his poise. The glove looked bigger than the whole of the little white shirt that no necktie had ever defiled, but Pick handled it like a veteran, casually. He seemed even a trifle bored.

"If I could once get a rise from that young man!" Jimmy mused, when Sally told him the tale of the glove. "He's the most imperturbable person I've ever encountered!"

The opportunity came sooner than he expected. It was the latter part of September, and in two short weeks—but that was a matter of purely local interest! The crisis that had upset the whole town was to be resolved, not in a church, but at the Polo Grounds, on that very after-

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noon. It is not to be expected that great-aunts of office boys should survive a duel of the leading teams for a big league baseball championship in large numbers, but this time the mortality had become a massacre. The Giants were down to cross bats with the Cubs in their neck-and-neck race for the pennant! And Wall Street held its breath. So did Broadway, and the Bowery—and Eleventh Street. So did Pick. He knew the batting and fielding average of every player on both teams, he knew the bush leagues of their origin; and the intricacies of infield flies were an old, sad story to the catcher of the Jeffersons.

But the Honorable James Van Tassel knew something better than all that. He knew that the two pasteboard affairs in his inside pocket called for two good seats back of home plate, and he was not concerned with the very considerable outlay that their purchase had involved. Strangely enough, he had no idea of looking upon the battle between the Giants and the Cubs with his own eyes—he had a much more important engagement on hand for that afternoon! But he had conceived the plan of sending Pick to the ball game, with Big Bill as a sheltering escort, and both of those gentlemen had joined in the plan with the greatest enthusiasm. As they left the news-stand together Jimmy had called after them: "Keep your eyes open, Pick, so you can tell me about it!"

"A'right, Jimmy," Pick had replied. "I know how dem guys pull, up dere!" He was self-possession itself. If he had known the cost of the tickets it would have made no difference.

"To-morrow I'll see what he says," thought Jimmy as he walked away. "The Giants and the Cubs—that ought to get him!"

At the Polo Grounds there were forty thousand fans. Outside the gates there were twenty thousand more. At tickers and bulletin-boards, from Maine to California, there were thousands and hundreds of thousands, collected in the name of the great god Baseball. Business in Wall Street was at a low ebb. The nation waited.

Back of the plate were Big Bill and Pick, chewing gum furiously. A bag of peanuts rested in Pick's lap. And then the game began. "Str-r-ike one!" bawled the umpire, with arm jerked back, as the Giants' pitcher put over a high in. "H'ray—h'ray-y-y!" The roar of the fans rolled up from the stand to Coogan's Bluff and beyond. Over mountain and plain, from State to State, to the Golden Gate, it reverberated, until it fell moaning into the deep Pacific as the nation waited for the next ball. Pick was silent. He shifted his gum as he studied the pitcher's delivery. He was the catcher of the Jeffersons.

"Str-r-ike tuh!" The fans leaped in air as they gave tongue. And so from ball to ball, from bat to glove and back again, the game went on, through all the long nine innings. It serves not here to sing the story of that contest. Long years ago it passed to history's embrace, with unsung tilts of ancient chivalry, and all the hosts of the games of men in field, arena, stream, and ring.

But there are those who still tell of that ninth inning, when two were out and the game was tied, one to one—in the last half of the ninth! Commuters had gone their homeward way, cursing the inflexibility of the five-fifteen. The fans sat tight—none more so than Pick and the big man beside him.

If there had been nobody on base the agony would have been less rending. But there were Giants on base! McCormick was venturing his lumbering form a few feet off third, as he watched the ball and swayed anxiously toward home, then prudently back toward the bag, lifting first one foot, then the other. Oh, for the hit, the one little crackling hit that would send him to the plate! To make it worse, big Merkle, across the diamond, was galumphing up and down off first, arms wide apart to balance a tiptoe start toward second or a back slide to first, as the event might decree. Two on, two out, and the last half of the ninth, with the score tied—is fate kind? Must hearts thump, and break, as fans wait and suffer, from bleachers to ticker, from ocean to ocean? Or will there be relief?

Yes! Bridwell, the trim little shortstop of the Giants, has dropped one of the two bats he has been swinging, and is stepping up to bat. Unconcerned, me-

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THOMAS FOGARTY

Pick handled it like a veteran. . . . He seemed even a trifle bored.—Page 723.

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thodical, ever neat, the little last hope is knocking the bat carefully against his cleated shoes. Now he is at the plate. And Bridwell is a pinch hitter besides, as many a big league flinger knows to his cost. And the fans—yes, they know it too! And they are saying so! The stands are a ferment, the bleachers a riot. "Home run—Bridwell—ataboy, Bridwell—oh, you Bridwell!" The whole great arena is a confused roar, with shrill cries from cracking nerves punctuating the turmoil here and there. Beyond the bleachers the elevated trains stand mute, massed for the coming exodus. The tall stack of a river boat moves placidly down the Harlem, evenly, quietly, just the top of it visible over the massed trains. Above, the sky is a bright blue. And, within the encircling stands, the smooth turf shines like a great emerald, with only the brown base-lines, and here and there the gray dots of the players, tense and still, to give sign of the crisis at hand.

Well—they called two strikes and three balls on Bridwell, and now the stands are a pandemonium of hoarse cries and stamping feet. The Cubs' pitcher is fondling the ball carefully, seriously, as he ponders. He winds up, comes through a convulsion, and the white pellet leaves his hand in a straight line. The Moment has come. And Bridwell, the neat little pinch-hitting short-stop, is ready. He bends over, puts his back into a sharp swing, and—crack! The ball sails low and clear, over second, like a bullet, and still it is rising, rising! Now it seems to pause, then falls gradually, in a wide arc, and Artie Hofman, in centre field, is closing in to catch it on the bound. But it's a single—yes, a smashing base hit, as clean as a whistle! And Bridwell is nearing first. Now he is there, just as the ball reaches Hofman, out in centre. He touches the bag, lightly, as he goes straight on, headed for the club-house back of right field—Bridwell, who never wastes a step—Bridwell, the immaculate, who has won the game! For McCormick is home, in a rush, waving his arms as he crosses the plate—the game is over! "Giants win"—can you hear the wuxtries? Ah-h! There are hearts that have been damaged by the strain of that base hit, there are hands that tremble. The fans are already over the barriers, on the field, and racing after the players toward the club-house.

But wait! Johnny Evers of the Cubs is standing on the bag at second, holding the ball that Hofman has thrown in to him, with the base-line umpire beside him, and a throng of fans fast joining the knot of players who surround him. Argument succeeds talk, and excitement follows argument. There is trouble, sure enough—over something! But the game is over. The fans have filled the field. There will be no more baseball this day.

"What's the trouble?" Big Bill found himself asking, of no one in particular, as the moments passed. Then he looked down beside him—oh, yes, there was Pick, who had been there all the time. The catcher of the Jeffersons was looking disgustedly out to sea, his hands in his pockets.

"Ah, Merkle didn't touch second," he replied scornfully—"de big bonehead! He's forced out and McCormick's run don't count."

Big Bill's face was a study in astonishment—he was almost frightened. "How d'yer know?" he gasped.

"Ah, didn't I see it?" The catcher of the Jeffersons looked up at Big Bill with quiet indignation—as though he didn't know enough to watch Merkle while he swerved, twenty feet short of second, and, with a look over his shoulder, sprinted toward the club-house, in the belief that the game was already over, and with never a thought of touching second.

"Come on home, Bill," said Pick. "Tie game—nobody wins." And they went home together.

When Jimmy read the morning papers next day and then heard the clamorous talk of the town as the day wore on, he realized that the biggest thing in baseball had just happened, at the Polo Grounds. His eyes danced as he thought of Pick. "The little rascal," he mused, "I've got him this time!" He paid an early afternoon visit to Eleventh Street.

"Well, how did you like it, Pick?" he inquired eagerly.

"Punk," said the catcher of the Jeffersons, with decision. Jimmy stared, aghast.

"But—I mean—the ball game," he stammered.

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"Yeah—bum game—'at Merkle's a bonehead—solid ivory."

Jimmy recovered slowly. "Did you have a good time?" he inquired faintly, after a pause.

"Yeah—t'anks, Jimmy—all except dat Merkle. He couldn't get a job on de Jeffersons, you bet!"

Jimmy crooned something to himself about "imperturbability," as he walked hazily away. But that was too long a word for Pick, even if he had heard it.

When Jimmy received Big Bill's report on Pick's trip to the Polo Grounds, he had to admit, finally, that Pick had not been "stumped" at any stage of the proceedings. That evening he recounted the adventure to Sally, almost plaintively.

"But that shows how much he really enjoyed it," she had said, as she comforted him. "And, you know, when he came back from that fresh-air trip we sent him on in July, he was just the same—although it put a little color in his cheeks."

"Yes," said Jimmy, and then they took up other matters, of great importance to themselves.

It was natural enough that Jimmy should ask Big Bill to take Pick to the wedding. "He'd like it—the music and all that," he had said, "and the church will be filled, I guess. It will be a new one for him." He paused. "And, you know, he's one of my friends," he added—"the little rascal!"

Bill laughed. He knew how well Jimmy liked kids, as well as dogs. He was subject to the same eccentricity. "All right, I'll look out for him," he said.

Jimmy wished that he could look forward to the ceremony with the calmness that he knew would possess Pick on that occasion.

Then the day came—at last—and he was ready. As the towers of St. George's cast their lengthening shadows across the sunlit trees in the old square, the people came, in myriads of twos and threes that filled the church to the doors, long before four o'clock. It was one of those crisp October days in New York that sets the whole world a-tingle, and the whole world was a-tingle, in Stuyvesant Square, that afternoon! Rich and poor, from east side and west side, they were all there; and not one but wished an armful of happiness to the two who would soon be "joined together" that day, in St. George's. In a pew near the door sat Big Bill, with Pick beside him on the aisle, in a clean white shirt, still free of necktie annoyance. They waited quietly, while the organ played and the church filled.

Suddenly the deep-toned bells sounded from above. It was four o'clock. There was a little rustle and ripple at the door, and then the organ swung into the beginnings of the march, ever so gently, gathering volume, then dying away to a whispering melody, and now returning again, in round full tones. In the chancel the rector was standing, his keen brown eyes under the shock of black hair seeming to include the whole assemblage in their comprehensive kindliness. And Jimmy, with another man, was standing and waiting, near by. Pick had seen them at once. "Dere's Jimmy," he exclaimed quickly, half rising. "Sh!" said Big Bill gently, as he put a hand on the little fellow. A few heads, near by, turned around and smiled. Even Jimmy smiled. But he could not have heard. He was glimpsing the great churchful, with a quick glance. Beyond the pews of the families and their intimates, were friends by the score, and, among them, the throngs who knew Jimmy as an alderman, or, rather, just as Jimmy. There were cops and a few firemen, all in uniform; the sidewalk folk—here and there the little stand-keepers, men and women, from the street corners; a delegation of aldermen, looking very uncomfortable in their black habiliments; and, above all, the "district," old and young, from every block in the neighborhood. Jimmy felt an overpowering emotion taking hold of him as his eye took in this outpouring of a simple friendship, within the shadows of the old church. Then the march began, and every one rose.

When the ceremony was over, and the rector's last resonant words had rung gently into every corner of the church, Pick noticed with surprise that there were tears in some of the eyes about him, and that even Big Bill seemed strangely silent. He could not understand this. He had been very still while the music was sounding, though he could not tell why; and

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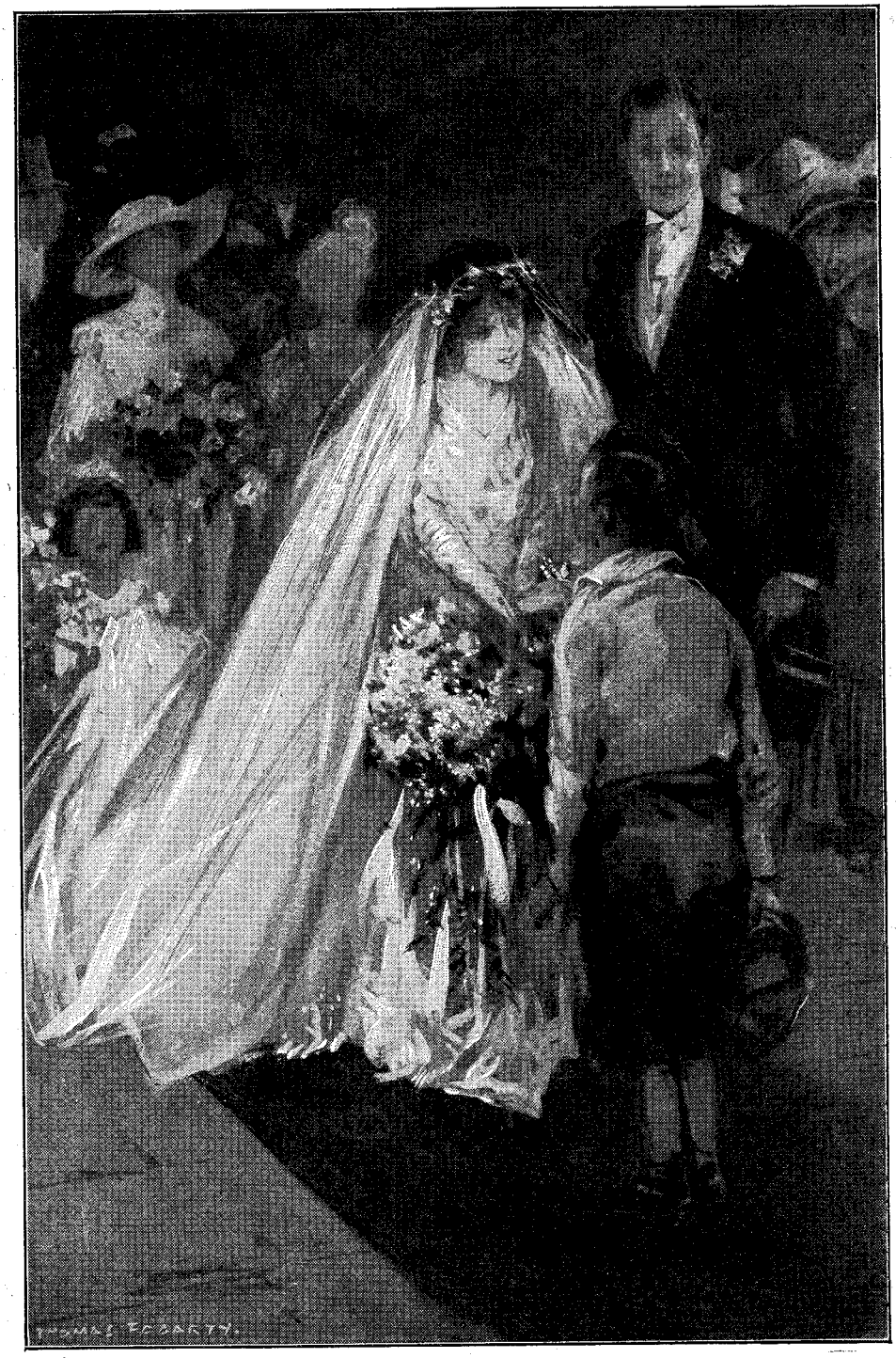

"Now stand still—I want to give you a flower before we go."—Page 729.

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then, while they were murmuring up there in the chancel, so far away, he had been busy looking up into the shadows under the eaves, craning his little neck as he yielded to the fascination of those nooks of mystery. But now the music was in full, festive swing, and there was Jimmy, smiling as he came down the aisle, with that beautiful, snowy person beside him that must be Sally, and—why, it was a parade! And yet there was a little old lady in front with her eyes so wet—Pick couldn't understand it at all.

Then Jimmy and the beautiful snowy thing were suddenly right alongside, and Jimmy was looking down, and saying, "Hello, Pick," with the merriest sort of a twinkle in his eye.

"H'lo, Jimmy," said Pick; and Jimmy put out a hand to pat the little shoulder. Before Big Bill could stop him, Pick slipped out of the pew, and, as he had often done before, put his arm up through Jimmy's, and proceeded to accompany him down the rest of the aisle. On the other side, Sally was looking over and laughing a little, and Jimmy was marching straight ahead, utterly at a loss what to do. Pick escorted them to the sidewalk, as imperturbably as ever, despite the smiles and chuckles of amusement that followed the trio through the door.

At the curb stood the horses and carriage that the Skeffingtons had always kept, despite the advent of automobiles; and near by a mounted cop sat his glistening bay, in all the splendor of policeman's blue and cavalry yellow. The cop was grinning broadly at Pick, down there on the curb, in his white shirt and patched corduroys. Jimmy stood uncertainly, his arm still linked in that of his little friend, wondering how to leave him and still save his feelings.

It was Sally who, with all her bride's difficulties of long train, stepped quickly into the awkward moment.

"Come here, Pick," she said, smiling and beckoning. Pick advanced cautiously, and looked up.

"Gee, is dis you, Sally?" he asked incredulously as she bent over him.

"Yes, Pick—it's Sally. Now stand still—I want to give you a flower before we go." She was smiling, as she took a sprig of lilies-of-the-valley from the great bouquet and fixed it in a buttonhole of the little fellow's white shirt. Pick suffered this to be done, with quiet patience, for he trusted Sally. But, as he stood, he kept looking at the snowy veil, and the creamy dress, and the orange blossoms in Sally's dark hair. Most of all his wondering look dwelt on Sally's laughing eyes and the little flush of excitement that covered her pretty cheeks. Pick had never seen anything so beautiful—this could not be Sally, who had given him the big catcher's glove!

And then something quite unexpected happened to Pick. Sally gave a final twitch to the flower, and suddenly, with a quick little caress, she leaned forward a few inches farther and kissed Pick lightly on the cheek. "Good-by, little friend, we'll come to see you soon," she said.

As the carriage drove away, with the beautiful dream in it that must be Sally, Pick just stood and looked. Once he half raised his arms, as though pleading to be taken along. But then the carriage whirled around the corner; and he was left standing there alone, still looking, as though he saw something far away, and asked for it. Yes, Pick was "stumped"—at last—but, after all, was it Pick's fault? Or was it just that accident of life that had left the old cripple to be father and mother both, the best he could, in the top-floor room in Bank Street?

When Pick finally looked up and saw Big Bill on the church steps, he thought it queer that Bill's lips should be trembling in such a curious way, although his face seemed so quiet. But when the big man came over and took Pick by the hand, the catcher of the Jeffersons put up with that additional indignity, as they trudged quietly off toward Eleventh Street.

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The Party of the Third Part

BY PHILIP CURTISS
Author of "The Fakir," "The Gum-Shoe," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

HIS wife's letter, stark, grim, and white in a high relief against the dull gloss of his study table struck Calvin Moore's eye the instant that he entered the cottage.

"DEAR CALVIN:

"By the time that you get this, I shall be on my way to New York. I have gone for good, Calvin, and I do not think that it will be necessary to tell you why.

"I have tried so hard to be contented here, but apparently nothing has been able to convince you of the fact that a woman of my age must simply die by inches in the kind of life that you have imposed on me. I admit it frankly. I am starving for color, for gaiety, for people of my own kind. I feel as if I had so few years left of youth that I simply must seize them before they are gone.

"I shall be at Margot's for the present, but please do not make any attempt to follow me. I have fought this out with myself for months and my mind is absolutely made up. There is nothing that you can do and I expect nothing. My own little income will be quite sufficient. I shall probably go to Italy this winter and remain there until—things are settled.

"Forgive me, dear, for I know how cruelly this will hurt you. In fact, it is only the knowledge of how deeply you really do love me that has kept me from doing this long before, but, if your love really is big enough, it can best show itself by allowing me to go on as I have determined.

"Good-by, Calvin.

LEILA."

Before his eye had taken in the dim blur of the opening sentence, Calvin Moore felt himself swept by a sudden and sickening faintness. By the time he had finished the letter he found himself in his big study chair, without the slightest recollection of having moved from the window where he had first torn it open. It was not that he was unprepared for this. The instant that he had caught sight of the prim, square envelope, formal and ominous, he had known what it contained. He had, indeed, probably sensed it the moment that he had entered the house and found it so strangely silent; but months, years of preparation never lessen the actual blow of a thing of this kind. The physical shock would have been just the same if his wife had told him, an hour before, what she intended to do. The physical shock *was* just the same, in spite of a huge, grotesque fact—that Calvin Moore's wife had done exactly what, in his heart of hearts, he had been for years subconsciously hoping that she would do.

Calvin Moore, however, was a man whose intellect came into play never more than a second behind his nerves or emotions. Reading it over a second time, he realized perfectly well how often, in his secret imagination, he had visualized just such a letter as this. Strangely, the only thing about it now that appeared unreal was the mere handwriting. Leila's round, firm, society hand always gave him that same shock of unfamiliarity. It looked so much more mature than she did. His wife's mind and soul Calvin Moore knew inside and out. He had probed their depths before they had lived together a week—an hour would be a more exact statement. It was only occasional startling little physical facts about her that ever surprised him after all these years, as one is startled at moments by unexpectedly mature acts or gestures in a child—uncanny hints of a purely biological evolution in which Nature alone

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plays any part. A new hat or veil put on for church on a Sunday morning had sometimes amazed him more than any word that his wife had ever said in her life.

A suddenly renewed realization of that

Strangely, the only thing about it now that appeared unreal was the mere handwriting.—Page 730.

same chill silence which had held the house when he had first entered brought Calvin Moore to his feet in what was again a faintly physical alarm. Could it be possible that the servants also had left? Had the whole household taken this absurd moment to pick up its skirts and play "Doll's House"?

His senses unnaturally alert to impressions as he walked through the sitting-room and the halls, it amazed Moore to find how few reminders he found of Leila. None at all, in fact. The house had been his long before he had ever known her and, inwardly or outwardly, she had brought few changes into it. Chairs, sofas, the row of old china stacked over the dining-room mantel, all had for him associations far older, more potent, than any connected with the woman who had lived there eleven years as his wife. She had been gone an hour and already the gap was closing. A curious decade-long incident.

The kitchen reassured him for the mo-

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ment, at least. It was ridiculous in the perfection of its homely melodrama—not a pot or a pan out of place, the brass and zinc scrubbed like the deck of a yacht, even the kettle peacefully singing over the fire—actually singing. That was almost overdoing it on the part of the kettle. The cat crawled out from under the oven, spread its claws, arched its back, and yawned luxuriously. It looked up at him, practically saying, "Well, old fellow, and what's on *your* mind?"

Neither one of the maids was in sight, but the gray-haired waitress came anxiously into his study as Moore settled down in his chair.

"Were you looking for me, Mr. Moore? Was there something you wanted?"

Calvin Moore looked up at her vaguely, his mind grasping the scene as a whole better than anything she was saying. Again there came over him a cool sense, uncannily clear, of gradually slipping back into a previous existence—of an incredible dream from which he was slowly awakening. Annie, too, like the chairs and the tables, had been a part of the household long before Leila had been even a name. In those days, indeed, she had been the household complete—and at frequent intervals since. Cooks had come and cooks had gone, intolerable to, or intolerant of, Leila; but Annie, deft, faithful, and dour, had always remained. Like her master, for eleven long years she had seen her peace of mind torn daily to shreds by the chaos and shallow impetuosities of her young mistress; but, again like her master, never by word or sign had she given one indication of it. Facing each other in this first empty moment after the storm, both Moore and Annie could have absolute reassurance that neither by word nor deed had either one of them forced or hastened that final event.

In Moore, however, the first narcotic sense of familiar peace was suddenly broken by a colder wave of actual fact. He looked up again at the housemaid standing anxiously in the doorway.

"Annie," he announced, with a gruff reserve, "Mrs. Moore has gone to New York for a few days."

The gray-haired servant never changed expression. "Yes, sir," she replied, "Mrs. Moore told me that Mrs. Willets was ill and had asked her to come."

Both spoke, or tried to speak, in a studied perfection of casualness, but in the voice of each lay a faint overtone of unmistakable wavering. How like Leila, thought Moore, blandly to believe that she could deceive even the servants, most of all shrewd, sensitive old Annie. It was Annie herself who suddenly recalled him.

"What would you like, Mr. Moore, for your dinner?"

Again came a sharp wave of reminiscence, startlingly vivid, but this time almost humorous. It had been eleven years since Annie had stood in the doorway asking *him* that familiar question, but now he and she took up the dialogue as if it had been continued only from the day before.

"A rare steak and French fried potatoes?" he suggested, and both of them grinned outright. Eleven years before that had been a standing and almost a daily joke between them. In the old days, three times out of four Moore had answered "rare steak and French fried potatoes," not because he liked them more than most things, but because, in his helpless bachelor preoccupation, he could seldom think of anything else. Now, however, he felt himself suddenly famished for Annie's thick, tender steak, garnished with lettuce and thin, crisp potatoes; but at the same time he felt oddly guilty, disloyal, in ordering them. It was too much like playing a quick march after the funeral. Leila had always refused pointblank to serve them. "Steak and French frieds," she had always insisted, were "so restauranty." She herself liked things with cream sauces.

But Annie still hesitated in the doorway. "Mr. Moore," she suggested cautiously, "there is still one bottle of old Bass ale in the cellar——"

Annie, too, as her master knew, was haunted by that same faint dread of unseemliness. In her good heart she was merely the atavistic old Irishwoman, pandering to the whims of her men-folks, even when those whims were vices; lighting their smudgy pipes and pressing on them their drop of "the craythur"; but at the same time, with a vague, refined apprehension, she feared that she was also making

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it painfully obvious that she had been saving that one lone bottle of Bass for some dreamed-of day when Leila was not, when her mistress had ceased from troubling.

Old-womanlike, Annie knew but one way to end the embarrassing moment. In growing confusion she decorously fled, but even her master did not realize that she would still be obliged to put on her bonnet and trudge, herself, a long half-mile to the village to get his steak, as many a time, eleven years before, she had willingly done it. Even the silence which again settled down in the house failed to tell him that.

The sane presence, however, of Annie and her subtle, unspoken support had been a healthy note in the atmosphere; and Calvin Moore sat back in his armchair to face his problem deliberately.

Leila Moore had been twenty-two when she had married, one of those pretty, kittenish girls who can seem so amazingly everything that they are not. She had worn an old-fashioned gown, with tiny puffed sleeves around her bare arms, the first time that Calvin had seen her. He had been thirty-eight at that time; then, as now, a tall, gaunt man, prematurely gray, with the atmosphere of a country squire and the calm, distinguished face of a scholar.

Fundamentally he had married her for the reason that most men marry—because the momentary desire to marry and the financial ability to do so had, for the first time in his life, come at the same moment. Why Leila had married him had been even more obvious. Few men have "aristocrat" stamped in their every line as plainly—almost as absurdly—as had Calvin Moore. His wife had first met him in a group of people whose opinion she deeply respected and who knew him to be what he actually was, a very great man in a certain limited field. Even his hermit-like manner of living had offered her a distinct and romantic fascination, for, like most Americans, Leila Moore had a passion for all the apparatus of country life—except the country.

In a year Leila Moore had been thoroughly disillusioned. Unconsciously, her whole dream of married life had been one of coming frequently to New York, looking very English and very "tweedy"—a hint of pewter and fox-hunts in her background—of sailing into affairs like the Waldorf musical mornings and hearing people whisper: "That's Mrs. Calvin Moore!" Her dreams had even gone so far as to include the answer: "What! Not that child!"

It had been a bitter and terribly final thought when she had at last slowly realized that to be the wife of a famous, successful writer of erudite studies of the human mind was not at all the same thing as to be the wife of a famous tenor. It appalled her and at first it angered her to find out how many people there were in the world who had never even heard of Calvin and were not particularly impressed when they did hear. Gradually, but in her case inevitably, this gave her, herself, a contempt for his work. He labored over it with such minute pains and really it brought him so little. Because years of married life had made her familiar with all of her husband's grotesque incongruities—the awkward way in which he tied his cravats and the stitched initials on his underwear—she came to believe that she had at least punctured the myth of his tremendous intellect. She found that it gave her an air of amused, sophisticated superiority to boast openly that she never read a line of his books; and secretly she began to brand as charlatans those who said that they did.

Calvin Moore, for his part, could hardly say that he had been disillusioned by his married life, because in strict terms he had never been illusioned. It was inconceivable that a man of his quick perceptions could ever have supposed that Leila would be an intellectual companion. What he had expected to get from his marriage had been a merry, roguish companionship—a blithe, deft presence. That had been, of course, the very last thing that he had ever found. Minnows like Leila Moore are charming when flashing around in a school of their kind, but one minnow alone is apt to present rather a wilted figure.

But there was no use now in raking up the dismal issues of those eleven endless years. Leila, in her letter, had left them decently vague; and Calvin Moore, sitting there in his study, found no in-

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clination to review them. To-morrow, to-night perhaps, he would have to begin the formal, perfunctory attempts to get in touch with his wife. In the passion of leaving he knew that she had been quite genuine when she had begged that he make no attempt to follow her. Leila's grand gesture about a winter in Italy he did not take too seriously. In Italy, without a party of six or eight of her kind, she would be as miserable as she had been in his cottage in the Berkshires. Paradise for Leila meant endless liberty to shop up and down Fifth Avenue, lunch at a confectioner's, take in a matinée, then dine at some noisy place with her blonde, scented friend, Margot Willets, and the latter's free-spending, broker-type husband. For three hundred and sixty-five days in the year Leila could do that with perfect abandon.

A month from now, or six months, Calvin knew that his wife might be even more resolute in her freedom. He was perfectly prepared for that, but in the meantime the merest decency required that he make at least some efforts to offer a reconciliation. Marriage did not end with any such charming informality. As yet, however, his wife could not even have reached New York. Even the most stringent conscience could not forbid him coldly to lean back now and frankly enjoy the first real hour of exquisite calm that he had known since he could remember.

But exquisite calm does not come at any such call and beckon. Calvin Moore lighted a fire on the hearth, already feeling a forlornness which he had not expected. For a minute or two the blaze flashed and roared through the kindlings, then suddenly died out entirely, refusing to spread to the heavier logs. He felt too indifferent, too numb, to start it again; but twilight was coming on and the dying down of the flare had left the room dark and cheerless. Moore snapped on his student's lamp, then snapped it off again. For years the noise and confusion of the house had been a torment to his studious, contemplative habits, but now, once again, he became acutely conscious of the silence. He began to wonder how far Leila had got by this time, whether she had enough money, how long Margot Willets had been abetting and inciting her. He wondered how Leila had got to the station. Had she sent for O'Ryan's livery car, and what had she taken with her?

That question in itself offered one outlet for his restlessness, and a moment later he was pacing nervously through the neat white bedrooms of the second story. Here his heart began to misgive him, for here, indeed, were signs of Leila—not signs of her presence, but a vacant, echoing sense of her absence. Leila had always been one of those women who dress in three or four rooms at a time and hang their spare clothes in all of the others. To Calvin, who was as neat as an old soldier, this had been an incessant cause of annoyance; but now the sparse, blank bureau tops and the staring, wide-open closets began to fill him with a ghostly apprehension. He peered into one closet after another, pulled out drawers of the bureaus, and quietly whistled in his amazement. Leila certainly had done her work well. It filled him with an odd, unrestrained admiration. Not even a hairpin or crumpled slipper remained. She must have spent furtive weeks in doing it, and he had never suspected a thing. It gave him an uncanny sense of elaborate plot and also a cold stab of finality.

A door opened and shut down-stairs and Calvin Moore's heart stopped beating. Then he heard a shuffling of plates in the kitchen and realized that it was only Annie. From the sheer horror of those empty rooms he went down to join her.

The kitchen was as cosy and warm as the rooms above had been bleak and vacant. It was brilliantly lighted. An open grill of red broiling coals glowed cheerily at one end of the range and familiar odors of flour and hot butter rose up about him. Calvin Moore found his nerves suddenly stilled and his first resolution suddenly strengthened. Again there began to creep over him a warm sensation of bachelor snugness.

Already Annie was bustling around in cap and apron, the thick, red steak lying in an open paper on the porcelain table. As Moore entered the room she crossed to the range and moved a big iron kettle of fat to the open coals. A spatter of grease slapped over the side and burst into sizzling flames that shot half-way to the ceiling. With an exclamation of

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fright Moore started back, but Annie nonchalantly beat out the flames with a kitchen rag and they both began laughing. Calvin lighted a cigarette, put his foot on the oven fender, and watched Annie drop the bits of potato one by one into the boiling fat. The smoke of the cigarette, mingling with the tart smoke from the kettle, acquired a delicious, outlandish flavor, one long forgotten, one redolent of camp-fires in the open.

The cook and the chore boy, it was explained, had gone to a dance at the West Hill schoolhouse. There probably *was* such a dance, and no doubt the cook had been glad enough to attend it, but really, Moore knew, it had been Annie who in her mothering kindness had sent her away, in order that he might not be distressed by the inevitable atmosphere of whispers and questionings out in the kitchen. The realization of her kindly tact made him suddenly teary.

As Annie began to skim the potatoes out of the fat, she looked at him, hesitating. "Mr. Moore, are you going to dress? There'll be just about time before I put the steak on."

Moore started. The idea had never occurred to him, would not have occurred on this night of all nights. In his bachelor days he had always dressed scrupulously for his solitary dinners, but after the first few months of his married life the custom had rather languished. Both punctilious before they had married, Leila and he had together sunk into slackness.

Reading again his inquiet memories, Annie hastened to justify her suggestion. "I only asked because you used to say that it rested you—that it made you feel better——"

This was not at all Annie's real motive, but in itself it was true enough. "Why not?" thought Calvin. No matter how life might shape itself on the morrow, tonight he might as well take it as it offered.

He dared not linger too long in those empty rooms on the second floor, but even in the few minutes before he came down Annie had worked facile magic. In the dining-room his old glass candlesticks had replaced the silver ones which Leila had brought as a part of her wedding outfit. Just what else Annie had done to the room he could not distinguish, but the whole scene of the waiting table, with its place for one, was a startling resurrection. Annie, in fact, had done her work almost too well. Agreeable as it was, it gave Moore an uncanny feeling of walking among the dead.

From the study he saw a dull gleam and found that Annie had relit the fire, but otherwise left the room dark and shadowy, just as he had always loved it in the old days, in the quiet moments before dinner. He strolled in and stood luxuriously before the tall, flickering andirons, his feet, through the thin soles of his pumps, treading the familiar softness of the bearskin hearth-rug. Automatically his hand passed along the dark mantel until it rested on a tiny Chinese pipe, which in his most luxurious moods took the place of a pre-dinner cigarette. In the semidarkness, his hands guided only by slowly reawakening habit, he filled the thimblelike ivory bowl and searched the pockets of his dinner-jacket for a match. Out in the dining-room he heard a familiar *plop!* as Annie dropped the ice into the water-pitcher. Infallibly, within thirty seconds she would appear at the door to call him. Smiling, he waited to give her the importance of doing it.

Then suddenly Calvin Moore felt every nerve in his body grow taut. The match in his hand was stopped short in its progress. His eyes were staring at the windows. Outside, in the darkness, he saw a long pencil of light, now rising, now falling, then suddenly growing diffused and illuminating the fence and the shrubbery. Calvin's ear caught the slap and rattle of O'Ryan's livery-car coming over the hill, then stopping, with a *thump* of the tonneau door, by his own gateway.

Instantly he was outside the house, but quick as he was, Leila, very demure in her blue travelling suit, was inside the gate before he could reach her. With stiff composure she tipped the O'Ryan boy who carried her bags to the door, but the instant that he had gone she turned and flung herself into Calvin's arms. A moment later they were standing together in the merciful shadows of the firelight. Poor Leila made no attempt to explain, merely lay in her husband's arms racked with inarticulate sobbings.

Then suddenly Moore felt her body

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Drawn by Clarence Rowe.

"The best I can do now will be eggs and bacon."—Page 737.

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stiffen. She sprang away and both of them moved about, self-consciously, looking at the doorway.

Annie was standing there, once more prim, stiff, and dour. Leila tried to greet her with forced, hysterical gaiety.

"Good evening, Annie. You see I've come back before I expected."

Annie did not reply, and Leila lifted her head, sniffed playfully.

"Oh, Annie, that smells so good! What is it? I'm famished for dinner."

From beyond his wife's shoulder Calvin looked toward the door with a smile, then suddenly stopped in amazement, for Annie's face had grown hard as stone and bitter as acid.

"I had a steak," she muttered in a monotone, "but I left it on too long. It was burned to a crisp. The best I can do now will be eggs and bacon."

Almost in hostile defiance she met her master's astonished gaze, and her tone was so sharp that even Leila felt forced to be ingratiating.

"That doesn't matter, Annie, at all," she exclaimed.

She turned to her husband. "Really, dear, I'm so exhausted I couldn't eat very much." She paused and then added wistfully: "You don't suppose, just to celebrate, you could find a drop——"

Calvin smiled—tried to smile—and looked tentatively toward the doorway. "I think," he said gently, "that Annie has saved one last bottle of genuine Bass. If you like——"

But already Annie had brusquely turned down the hall, and as her voice came over her shoulder there was something in it almost like a sob.

"I broke that bottle," said Annie.

Derelict

BY LOUIS DODGE

I HAVE done a little of so many beguiling things:
Related stories, sung a little, and played on the guitar;
I have gardened when the spirit moved through a score of pleasant springs;
I have loved often and strangely; I have even gone to war.

But I've never given my whole heart to any great emprise;
I have walked without resistance where enticing pathways led;
I never went into battle with the fires of wrath in my eyes—
Always in my haversack was a book and a bit of bread.

I have walked down lanes where Love dwelt alone in a little hut,
But I have dallied dreamily where a rivulet was in flood;
And I have never minded much that the gates of Love were shut,
But have felt a childish ecstasy at the willow boughs in bud.

I have held a store of jewels in my hand—my very own;
I might have tossed them and laughed to see them in the sun;
But I've fallen into a muse until the light of day had flown,
And have aimlessly turned my hand and dropped the jewels one by one.

When I come at last in my travels to the gardens of Paradise
I shall find a spot that is lovely, where angel hosts have trod;
And there I shall go on dreaming, neither utterly foolish nor wise,
And forever I'll be unscourged—but alas! unseen—of God.

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The Coward

BY W. R. LEIGH
Author of "A Day with a Navaho Shepherd," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

QOSLITSOI (cactus with yellow flowers) was a coward; she was eleven years old, and yet when, with her father's herd of goats and sheep, she went to the big water-hole in the neighboring canyon and encountered there other herds, in which there were particularly large ugly-faced he-goats with long beards and shaggy necks and legs, or huge rams with immense curling horns, she sidled off timidly and kept as much distance as possible between them and herself.

To be sure, there were just such beasts included in her own herd, but she knew them and all their peculiarities, which were as various as those of so many humans. These she would grab by a horn or a hind leg, and overthrow without a moment's hesitation, when occasion demanded. Or when in a frolicsome mood she would even jump astride one of them and ride him around the corral, amid the plunging and struggling herd and in a stifling cloud of dust, much to the edification of her baby brother, who peered between the rails of the enclosure and gurgled with delight.

But these strange brutes, who swaggered by with such insolent effrontery, and in passing paused and fixed their bold, unblinking eyes on her, were different. They looked so wild, so savage, so

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perfidious; and they sniffed and snorted as if in derision, and they shook their heads as men might shake their fists, and grunted, and stamped with their front feet, as though with intent to insult and attack her.

Then, too, she was afraid of the big mongrel dogs that followed some of the other herds, who were as unkempt and disreputable looking as were the mangy old buzzards that hissed and battled for positions at their nauseous feasts. These dogs had a mean, truculent way of skulking and showing their teeth, or of suddenly leaping upon one of Qoslitsoi's unoffending canines and beating him up frightfully. On these occasions she would scream in a frenzy of grief and terror, until somebody came to part the belligerents, or, what was more frequent, until the allies of both sides joined in, and the fight became general and wore itself out.

. . . ugly-faced he-goats.
—Page 738.

Again, she stood in dread of the rebellious and treacherous half-wild horses that the men rode who herded the gangs of ponies and cattle. It was distressing to her when one of these beasts, taking advantage of an unguarded moment on the part of its rider, would begin to buck; everybody else on such occasions would laugh and cheer, including the rider himself, often, if sure enough of his seat. Only the little girl looked on with anxious, troubled eyes; and when sometimes the rider was thrown she did not rush forward like the rest, but stole away. True, she had once seen a man thrown in this way. His foot had got caught in the stirrup, which resulted in his being dragged and kicked to death; but Navaho girls are not supposed to become chicken-hearted because of such trifles.

And then the bulls that led the bands of cattle, how they terrified her! When down the trail toward the water-hole they came, bellowing and pawing the sand in great showers over their backs, or when, dropping their fore-quarters down, they wallowed their huge necks and shoulders in the dirt and then rising shook the dust from their heads, she hurried her herd toward the rocks and sought shelter. But when two of these brutes engaged in a battle, and the ground shook with the pounding of their massive hoofs, and great gashes were torn in it, the exhibition of Titan strength appalled the faint-hearted girl to such an extent that she trembled, and deserted her flock to hide.

But it was not dumb brutes alone that she feared, this cowardly little Navaho maid; she dreaded greatly the demented old man who wandered perpetually from hogan to hogan, all over the country. His dull-greenish eyes had a bleary wildness and restlessness about them, as if they saw awesome things in space that were invisible to others. And his cavernous mouth, with its two or three yellow snags left, that moved and mouthed ceaselessly, seemed to be speaking an unearthly language known only to himself and the eerie spirits with whom he communed.

Then, too, the albino man, with his mop of straw-colored hair and his bleached skin and pink eyes, was a fearsome apparition to her. He sometimes tried to be friendly, which alarmed her all the more and made the albino smile, and her father upbraid her.

. . . huge rams with immense curling horns.
—Page 738.

Besides these, she stood in terror of the ragged Piutes who rode by sometimes, and, with insolence and cruelty stamped on their ugly faces, made cynical and contemptuous remarks that she

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His cavernous mouth . . . seemed to be speaking an unearthly language.—Page 739.

could not understand and laughed loud, raucous laughter.

But not even these complete the list of the things she feared, for most of all she lived in mortal horror of darkness.

When in the dead of the winter nights she lay on her sheepskins, rolled in her blankets with her wee brother, and listened to the great storm winds—while her widowed father, on the opposite side of the hogan, muttered in his sleep—she trembled.

When the snowflakes came in gusts and spasms whirling down through the smoke-hole, and hissed as they perished in the fire—the fire that struggled so desperately to keep alive—she shivered.

With shaking hand she added fuel, as one who succors a friend; for it was her friend, that fire, fighting for her; and it needed food to keep alive, just as did her goats and sheep; it was fighting against the demons outside the hogan that were prowling so near—prowling, prowling!

She could hear them conspiring and plotting; she could hear them raging and raving!

With red eyes like those of mad dogs—with yellow eyes like those of treacherous coyotes—with green eyes like those of gaunt wolves that steal lambs—they raced and careered and pranced. Like wild horses they galloped and plunged and stampeded; like wild cattle they pawed and wallowed and charged! As the sand-storm whistles and howls—as the flood-storm crashes and roars—so they whined and yowled and bellowed and growled!

Yes, yes, they tiptoed away sometimes, ever so softly, just to see if they could fool her—to try if they could catch her off her guard—ha! ha! Oh, yes, they were sly—so sly!

They stole away across the dreary, weary wastes—away, far—far in the black, bleak night! Away to where the desolate weather-contorted rocks mutely begged for mercy; to where the tortured cedars writhed in voiceless agony. Down through the dismal canyons with yell and with shriek—down into the narrow arroyos with maniacal shout they plunged, churning up the powdery snow in vast

The albino man . . . was a fearsome apparition.—Page 739.

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clouds and piling it in mountainous drifts.

Ah, yes! they ranted and cavorted and played hide-and-seek amid the boulders and pinnacles; they circled round and round in crazy circles and vast loops, but ever back at last to the lone hogan, with implacable hate in their hearts they came!

Oh, the cruel, crafty, crazy demons!

Back they came stealing with stealthy steps, and with sudden pounce and with savage claws they ripped and battered and slashed and gouged at the walls!

Oh, the cruel, crafty, crazy demons!

They came whining and sobbing and pleading at the door, in hopes she might open it, believing some lost and perishing soul might be there; but she was too wise for them, ha! ha!

They muttered and laughed like the old crazy man, and they bawled and brayed like locoed burros, outside the door!

And they twisted and squirmed and squeezed to get in at the smoke-hole, and gnashed their teeth and screeched and groaned in their disappointment!

And it was they—the villainous rout—who hurled in handfuls of snow in hopes of putting out the warm, friendly fire!

And the little coward hugged her wee brother closer to her heart, and pulled the blankets more snugly about her and trembled.

But storm winds were not the only things which could make darkness terrible; there were living creatures that were nocturnal and secret in their habits. It chanced that one evening in spring, before Hosteen Libitse (Mr. Horse-tail), the father, had moved from his winter to his summer hogan, supper was rather later than usual. The twilight was fast merging into night, and the evening star which had reigned in solitary splendor was now being joined by other pale and timid sisters here and there venturing forth, who had been encouraged by the example of their radiant queen.

Hosteen Libitse.

The baby was nodding on his sister's lap already, and the father, who had a friend sitting with him before the fire, outside the hogan motioned Qoslitsoi to retire.

She carried the youngster into the hogan, and in the almost total darkness was putting the blankets over him when, with a start, she heard a noise at the smoke-hole.

Hosteen Libitse, glancing up just then, saw one of the large desert owls alight on the top of the hogan and sit upright and stiff like a post. The eerie bird was a black silhouette against the sky, which the bats gave a wide berth.

The child inside listened breathlessly; her brother already slept. With heart pounding audibly Qoslitsoi peered up at the smoke-hole; she could see on the edge two feet with long, formidable claws and a part of the speckled breast of the bird; she knew that it was an owl, but she had never been so near to an owl before. She remained rigid, as in a vise, peering. The bird began to mutter and mouth in low tones that resembled the half-pro-

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nounced mumblings of a lunatic. As if some implacable and fiendish enemy—invisible to the rest of the world—were close at hand, the uncanny fowl sat; and as though each were unable to vanquish the other, the two roved about, perpetual companions, each hoping for an opportunity to annihilate his adversary, and meanwhile reviling and denouncing him.

To the mind of the child came visions of forlorn and dismal canyons in unexplored wilds, with walls that touched the sky, and which led to unimaginable places, where mortal never yet had trod; of inaccessible caves in the faces of appalling cliffs; of gloomy chasms where the bones of luckless cattle and horses mouldered.

Was this baleful beast asking aid of the spirits of darkness?

Was it swapping lies with some ghoulish crony of the spirit world?

Was it babbling, idiot-like, of some murder it had witnessed?

The bird's pulings trailed off into a querulous, peevish whine, and then burst suddenly forth in maudlin expostulations, like those of old men in their dotage complaining of imaginary ills. Again it sank into an incoherent jumble of maledictions and whimperings, and then once more rose to a creepy series of unearthly whoops, like the laugh of a madman.

The child's hand started toward a stick of wood; she would drive the hideous apparition away!

Instantly the acute senses of the fowl warned it, and its two great staring eyes were focussed on the shrinking girl; her hand stopped, poised in air, her whole body frozen to rigidity by the spell exercised by those malevolent, unblinking green globes. A moment only she stared back into those eyes; then, seized with uncontrollable panic, dashed from the hogan with a piercing shriek of terror, and cowered beside her father, trembling like an aspen leaf.

There was no doubt about it, she was a coward—an arrant coward!

Hosteen Libitse noted these symptoms with concern; how disgusting to see a great big girl eleven years of age so weak! To be sure she could cook and wash and tend the herd as efficiently as her late mother had done, and could even weave very creditable blankets; so good, in fact, that no suspicion existed at the trading-post but what they were from the hand of a grown-up person, and the proceeds from them bought most of the family groceries.

Yet a coward is a coward, and a disgrace to a family.

Hosteen Libitse was, however, a patient man, a moderate and prudent father who seldom scolded his children, and never nagged; so life in the lone hogan was reasonably peaceful.

It was on a fine August morning at break of day that Hosteen Libitse arose, intent upon finding that day a fine horse which the day before was missing from his band; little did he dream that this day was the one Fate had selected upon which to bring to him a great surprise.

In the dim light Qoslitsoi started a fire under the slab of sandrock, propped up upon four stones, which served as a stove. The evening before she had secured green corn from the patch, and these, in the shuck, she placed among the hot ashes to roast. On top of the stove a kettle filled with kid's meat was put to boil, and a coffee-pot for the father beside it.

Sheepskins were laid, upon which to sit during breakfast, the ground being mossed from a shower during the night.

Meanwhile a number of kids and lambs, with the restlessness and venturesome spirit of youth, had mounted to the topmost rails of the corral, where they strutted with the perfect balance of tight-rope walkers, while their mothers and fathers below gave evidence of waking up by sneezing, coughing, and bleating.

Above, the darting and diving bats grew fewer, and the crows on their way to the feeding-grounds croaked cheerful observations to each other, while the almost invisible bullbats in the zenith sent down faint bellowings. Simultaneously the stars paled and went out, while the moon became wan.

Then, peeping over the eastern shoulder of the world, the great sun sent long horizontal shafts of rosy radiance across the wide terrain, and a dew-studded cobweb in the bleached branches of a dead sage snag gleamed like a necklace of priceless jewels.

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Breakfast over, the father proceeded to where a sturdy pony stood saddled and bridled and hitched to a post, ready for his expedition; it would probably be an all-day ride, so a wicker jug, covered with pitch and filled with water, and a rawhide lariat hung from the pommel; the good man had also filled one pocket of his blue overalls with jerked meat, and into another he had put his cigarette tobacco and paper. He mounted and rode away.

The daughter, a piece of rope in hand, approached with business-like deliberateness the burro, who always came during meals to beg for cobs, shucks, melon rinds, and the like; the animal, with a sleepy disinclination to be captured, none the less halted in his break for liberty, conceiving himself lassoed when he felt one end of the rope fall athwart his back. The rope was made fast about his neck and front leg; the limit of burro ingenuity was reached. Persuaded that escape was impossible, he abandoned himself to servitude.

One of the large desert owls.

Now the heap of brush which closed the entrance to the corral was drawn aside, and the impatient beasts rushed out with their usual eagerness and disregard of dust. The burro's profound cogitations were undisturbed while Qoslitsoi loosened the rope from his leg and mounted him; but when a stick was brought down with a smart whack on his rump he obediently walked to the side of the corral, upon which the little boy had climbed, and stood while the latter crawled on behind his sister; whereupon, with the pinto dog in tow, he fell in automatically behind the herd.

Hour after hour the busily nibbling herd moved on and on across the huge expanses of purple sage-brush; the sun rose higher and higher, and the shadows grew shorter and narrower. The dazzling light rebounding dyed the nether surface of every object with delicate pink, gold, and lilac reflections. The atmosphere quivered and palpitated upward from the panting earth, that with parched and crack-seamed surface appeared to suffer like a living thing. Big cumulus clouds, all pearl and silver, sailed grandly across the ethereal main; like rafts bearing unimaginable treasures from the land of dreams they floated, each casting an inky shadow on the great stretches below, until the plain, flecked over with vivid spots, resembled a vast and sumptuous leopard's skin.

Miniature tornadoes, churning up the dust into writhing spirals, danced and leaped in freakish spurts, like panic-stricken wraiths, as they raced across the sear and thirsty wastes.

Ceaselessly the prowling hawks skimmed and wheeled, just clearing the tallest sage; ceaselessly the prairie-dogs chirped their warnings, and, with the rabbits and rats, dived into their holes.

Butterflies bobbed about where the yellow sage and cactus, the wild sunflower and Indian paint-brush bloomed; and bees and humming-birds went their rounds. Far away on the horizon a system of magical cliffs shimmered and scintillated; of rose-pearl and pale amber, of opal and delicate sapphire, they towered in fairylike splendor—spires and pinnacles, towers and domes, bastions and battlements. And at their foot sparkled an enchanted lake, tremulous, like an iridescent vision, whose shores, all emerald slopes and lovely groves, basked in the brilliant light.

But the girl had seen that sight too often to be in the least excited, and the

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erudite burro blinked at it only in his indolently philosophical fashion, and promptly forgot it.

The nannies and ewes interrupted their industrious nibbling from time to time to call to their offspring; the bellwether kept his position in the lead, as if conscious of weighty responsibility.

The prevailing color of the herd being white, it formed a moving patch on the face of the landscape, sometimes in cloud shadow, sometimes in light, always amid a column of dust.

Behind it the red dress of the little girl was visible from afar, glowing like a distant camp-fire.

About noon a visit to a water-hole was necessary; it was a deep pool at the foot of a wet-weather cataract; a place little resorted to by other herds, and chosen for that reason. There were alkali and mud and myriads of wigglers in the water, but it was all there was.

After drinking, the animals needed shade, but this was almost as scarce as water; the herd was headed for a canyon not far distant.

The canyon was a wild and little frequented place; one of those spots where all of nature's pristine savagery made itself felt. On its brink—eloquent of perseverance—sprawled crippled and contorted cedars, which, despite the bitter storm-winds and crushing snows of uncounted winters, still from bowed and dying trunks lifted scanty yet indomitable clumps of green toward the sky and sent out, tentacle-like, their naked roots, groping blindly over the denuded rocks, to gather in crack and fissure what meagre sustenance might still be found.

Many, long since outmatched in the quarterless battle for existence, still clung, bleached and ghastly, like upstanding skeletons; while others, prostrate and broken, cumbered the uneven rocks, rotting in the crevices and clogging the gullies. Back from the brink, where a scanty soil lingered, trees of more vigor stood like the rear-guard on a battle-field, viewing the havoc of their comrades stoically.

The shade offered by this scattered growth was not sufficient to tempt the herd, with the vastly better shade to be found in the canyon, so near at hand; the animals made their way by giddy benches and hazardous leaps, amid enormous masses of tumbled rock and slippery shale slopes, down to where overhanging ledges gave them protection from the heat.

Qoslitsoi tied the burro in the shade of a cedar, and taking her brother by the hand, followed the precarious trail of the animals, her practised eye and bare feet serving to bring them safely down to the first shoulder of a ledge which was at the foot of the sedimentary rock, fifty feet thick, and a sheer wall. This layer of pinkish-yellow sandrock rested upon a stratification of pigeon-blue clay six feet thick, which, being softer, weathered away faster than the rocks above it and beneath, occasioning frequent shallow cavities. In these, tracks of many kinds remained where the wind had not disturbed the dust; mice, rats, squirrels, lizards had passed and repassed; owls, hawks, wood-chucks, skunks, and rabbits, even bobcats, foxes, and coyotes, had here and there found refuge from the sun or rain.

All these records the girl could read as though it were a printed page. At the point where they had arrived, she noted such signs as were present, calling the name of each creature for the instruction of her brother.

From where they sat they could see the herd crowding in compact knots and bunches under the shelves and behind the leaning boulders.

Qoslitsoi drew a chunk of sun-dried mutton from a piece of gunny-sack wrapping she had taken from the saddle, and the two regaled themselves leisurely; the boy was soon busy building toy hogans and corrals with bits of stick and stone, and his sister presently joined him. They placed pebbles in the corrals to represent goats and sheep, and there were black and brown and yellow and white ones, each representing distinct animals in their herd. Then there were sticks stuck up before the hogans to designate each member of the family, and a lively discussion to determine which should be which. Also the dog, who had made himself comfortable under a bush and gone fast asleep, had to be remembered. and the burro, of course, and even the cat,

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After a while they discovered an ant-lion's pit in the sand, and, capturing an ant, dropped it into the little conical trap, and watched the ferocious little beast at the bottom seize the unfortunate and drag him out of sight.

Then they espied a bat hidden in a crevice of the overarching rock, and prodded him with straws; it amused them to hear the minute chatter that he made in his rage, as he gnashed his tiny teeth.

Anon a rock squirrel mounted on the summit of a boulder and, bolt upright on his haunches, like a peg stuck in the top of the rock, began a most strident and audacious series of remarks; they were doubtless sound and timely warnings to the other rock squirrels of the neighborhood, together with observations and comments not fit for publication. And, as answer in kind, the children began hurling stones at him, and with such accuracy that he was constrained to take refuge in flight. Even here his evil estimate was justified, for the impish little Indians pursued him along the ledge with eager hilarity, making the canyon walls re-echo with their glee.

The chase led for some distance and took them around a bend in the rock wall, out of sight of the herd; it ended when the squirrel disappeared in a deep crevice, and the children, breathless and excited, paused to rest.

Then with a sudden creepy fear the girl beheld a little farther on a cliff-dwelling wedged in between the roof and floor of the ledge, which she had never seen before. Many a cliff-dwelling she was familiar with, and many were the stories she had heard told about them, when her father and his friends squatted about the fire at night. There were speculations as to the nature of the race of men or spirits who had erected these strange habitations, and the time and reason for their disappearance.

Some maintained that it was a race of men whom the fathers of the Navahos had exterminated after many years of bitter warfare; others held that it was a race of sprites who had existed in the distant past; still others declared that a tribe of devils was responsible; indeed, one, old Hosteen Lichai (Mr. Dog), asserted persistently that on one occasion during his youth he had seen some of these sprites. He had come upon them unawares, and beheld them gnawing the flesh from the bones of one of his father's sheep—a ghastly and revolting spectacle, for they fought over it like coyotes—and he had almost died of fright. Hosteen Lichai was a notorious liar.

Still there were some who lent his story some credence, for had they not seen corn-cobs and even bones in some of these dwellings?

These talks had filled the imagination of the timorous child with misgivings and apprehensions, so that now she stood staring at the square black door of the boxlike building, which was in almost perfect condition.

Inside of that dark doorway it seemed to her unearthly shapes must be lurking, peering at her through crannies and around corners of the door from the gloom within. Looking more intently, she saw —or fancied she saw—two faintly luminous spots far back in the dark, like two eyes, that stared unblinkingly at her. She turned and would have retraced her steps, but the little boy had dropped upon hands and knees, and was looking at a painting on the rock wall. It was a thunder-bird, on an oval shield, done in dim yellow, maroon red, and black.

The picture seemed to wield a fascination, for as the eyes of the girl espied it she too squatted down and became absorbed.

The little fellow lifted one chubby hand, and, touching it with his finger, asked what it meant; his sister was about to attempt some childish explanation when her glance chanced to fall upon the ground. She halted; there before her was a large track. It was too large to be the track of a Lober wolf, too round to be that of a bear.

Once before she had seen such a track. It was when she was only five years old, on an occasion when her parents had made camp for the night in a dense forest; they were awakened in the dead of night by a blood-curdling yell; it seemed to freeze the very marrow in their bones!

Hosteen Libitse had shouted, fired his gun, and waved a firebrand, and the cry was not repeated. But in the morning he had found this same kind of track; yes, and he had named the monster that

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had made it, but in the mind of Qoslitsoi no very definite idea concerning it had shaped itself, other than that it was a beast greatly to be feared. She rose to her feet, intending to hasten from the place, when she suddenly perceived, only three feet away, a huge puma standing. It had come from the ruin, but so stealthily that the effect on the child was like the paralysis that the appearance of an apparition might cause. The boy, sensing something unusual, turned, and was likewise petrified.

The great cat stood perfectly still, its yellow eyes fixed upon the lad, its long tail moving slightly in an irresolute manner, as if its owner were undecided as to what to do next.

Meanwhile Hosteen Libitse, having found and roped his stray horse, was proceeding leisurely homeward, with two rabbits tied to his saddle. At this particular moment he was skirting the canyon exactly opposite the cliff-dwelling, and, chancing to glance across the abyss, he beheld the appalling position his two children were in.

Instinctively his hand leaped toward his revolver, but with a sinking heart he remembered that he had exhausted his ammunition while killing the rabbits. The distance would have been too great for the carry of the revolver, anyhow, but the report might have been effective; he was about to shout, yet hesitated in an agony of indecision; what if the sound should cause the children to move? The slightest movement, he feared, might precipitate an attack. He knew the eccentric character of the beast; if the children remained perfectly motionless there was no telling but what the cat might turn and leave them.

He had heard of such occurrences.

He hoped.

Thus the father and the two children, all transfixed, awaited in breathless suspense the next move on the part of the puma; the latter, the most whimsical of all the wild animals that inhabit the wilderness, stood, apparently debating within itself just what it ought to do with these miserable enemies, for once so completely at its mercy.

With long, lithe body, its tawny coat undulating with muscles more perfectly responsive and doubly as capable as those of the most adroit pugilist—a miracle of adaptability to the art of slaughter—the awesome creature stood; its head almost on a level with that of the girl, its great, brilliant eyes unwavering; no hint of its intent was discernible.

Some innate instinct of self-preservation warned the children not to budge, not to make the slightest sound, not even to wink an eye.

The tension was terrific.

It was broken by the feline in a most unexpected way: it moved suddenly forward, and, just as the panic-stricken boy attempted to move, seized him between its wide jaws, and, passing the girl by, stalked calmly off along the bench. The lad was too terror-paralyzed now to resist; the cat seemed to be moved by some unfathomable purpose—some quixotic fancy that could never be born in any brain but that of a puma—but killing seemed not to be a part of it; it merely carried the youngster along the ledge without mangling him.

But now, in an instant, a seemingly miraculous transformation had taken place in the little girl: her shivering, abject cowardice had vanished!

Here was the baby—whom she had mothered for three years, since the night his mother gave him life, and died—here was the baby—her baby—in the jaws of a puma!

Fury—savage, reckless fury—surged through her veins.

Without an instant's reflection Qoslitsoi seized a sliver of stone and darted after the cat.

The ledge was narrow—so narrow that in passing the beast she was in imminent danger of being crowded over the cliff—yet she ran ahead of the brute and, wheeling, began dauntlessly hacking and slashing at its face with the sharp-pointed stone.

The puma halted; it snarled a deep, ominous snarl; it could have crushed her frail body with one stroke of its powerful paw; it could have extinguished her life with one snap of its terrible jaws; it laid its ears back and its eyes shot a livid green glare at its assailant.

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Without pause the girl pounded and hammered at the face.

Without pause the girl pounded and hammered at the face, till the eyes had to close; with frenzied strength she battered and banged.

The cat released its hold on the boy; it bared its terrible fangs; it hissed!

Its hot breath fanned her face; still the girl stood firm; it raised one paw as if to strike—the five deadly claws were unsheathed, spread, poised—when the pointed stone struck the point of the creature's nose, and cut a gash.

A hoarse, guttural roar shook the air, and the beast shrunk back a step; the girl advanced a step. The brute cowed, wheeled, and, with the sliver of stone flying after it, slunk off toward its lair in the ruin. The boy, limp with fright,

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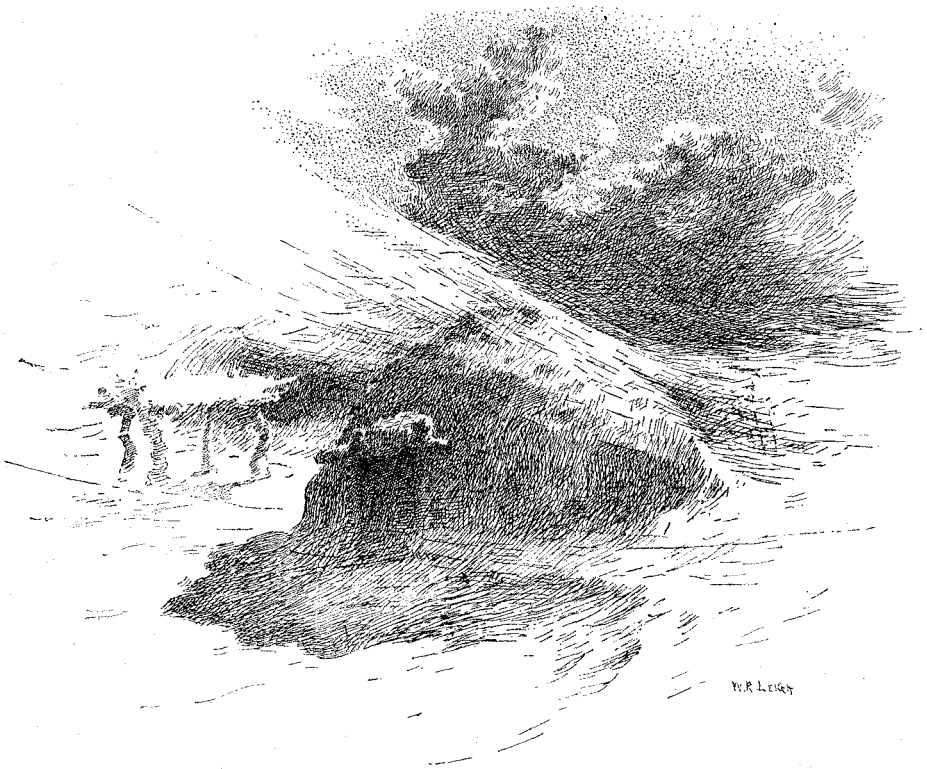
but none the worse for his experience, needed no urging to quit the place with all haste.

A shout from their father reassured the pair, as they neared the herd, where all was peaceful and serene; the knots and clumps of animals, with panting sides, still stamped and kicked at the flies in the shadows of the rocks; the pinto dog, aroused from his slumbers by the cat's roar and the man's shout, had gotten on his feet, ready to investigate the cause.

Hosteen Libitse, descending the canyon wall in break-neck leaps and bounds, soon joined the children; in one sentence he indicated that he had witnessed what had transpired; he grinned.

The herd was hastily driven out of the canyon and away from the vicinity, and the father, though he stayed with them for the remainder of the day, maintained a grave silence.

However, it was remarked by the albino man later that Hosteen Libitse seemed to take an unwonted pride in his daughter.



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"Beakers of Blushful Hippocrene"

BY CHARLES B. SHAW
New York State Library School, Albany, N. Y.

THOSE of you to whom the title comes as an old familiar friend will recollect that when the poet longs for his beaker full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene, he also dreams of "the warm South."

"The warm South!" What a glow of desire those words strike through us! "Flora and the country green, dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth!" Our hearts, too, ache; a drowsy numbness pains our senses; and with him we long for some melodious plot of beechen green and shadows numberless, where the bird in full-throated ease will sing to us of summer.

This apotheosis of the South was not the product merely of an idle fancy, a vagrant mood, or a careless whim. It was the sincere expression of an earnest, time-strengthened longing. Among the many false *dicta* of smartly epigrammatic Oscar Wilde is one which declares that "All bad poetry springs from genuine feeling. To be natural is to be obvious and to be obvious is to be inartistic." Its untruth is proved (if, indeed, proof of its falsity be needed) by this very poem. Of the sincerity of the poet's emotion there can be no doubt, and we may be equally sure that his apostrophe of the nightingale is one of the masterpieces of English poetic art.

Keats was not alone in his longing for the South. Byron, no more like him than is Judy O'Grady like the colonel's lady, was impelled by the same desire. "Sligo," he writes to Tom Moore concerning a friend's proposed trip, "is for the North; a pleasant place, Petersburg in September, with one's ears and nose in a muff, or else tumbling into one's neckcloth or pocket-handkerchief! If the winter treated Bonaparte with so little ceremony, what would it inflict upon your solitary traveller? Give me a *sun*, I care not how hot, and sherbet, I care not how cool, and *my* heaven is as easily made as your Persian's."

> "A Persian's heaven is easily made—
> 'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

Or, in more exalted mood, among the stanzas addressed to his sister, verses which belong to the few he wrote that bear the unmistakable stamp of honesty and emotional vitality, he cries:

> "I but ask
> Of nature that with which she will comply—
> It is but in her summer's sun to bask."

How speedily when social England barred him out he, like Keats, sought that temperate and salutary land of summer washed by the Southern sea.

In more modern times, strange, gifted, neglected Lafcadio Hearn, drifting down from the Queen to the Crescent City, from Cincinnati to New Orleans, writes to his elderly printer friend, Henry Watkin, urging him, too, to seek the South. Here the brand strikes nearer home. New Orleans, city of Creole and subtle charm, has ever been a potent name to conjure up dreams of romance and to inspire in us mystic ecstasies. "Oh, you must come to New Orleans some time—no nasty chill, no coughs and cold. The healthiest climate in the world. Eternal summer." A like strain is continued through many letters. "Life here is so lazy—nights are so liquid with tropic moonlight—days are so splendid with green and gold—summer is so languid with perfume and warmth—that I hardly know whether I am dreaming or awake." A more definite invitation enumerates specific delights. "I think you had better come here next October. . . . Think of the times we could have—delightful rooms with five large windows opening on piazzas shaded by banana-trees; . . . visiting sugar-cane plantations; scudding over to Cuba; dying with the mere delight of laziness; laugh-

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ing at cold and smiling at the news of snow-storms a thousand miles away; eating the cheapest food in the world—and sinning the sweetest kind of sins. . . . You know that you are lazy and ought to be still lazier. Come here and be lazy. Let me be the siren voice enticing a Ulysses who does not stuff wax in his ears. Don't go to horrid dreadful Kansas. Go to some outrageous ruinous land, where the moons are ten times larger than they are there." In still another invitation he promises his friend "a long rest by running streams, near mountain winds and in a climate like unto an eternal mountain springtime. Dream of voices of birds, whisper of leaves, milky quivering of stars, laughing of trees, odors of pine and of savage flowers, shadows of flying clouds, winds triumphantly free." One more quotation from Hearn—a letter of Ozias Midwinter which appeared in the Cincinnati *Commercial*. "Christmas Eve came in with a blaze of orange glory in the west and masses of lemon-colored clouds piled up above the sunset. The whole city was filled with orange-colored light just before the sun went down; and between the lemon-hued clouds and the blue were faint tints of green. The colors of that sunset seemed a fairy mockery of the fruit booths throughout the city, where the golden fruit lay piled up in luxuriant heaps and where the awnings of white canvas had been replaced by long archways of interwoven orange branches with the fruit still glowing upon them. It was an Orange Christmas." Verily it is a scene much to be desired, this light that never was on Northern sea or land.

The longing for the Southland is not merely a vagary of literary genius: it is part and parcel of us all. Mr. Charles Macomb Flandrau in a tragic little essay describes the lure of the tropics for two young men, one an electrician, the other a driver of a grocery wagon. Surely not temperamental souls! "'Down there!' The words began to mean wonderful incommunicable things to both of them. 'Down there' was the shimmering, beautiful, hot, mysterious and seductive end of the earth." Mr. Edmund Gosse, narrating the tragi-comedy of his youth, tells of his father's lifelong yearning and his endeavor to fulfil it by proxy in the person of the son. He discusses the parent's plan for his future, saying: "My father, who had lived long in the tropics and who nursed a perpetual nostalgia for 'the little lazy isles where the trumpet-orchids blow,' leaned toward the field of missionary labor." Like Tennyson, writing in chill and dreary Edinburgh his eulogy of the daisy, and recalling the halcyon hours in the lands of palm and Southern pine, of orange blossom, of olive, aloe, and maize and vine, his fancy, too, "fled to the South again."

Many are the lotos-eaters; many are they who have visited the sunny countries of the earth and in those visits lost their hearts. Waller, Milton, Landor, Hunt, Gray, Gibbon, Walpole, Swinburne, Wordsworth, whose Michael "heard the South make subterraneous music"; Moore, who writes as he leaves Bermuda, "I should love to live there, and you would like it too, dear mother; . . . and though set apart from the rest of the world we should have found in that quiet spot and under that sweet sky enough to counterbalance what the rest of the world could give us"; the Shelleys, who found in the Euganean Hills their green isle in the deep wide sea of misery; the Brownings. Browning, ardent lover of England and all things English, is moved not so much by patriotic fervor as by delight in the coming of the season of warmth and birds and flowers "when the hounds of spring are on winter's traces." It's "Oh, to be in England *now that April's there.*" Even Tennyson, when he asks himself why, though ill at ease, he remains in the land where his spirits falter in the mist while they languish for the purple seas, cries out (after a properly laureate glorification of Britain's freedom, wealth, power, and conservatism) in a most unlaureate way——

> "Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
> Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
> And I will see before I die
> The palms and temples of the South."

Stevenson composed a charmingly persuasive but insincere essay on *The Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places*. Nevertheless, he writes to his mother from Switzerland, "The cold was beyond be-

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lief. I have often suffered less at a dentist's." His happiest hours, despite the moral of his essay, were spent, not in "the bleak and gusty North," but at Vailima, in the South Sea Islands, where, another poet tells us,

"Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree
Drift down the darkness . . .
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea."

Many, indeed, are the lotos-eaters!

Candor compels me to display both halves of the moon. These earlier records have painted a picture like India's coral strand "where every prospect pleases." The following quotation, though long, is —if you will but have the patience to read it—a lurid description of our own Georgia. Goldsmith (strange that the creator of the affable vicar should descend to such bitter words!) has been lamenting the miserable fate of the once loveliest village of the plain. The erstwhile innocuously happy villagers have been scattered and dispersed, some even

"To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies."

What a detestably ludicrous libel of the hills of Habersham and the valleys of Hall! Canny Byron proved his artistic insight when he said to Moore: "I could not write upon anything without some personal experience and foundation." Neither could Goldsmith. Sidney Lanier, native son and ardent lover of the South's Empire State, tells a truer and a kinder story when, like Ruth, "sick for home amid the alien corn," he cries,

"Oh, might I through these tears
But glimpse some hill my Georgia high uprears,
Where white the quartz and pink the pebble shine,
The hickory heavenward strives, the muscadine
Swings o'er the slope, the oak's far-falling shade
Darkens the dogwood in the bottom glade,
And down the hollow from a ferny nook
Bright leaps a living brook."

"Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge," from the pen of a gallant Southern soul.

Like the Tampa robin, "I'll south with the sun and keep my clime." Dearly loved land of warmth and sunshine, eternal green and blossoming flowers, how gentle you seem to weary pilgrim and vagrant feet; how cordial your welcome to those who with all their hearts truly seek you and strive after you. Yea, they shall ever surely find you, and in finding you shall rest serene in your haven of sweetness and light.

"I'll south with the sun!" Reader, I spoke but figuratively. 'Tis only on imagination's viewless wing that I shall go my journey. I'll share my method with you. 'Tis neither new nor strange.

Says Swift,

"Geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns."

Those were entertaining charts but no more enticing than our own. Critics, I know, would scoff at mere atlases, but for me they are fascinating literature. "Away with your fictions of flimsy romance," I cry. There's romance and to spare in these gayly colored pages. Compared with these gorgeous sheets Sargents and Tintorettos do but stand "mocking the air with colours idly spread."

My affections are centred, I confess, on our eight or ten southeastern States. What a proudly compact little group they are! How serenely in its azure robe the misty, cloud-capped Blue Ridge towers over the encircling valleys and flowery fields and dales! What a noble arch is the Gulf, where—

"The sun from meridian height
Illumines the depth of the sea,
And the fishes beginning to sweat,
Cry 'd—— it! how hot we shall be.'"

With what a transcendent, majestic sweep assuasive Florida extends her

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balmy domain! How lovingly and submissively the Keys cling to her!

As we gaze and dream the printed page becomes a living land. We hear the sea with its eternal whisperings around desolate shores; we glimpse the ships that sail past harbor-mouths and palmy highlands for sunny isles, lonely ever-verdant isles with quick-changing skies and rose-tinted sands washed by delicate blue waters; we smell the sweet odors of lilies and the fragrance of orange blossoms. Or, in the twinkling of an eye, we are at the mountains, basking in the good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth, and, breathless with adoration, watching the amber light on the rare blue hills or the dim veils of mist like vaporous amethysts vaguely vanishing away.

How the very names intrigue us! Tallahassee, Fernandina, Micanopy, Umatilla—mere cities and dwellings of men! Ocklockhonee, Econfina, Withlacoochee, Fahkahnatchee, Okeechobee—rivers and lakes by comparison with which Alph, Arethusa, and the Vale of Tempe fade into commonplace oblivion. In such names lies the never-dying poetry of earth.

Mr. Charles Stephen Brooks, in one of his essays, indulges his middle-aged self in reminiscent conversation with his lost youth. He confesses that in salad days he was wont to collect time-tables. He makes the admission somewhat shamefacedly. There was no need—one of Mr. Flandrau's most ancient and honorable gentlemen was a like collector. Of such, too, am I. 'Tis a most delightful hobby. One needs only to walk to the nearest railroad station, assume an unwonted prosperous and *blasé* manner, casually ask a genial ticket-agent the running time between —— and Jacksonville or Mobile or Atlanta or New Orleans or Memphis, demand the time-cards and descriptive pamphlets necessary to the planning of the trip and one has acquired the nucleus of an ever-growing treasure. On successive days the destination is changed, and soon one's library meets every demand that can be made of it.

Then, seated in our easy chairs, what trips we plan! How swiftly we travel! How comfortably we lounge in our dirtless, joltless train! Across swale and savannah we go, past dotted fields of cotton, among palmettos fantastically draped with delicate gray-green Spanish moss, into misty purple hills. Out with the time-cards! Whence shall we start? Whither shall we go? By which route shall we travel? How long will it take? When shall we arrive? What shall we see? . . . And a dreary evening melts away in our ecstatic plans and pipe dreams.

When maps and time-cards fail us there is yet another resource. Mr. Augustine Birrell has written his praise of it: "To travel in Italy with Montaigne or Milton, or Evelyn or Gray, or Shelley, or, pathetic as it is, with the dying Sir Walter, is perhaps more instructive than to go there for yourself with a tourist's ticket." To see a land through the observant eyes and fluent pens of those that know and love it is often to make it more genuinely our own than to whisk ourselves about and with tired, dull, jaded senses endeavor to absorb its manifold beauties. Too often, in time, in money, in energy, we thus lay waste our powers: little, then, shall we see that we can make our own. For everything we are out of tune, and never can be moved.

Better far this quiet and peaceful mode of vicarious travel. Sit you down, my masters, in your chosen easy chair. Stretch toward the fire and settle your books and folders around you. Cheerfully and calmly on winter nights when the Frost Spirit rages "let us meet him as we may." With books and dreams and visions splendid let us "laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by." So shall we join that enchanted caravan which moves to those delightful realms of green and gold and azure. Transported on our magic paper carpets to the fruitful glowing lands of the South, in joyous and fervid revery we shall while away the creeping mournful midnight hours, until at last we waken from our dreams to comfort ourselves with the trumpet of a prophecy:

"O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

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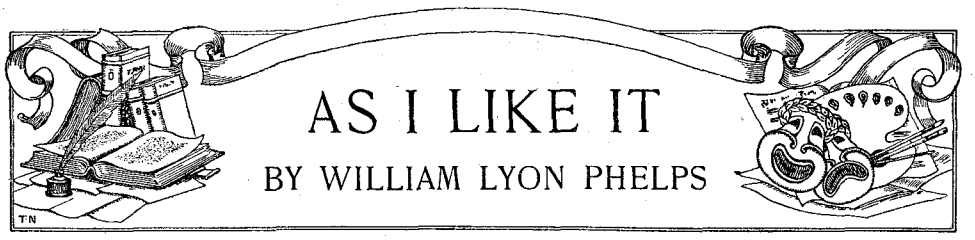

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE younger generation, like every younger generation since the Garden of Eden, is filled with the spirit of revolt; a very good thing, too, for it keeps the older generation awake. I do not know how many people are afraid of the younger generation, but I know I am not; for forty years I have lived with them, and there is nothing about them terrifying. Their eagerness rather calls for affection and sympathy. Ibsen speaks of the younger generation knocking at the door, which shows how old-fashioned he was; for they enter without knocking, and if the door is locked, they burst it open. A child accepts its parents and its environment with the pathetic unquestioning faith of a dog; I dare say a child brought up on a lonely farm in Montana is as happy as a child in New York—I don't know, because I had neither experience. Then when the boy or girl begins to struggle out of the slough of despond called adolescence, he or she sees many things that ought to be quite different, and proceeds to shout revolution in religion, politics, and art. These doctrines are often modified in later years, not by age—for age should bring more rather than less enthusiasm—but by responsibilities. A foot-loose, irresponsible young gentleman has a rather different attitude toward life and institutions from that held by one who owns a house, pays taxes, is the father of a family, and engaged in a bread-winning occupation.

Although I have many sins on my back, I am innocent of one great transgression. I have never laughed at the younger generation, though I have sometimes found it impossible to restrain merriment in reflecting over things they have said. But I have never greeted the passionate opinions of youth with ridicule, or with a condescending grin. Most people, both young and old, are more afraid of being laughed at than of anything else; and though it is a sin against the Holy Ghost to laugh at the ambitious dreams of young men and maidens, it is well that they should remember that no one can make an intellectual advance until he overcomes the fear of ridicule. I mean he must not only be unabashed by ridicule from others, he must triumph over his own ridicule of himself. For while the sense of humor is a healthful check on egotism, and enables one to derive vast, secret enjoyment out of watching the human comedy, it may destroy the soul. Every person engaged with all his heart in any occupation looks slightly ridiculous to an immaculate spectator; if he begins to look so to himself, he is lost.

My meditations on this subject have been stirred by the fact that three prominent members of the younger generation —every one an important spokesman— have, without any collusion, made a simultaneous revolt against the sense of humor. All persons suffering from an attack of maturity, who cannot understand why the younger generation are so white-hot with rage, should read the Preface to Robert Nichols's drama, "Guilty Souls." Mr. Nichols is a strictly typical case, though his talent for expression is exceptional. He is an Oxford man who took a post-graduate course in the war, and is still under thirty. In this Preface he cleanses his bosom of much perilous stuff, and I am truly sorry for any old man who cannot read it with sympathy. He hits out in every direction with all his might, and there are two things he hits hardest of all —Good Taste and the Sense of Humor. He is not afraid of making an ass out of himself, for he has come to see that that fear means intellectual and moral suicide.

"For on one thing I am set: I will be what I am and say what I wish to say whether the result be popularity, derision, or indifference, though the fogy, Good Taste, and the bogy, a Sense of Humor, would say me nay. For I am profoundly of the opinion that there are those of us

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who have had enough, and a good deal more than enough, of that infernal pair. . . . There is not in my play a single character with a sense of humor or good taste. And I am glad of it. The Prince of Darkness knows how many souls—more especially in England—are lost through Good Taste. . . . Slay Humor ere Humor slays you. In the name of what do you submit to such tyranny?"

This strong English voice is an unconscious echo of that voice of Gascony that restored the heroic drama to France twenty-five years ago; when Rostand was admitted to the French Academy he made a similar onslaught against the humor of mockery, and we know who the villain is in "Chantecler."

At the same moment which saw the appearance of Robert Nichols's declaration of war on humor, Compton Mackenzie, in his remarkable novel, "The Altar Steps," made his young hero write to the rector as follows: "One hears of the saving grace of humor, but I'm not sure that humor is a saving grace. I rather wish that I had no sense of humor. It's a destructive quality. All the great sceptics have been humorists. Humor is really a device to secure human comfort. Take me. I am inspired to become a preaching friar. I instantly perceive the funny side of setting out to be a preaching friar. I tell myself that other people will perceive the funny side of it, and that consequently I shall do no good as a preaching friar. Yes, humor is a moisture which rusts everything except gold."

Strictly speaking, A. S. M. Hutchinson does not belong to the younger generation, since he has recently entered the roaring forties, but his books are so filled with the spirit of youth that he may here be classified with his juniors; indeed, there are pages in "This Freedom" that are childish. He might easily have been a professional humorist; humor is the ground quality of his first novel, and rises to the surface in three of the others. But in "This Freedom" he not only threw aside the motley of the jester, he repeatedly begs his readers not to laugh—evidently obsessed by the same terror of humor felt by Nichols and Mackenzie. He knew in advance that one snicker would be fatal, and his fears have been justified.

When I read an advance copy of "This Freedom" last June, I thought during the first half of the story that the author had surpassed his best previous efforts—those early chapters are amazingly well done! Then as I approached the end of the book I was taken by acute dismay—if I, a sympathetic reader, with all the good-will in the world, could not swallow this hysteria, what on earth would the professional reviewers do with it, nay, do *to* it? They did exactly what I thought they would do. The book was formally published on the first of September, and during the latter days of August I could distinctly hear the sharpening of beaks all over the country—the reviewers were getting ready to bite. The novel seems to invite ridicule, the author's guard is down, and there are vital points so easy to attack that the reviewers could not miss them. It is a long time since they have had such a morsel, and with what rapture they devoured it! It was a certainty that "This Freedom" would be received with derisive laughter.

Yet, while Mr. Hutchinson has only himself to blame for his hysterical style, crazy rhetoric, ridiculous overemphasis, and absurd anticlimax, it is not altogether his fault that the driving idea of his novel has been so generally misunderstood. I am grateful for the book with all its faults. In the earlier chapters there are displayed such beauty, force, and penetration as could come only from the inspiration of genius; and even if the latter half were negligible or worse, nothing can destroy the excellence of its high points. Now the reviewers seem to think he tried to prove one thing in the first half of the book and exactly the contrary in the second half. I do not see this at all. The House of Men is all wrong—it contains no place for girls and women. But the House of Cards is all wrong too; it contains no place for mothers and children. Nowhere does the author intimate that the last state should have been like the first. What he makes clear is that in obtaining freedom for oneself, one cannot escape the responsibilities forced on one by both nature and religion. In both cases he attacks individual selfishness, showing that it leads to ruin. Trained experts cannot take a mother's place, and a mother has no right to let them try.

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Only in service is there perfect freedom.

Mr. Hutchinson has attacked, perhaps, the greatest of all modern problems, the home. Ask any school-teacher what he or she thinks of the importance of home influences. Many children are inexplicable to their parents; they are an enigma, a source of chronic anxiety. Parents vainly hope that the school-teacher will succeed in a job where they have failed, or which they have shirked. "My boy cannot concentrate." They hope for a miracle, that somehow the boy, or the girl, who has done exactly what pleased him at home, will in school be transformed by discipline. As we can understand religion, art, and music only through love, so parents and children can reach an understanding only along that road. Now that road means self-sacrifice on the part of parents, but if they bring children into the world, they ought not to transfer their responsibilities. I have seen scores of boys that betray instantly the fact that they have come from a good home, where their relations with their parents have been frankly intimate. And I have seen others where the boy has evidently lived in one world and his parents in another, with no means of communication. Headmasters dread the Christmas holidays, knowing that some boys and girls will come back to school jaded, listless, exhausted, unfit for anything.

Mr. Hutchinson's excess of earnestness made him overshoot his mark; but if his detractors would stop jeering, they might learn something. They might learn, for example, that what parents need is vital, ardent, unaffected religion, expressed not in sanctimonious stock phrases, which disgust any healthy boy or girl, but in mental attitude and daily conduct. The first-fruit of religion should show itself in consideration and respect for another's personality, even if that other should happen to be your own child.

It is a difficult thing to bring up children, because the hardest task on earth is to set a good example, and here it must be done every day. If a father tells his boy not to lie, and then lies to the railroad ticket-agent about the boy's age, that man's religion is vain.

Although Robert Nichols's defiant preface is more interesting than the play which follows it (true also of certain productions by Dryden and Shaw), "Guilty Souls" is decidedly worth reading. It is significant that so passionately Christian a play should come from a man living in Japan. He speaks with hostility of the church; but his hostility to that institution is caused by the belief that it is not sufficiently Christian. Sin and the accusing conscience and redemption of the soul here and now by Jesus Christ are the themes of this strange drama; the fact that the injured person is the tempter of the sinner reminds one infallibly of "The Scarlet Letter." Mr. Nichols was never so ardent a Christian in England as he has been while occupying the chair of English literature in the Tokio university, a suggestive fact. It is fashionable among certain groups of Englishmen and Americans who hate Christianity to advocate the superior claims of Buddhism and Mohammedanism. The best way for them to recover from this phase is to live awhile in the East. That admirable young poet, James Elroy Flecker, used to profess an ardent admiration for Mohammedanism; he was cured by living in Constantinople, and died a Catholic. And now we find another young poet, Robert Nichols, living in Tokio, and exalting the Cross as the symbol of salvation.

In his new novel, "Babbitt," Sinclair Lewis has exchanged whips for scorpions. With the possible exception of the shadowy young radical attorney, there is not a single character in the book who combines intelligence, charm, and character. (And yet how many excellent men and women I know in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, and New Haven.) There is not a person in this novel who is as useful to society as Doctor Kennicott, in "Main Street." Mr. Lewis said in his haste that all men were liars, and after mature reflection sees no reason to revise the statement. The city is, if anything, worse than the village—the centres of corruption being not the red-light district, but the church and the Rotary Club. It is interesting to observe just now that the contemptuous epithet *Victorian* is, among certain groups, being replaced by *Rotarian*. If they wish to convey the idea that such a one is both pompous and

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hypocritical, they call him a Rotarian. That he is also an active church-member goes without saying. It takes some grace for me to appreciate the beauties of "Babbitt," for I am both a Rotarian and a church-member. To belong to either organization places one beyond the pale of the intelligentsia; but to belong to both is intellectual damnation. Yet I have no intention of resigning. When a certain orator resigned from Ford's peace-ship party, and told the reporter that the association was made up of cranks and fools, the agile reporter asked Henry Ford to comment on this criticism; over the telephone Mr. Ford told him that there might be something in the remark, but that it was clear the situation was being improved by a process of resignation.

All Rotarians and church-members should read "Babbitt," for it may do us good; others will read it with smug complacency, thanking themselves that they are not as other men are. There is subtle flattery in "Babbitt" and in "Main Street" for all persons whose major occupation is criticism, and what a lot of them there must be! We who are working on the inside know that Rotary and the church are not so bad as they are here represented; but if that is the way we appear to outsiders, we ought to realize the fact, and perhaps do something about it. The ideals of the church and of Rotary are presumably the ideals of Mr. Lewis—individual and community betterment. What, then, is wrong, and in what way shall it be made right?

Mr. Lewis seems to think that the unpardonable sin is "boosting," but perhaps this depends partly on what is boosted. There never was a time in my recollection when popular novels were boosted as they are now; and I do not know any class of business men who have a more chronic itch for publicity than young writers. Nor have I ever seen groups of business men more eagerly engaged in boosting one another and themselves than is observable among some groups of poets and novelists. Still, I have no desire to take refuge in the *tu quoque*, nor in complacent optimism. Sinclair Lewis hits the big town as Booth Tarkington hit it in "The Turmoil," because the wrong gods are worshipped. Size, population, noise, traffic, factories on the water-front, enormous and frequent "turn-overs"—instead of quality, removal of causes of disease, sound, enlightened, and honest school administration, cleanliness and sanitation that shall give dignity to all forms of labor, the recognition of beauty as an essential element in life.

Those who thought Mr. Lewis was a man of one book will have to revise their opinion. Had they read his first novel, "Our Mr. Wrenn," they would have known better. "Babbitt" is an improvement and an advance on "Main Street." The latter was an encyclopædia of the small town, and those who complained that the novel was too long might, with equal justice, complain of the length of the dictionary. Its abundance of detail is an essential part of the scheme, and therefore artistic. But there is more development, more of a story, in "Babbitt." It would be a finer realistic novel if it were not so exclusively a satire. Various persons are exhibited merely to show their intellectual and moral filth. If Babbitt were really the typical business man, then our business men are mainly dwarfs in intellect, giants in conceit, and degenerates in morality. Babbitt is not the typical business man, but an ironical and exceedingly clever caricature.

Mr. Lewis's greatest talent is mimicry. He is an amazingly brilliant mimic. He can take a train from New Haven to New York, and reproduce in manner, voice, and intonation a half dozen types on that train so that they are visibly recreated. The mimic is usually a caricaturist and a satirist; and Mr. Lewis is no exception to this rule. Caricature, by overemphasizing certain peculiarities, makes the picture more convincing, for such are the salient characteristics that separate the victim from other men. The satirist has little appreciation of the virtue of co-operation, of sinking one's interests in the endeavor to advance the general welfare. To him organized effort is ridiculous. So long as he has enough to eat, he is an individualist.

Doubtless he would be the first to disclaim any attack exclusively on *American* small towns and cities. Nearly every country has its Main Street and its Zenith. The solution is that every person who

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would lead the life of the mind and of the spirit must make his own world, and neither depend on his environment nor surrender to it. Those who, like Emerson, would live in the spirit are pilgrims and strangers on earth; but if their aspirations are backed by energy, they can live a full life in either Gopher Prairie or Zenith.

Some of our new novels begin well, continue well, and end with distressing anticlimaxes. "Babbitt" has a last page that is wholly admirable, which required for its conception and execution not only a satirist but an artist.

The fact that these uncompromising satires of Mr. Lewis vie with Harold Bell Wright in popularity would seem to indicate that Americans are not all typical Main Street residents, or typical Babbitts. So there is practical comfort for the author and hope for the world.

Willa Cather's "One of Ours" is a disappointing book, for after the first part, which is filled with sharp delineations of character and pungent exhalations from the farm, the novel becomes a sentimental, conventional, commonplace story of the war, with the familiar formulas. She exercises her privilege as a novelist in making the pacifist a hypocritical, profiteering sneak, just as Mr. Lewis takes it out on church-members. There is no use in being a novelist unless you can make potshots at your favorite detestations.

As a war story with the scenes in France, "One of Ours" does not compare with Warwick Deeping's "House of Adventure," and as a picture of the West it is inferior to Herbert Quick's "Vandemark's Folly," where the characters are not compelled to do sentry-go for abstractions.

American novels of the year that I recommend for their fidelity to life are "Certain People of Importance," by Kathleen Norris, where the members of a huge family team are driven through five hundred pages by a skilled charioteer; "For Richer, for Poorer," by Harold H. Armstrong, an honest story of married life, where the irresolute hero is finally redeemed by a great passion, just as he is damned like an ill-roasted egg in Webb Waldron's "The Road to the World." (This latter novel has a unique interest for me, because the Michigan town where most of the scenes are laid is called Huron City, by which I suppose he means Bay City; at this blessed moment I am writing in the real Huron City, which was fifty years ago a lumbering town on Lake Huron, and is now happily without a railway, post-office, or telegraph. Huron City is my earthly paradise, and I may be pardoned for my excitement in seeing it for the first time in a novel.)

Another admirable American story is "Bennett Malin," by Elsie Singmaster. The hero is an original person, though his crime is like unto that committed by Mr. Milne's Blayds; the hero's wife is a triumph of delineation. There is a quiet distinction in the style of this book which indicates that the author knows exactly what she is about. I predict that Elsie Singmaster will stand high in contemporary literature.

Novels of no great literary merit, but prodigiously exciting to those who love excitement, are "Captain Blood," by Sabatini, written in the manner that Stevenson called "horrid fun"; "The Whelps of the Wolf," a Hudson Bay story by George Marsh; and "The Van Roon," a thrilling narrative by the accomplished J. C. Snaith. It is a trifle in comparison with his magnificent "Broke of Covenden," but an altogether charming trifle.

Those who worry about the occasional big sale of a book that is worthless or worse, should remember that the standard works are continuously the best sellers. One of the most colossal undertakings of modern times is "Everyman's Library," Mr. Dent's proudest achievement. The "Loeb Classical Library" has a distinction all its own; the Oxford Press "World's Classics" are irresistible little volumes where one may be stimulated by Tolstoi or soothed by Trollope; Scribner's "Modern Student's Library" is an epitome of English literature in handy volumes; Boni and Liveright's "Modern Library" keeps the more important modern books easily accessible. Nearly every publisher has a pet series, where masterpieces are reprinted in clear type, attractive binding, and sold at low prices. The Nelson series is a public benefaction. These little cloth-bound books, feather-weight and with large print, are to be found all over the world; but does every one know of the

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Nelsons in French? Here you can read in the original Dumas' "Trois Mousquetaires" and "Monte Cristo," Victor Hugo complete, and scores of other authors. Whether in French or in English the Nelsons are the best books for train-reading; the volumes are so small and the type is so big.

To a party of four or five travelling together, who wish to read on trains and when marooned by storms, and whose baggage must be rigorously limited, I recommend the following method: Buy a book of one of these "series," let one member of the party read the first two pages, tear them out and hand them to his neighbor. In a few moments five persons are reading the same copy of the same book at the same time, can throw the finally read pages out of the window, and can all have the pleasure of discussing the work at dinner that evening while it is still fresh in every one's recollection. This is better than reading aloud, for when one is reading aloud, the others fall asleep.

Nothing is more untrue than the famous epigram, "Sleep is an opinion." Often we fall asleep, not when we are bored, but when we are interested; our minds are taken off our troubles and worries, which keep us awake, and we glide into slumber. I do not know, after a prolonged experience with both evils, which is worse: to go to sleep in public when you wish to stay awake, or to lie awake alone when you would give everything to be asleep. Mrs. De Morgan was more interested in her husband's stories than in anything else; when he read the manuscript to her, she usually fell asleep.

For those who wish children to become familiar with the constellations and the planets, I know of no better books than Gaylord Johnson's "The Star People" and "The Sky Movies." These are copiously illustrated, the language is skilfully adapted to children, and thus I find it at the right level for my own mind, most works on science being to me incomprehensible. Many years ago I was invited to teach elementary mathematics, and I declined, because there are no elementary mathematics. With these two books by Johnson, supplemented by Milham's "How to Identify the Stars," and armed with a pocket flash-light, youth and age may together find the skies at night interesting.

Although book-reviewing is often carelessly and hastily done, I do not think, outside of my own writings, I have ever seen a more badly composed sentence than the following, which I discovered in a review of Hergesheimer's "The Lay Anthony," in the London *Times* Literary Supplement for July 27, 1922: "Various women in various situations make determined assaults upon his senses, but the scent of white lilacs wins in the nick of time and the poor fellow sets out anew, always without a cent." Read that phrase aloud, and see if you do not agree with me that the hero of the novel should now be called Scent Anthony.

It is good news that Stanislavski is coming to America in January, with the Artistic Theatre Company of Moscow; I have never seen them, but if what Maurice Baring, Granville-Barker, Oliver Sayler, and other visitors say is true, their performances are the finest in the world. I look forward with eagerness to seeing Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," with the author's widow playing the rôle she created in 1904. I wish that in the repertoire Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" might be included, for this theatre in Moscow had the honor of giving the world's *première*. We are promised other plays by Chekhov, and Gorki's masterpiece, "In the Depths." The company should make a good normal school for other managers and actors.

Maurice Baring's immensely interesting autobiography, "The Puppet Show of Memory," which I find both stimulating and amusing, should be reread at least in the Russian chapters, in preparation for the Moscow Expeditionary Force.

Why is it that in America we have so seldom an opportunity to hear one of the greatest of all operas—Mozart's "Don Giovanni"? Lytton Strachey quotes Stendhal as saying: "I can imagine nothing more distasteful to me than a thirty-mile walk through the mud; but I would take one at this moment if I knew that I should hear a good performance of 'Don Giovanni' at the end of it." So would I.

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LAST week two of the women's organizations in our town discussed the same subject. One meets on Tuesday evening and the other on Wednesday afternoon. The Tuesday organization is composed of young women between seventeen and twenty-five, has dues which, although smallish, seem large to those who pay them, and is always struggling to increase its membership. The Wednesday association is made up of much older women, asks large dues, which are a small item in the members' budgets, and has a waiting list. It meets at three o'clock in the afternoon in a building erected for the purpose at a cost quoted with pride by our press. The Tuesday organization, that of the younger women and the smaller dues, has a down-town address on the edge of the wholesale district. In that neighborhood the principal streets rumble with traffic all day, but by eight o'clock when the meeting is called they are dark and deserted cañons where the passer-by hears his own steps. In the side-streets are old dwellings not yet rebuilt for the uses of trade, and here struggling undertakings find the housing they can afford. One such dwelling is the trade-union headquarters where meets our Tuesday organization—a women's union.

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As one enters the building from the silent dark it seems to explode with tumult and light. In the one-time parlor a meeting is heroically persevering in English against a persistent temptation to relapse upon Yiddish. The chairman is vainly attempting to shout down an impassioned speaker. A little man near the unruly orator violently jerks a thumb toward the chair and hisses, "Ain't he tole ye to sed down?" Other voices thickly object, "Led 'im vinish!" "Shure we wand' a hear whad he zays!" Suddenly a stout, stolid young woman who has been listening with impassive face jumps to her feet to contradict the speaker. "Thad ain't the way it wuz!" She swings and rolls her heavy head in negation and sweeps her fat hand to and fro as though to erase his offending words. "Tell 'em the gan all speag under 'new bizniz,'" calls a thin youth smoking a smelly cigar. "Are yous the chairman?" snaps back that offended officer. "Sed down and be guiet—all of yous!" he shouts, fairly dancing up and down as he takes to pounding the speaker's desk frantically, with a book held at arm's length in both hands. A newcomer would think the meeting on the verge of disruption, but the bonds that hold it are strong, though feeling runs high; and this is nothing out of the way.

Beyond this noisy room five Italians stand in the hall in a circle that looks like conspiracy. Heads bent, shoulders raised, they are simply trying to protect themselves from the babel by their own unresponsive backs. An Irish-faced messenger-boy passes them and goes up-stairs. In the second floor back, at the head of the stairs, there is a class in English, but in the front room we at last find the women's union.

Their quarters are in sharp contrast to those built for the organization that meets on Wednesday. Its unstained floor is carpetless, and paper is here and there hanging loose from the walls. It is furnished with squeaky new folding-chairs and with but two other objects. The larger of these is a big blue satin banner, embroidered with the insignia of the union, which hangs in a deep-glazed frame above the empty mantel. The other, also framed and hung, is a testimonial from another union thanking this one for a gift.

Some thirty young women sit on the folding-chairs, feet planted wide or crossed far before them, shoulders drooped, heads tilted in attitudes about equally derived from weariness and the current fashion-plates. None wear torn or patched garments or broken shoes, few are really shabby and many are smart, but the whole assembly nevertheless looks muffled in its clothes and uncouth. There is little chatting and no air of expectation.

The chairman, a small, sharp girl with a homely, clever face, calls the meeting to order; and the minutes are read with a strong accent and some faltering. The girls keep dropping in until nine-thirty. The last to arrive have been at night school after

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their day in the factory. Business proceeds in groping English, relieved only by the familiarity of stock phrases in regard to motions, amendments, and points of order. The chairman reports that a fund is being collected to endow a newspaper so that it can be independent of advertisements and able to tell the whole truth. This union has been asked how much it will contribute. Nominations are in order for delegates to the national convention of the union. A bill before the legislature is summarized and discussed. It is resolved to oppose it and so report to the State Federation of Labor. There comes a knock on the door and a man from the noisy meeting below-stairs asks for the floor. He announces a benefit dance. When he has withdrawn the eager discussion goes on, but now the topics are of more specialized interest—how to deal with a certain establishment that is evading union rules; what shall be the assessment to meet a printer's bill. The meeting is then open for discussion.

One of the two or three older women present rises and speaks a few words, flounders hopelessly, and turns an appealing look on the chairman, who nods the desired permission to use Yiddish. Then the woman suddenly leaps to life. Now her voice swells in a rhythmic sing-song, and now she breaks off suddenly to put sharp questions and answer them herself all in a breath. She trembles with excitement and stretches tense arms above her head. When at last, flushed, breathless, elated, she sinks into her seat, the chairman, for the benefit of some colored girls and the few other native Americans, gives the gist of her speech in English. How brief and how humdrum it is stripped of her glowing urgency! She wants people from other branches of the union admitted here without a new initiation fee. But she was thrilled with an apostolic zeal. Her mind was suffused with the glamour of faith in a vague but imminent triumph of the labor movement—the movement that has succeeded to her disappointed hopes of America's "promised land."

It is after eleven when the meeting adjourns, but the girls still stand about arranging bits of business for which one and another have agreed to be responsible. Only after midnight do the last of them go creaking up-stairs in distant parts of the city.

LESS than eight hours later the girls are already in the factories again as there come down to breakfast in a hundred comfortable homes the women who are to gather at three o'clock for the meeting of the Wednesday club. At half-past two the hospitality committee comes to see that all is in readiness in their handsome quarters. Soon other members begin to arrive, well-groomed, prosperous-looking people in expensive-looking clothes. There are bright smiles of greeting and the sounds of eager, gushing talk. Places are saved for late comers, and there is much proffering of seats with explanations and effusive thanks. When the chairman mounts the platform there is a pretty flutter of subsidence, and the audience lapses into pleased expectancy. The chairman is a middle-aged woman with a manner of unshaded enthusiasms and restless, unobservant eyes. She has laid aside fur coat and long gloves, and in a manner that contrives to be both cosy and sententious calls upon the speaker of the afternoon.

The Wednesd Club Meets

The handsome, excited speaker is all form. First she adverts to the mingled sense of pride and embarrassment with which she addresses such a gathering, and then goes on to say: "I have been asked to speak on some of those industrial questions with which as voters women are now called upon to deal. So far the *women* of this great industrial state have known little about the factories where are made the things that used to be made by *women themselves*. This club *alone* among the women's organizations of our city every year devotes a meeting to *industrial relations*. Great is our responsibility in this day of women's enfranchisement. The agitator will now concern himself with the women's vote, and we can only meet him by bringing a knowledge of the true America to the *ignorant* woman and the *foreigner*. It is we who must inform them of the real conditions of American life." Then she passes with a swift, sure touch to domestic service and unemployment, the high cost of living and waste, labor unrest and red propaganda, and the need for Americanization, ending with a plea that each woman "by her own life set an example of loyalty and frugality to the women of the lower classes."

Every one is impressed with the serious-

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ness of the outlook and the demand that she set an example. An opportunity is given for questions, and some suggestions are made. But no one asks *who* now make in the factories the things once made by *women themselves*, or in what sense the America known to this assembly is more *real* than that experienced by the *ignorant* woman and the *foreigner*, nor, indeed, which is the more dangerous ignorance, the sort labored under by the Tuesday night meeting bringing its little all to bear on realistic discussion of pending legislation, free press, and industrial relations in the concrete, or the unconscious and really unconcerned ignorance of the Wednesday afternoon meeting that thinks of itself as the only women's organization giving a thought to these things. It seems a pity these ladies do not really know how interesting, how dramatic, and how picturesque are the easily accessible open meetings of the ignorant woman and the foreigner a few blocks away —even if they are not drawn by any more neighborly attraction.

The speech has been given with untroubled assurance and meets with much applause. It is followed by tea and delicious little cakes. Everything has been perfectly done and the whole tone of the meeting was as gracious and secure as that of Tuesday's gathering was uncouth and grasping.

But its flattering amenities are still-born. One has nothing to carry beyond the threshold of that so pleasant room. The raw daylight in the open doorway gives one a sense of unreality. Who *are* these able women who look like ordinary people who have walked with life and death for forty years? Surely they must be flesh-and-blood citizens in this town of which they are so amazingly patronizing—and so ignorant! Yet they remind one of those dwellers in the Elysian Fields of ancient mythology, who discussed life upon earth though they could no longer join in the jostling human procession or forge links in the endless cycle of cause and event. Why do these lively ladies behave like those poor ghosts, touching large subjects with a light, irrelevant hand as though each graceful motion were predestined to sink impotent, each sweetly spoken sentence faint in their own exclusive atmosphere, the act and the speech of creatures consigned to a social Elysium? Last night's meeting seems a thousand miles away; one or the other must surely be a dream! A notice in the vestibule gives the subject of the next lecture—"Our Sisters in Japan." Is there no traveller to traverse the short half-mile between the rooms of the Tuesday and Wednesday meetings and bring to each some knowledge of the other?

Looking for That Little Home in the Country

I AM one of many thousands, city-pent, who for many years have dreamed of a little home somewhere in the hills or within sight of the sea. Every year the urge grows stronger and every year the little place seems more hopelessly out of sight. The city is a big place, but the country seems bigger, and where to look and how, ever more perplexing. I have told all my friends that I am looking, and asked them to give me a tip if they hear of any place that they think I might like or can afford to buy; and now and then I hear of the perfect place, to be had for some enticingly modest sum, and of charming homes found by this and that seeker after his haven of peace and quiet. But my little house is ever in the dim beyond and my hope grows fainter with the years. Maybe I am in search of the place that never was on land or sea, that exists only in my dreams.

I read the real-estate advertisements, and look at the little houses illustrated in the magazines devoted to home building, and see many cosy small houses that would quite satisfy my longings, but when I investigate the cost of building even the simplest of them I pause and wonder if the price does not call for gold bricks as a part of the foundation instead of just ordinary building-materials.

So I start again in my search for the abandoned farm that can be bought with a little old house all ready to be called home, with the expenditure of only a few hundred dollars.

The chimney may be falling down and the roof caving in, the sides full of holes for the winds and snows of winter to come in, but the lines are always "so picturesque," and the big fire-place and Dutch oven are there to recall the days of the real Americans who lived and shivered back in the time when there was plain living and honest thinking.

Far afield have I ventured in the search for my little house, and spent enough good

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money to put new roofs on most of the tumble-down houses I have looked at from a distance with ever renewed hope.

I think I might qualify as something of an expert on the abandoned farm and the old house in the country, and I have acquired, with my experience, a somewhat cynical attitude as to the existence of what we used to speak of in polite circles as the New England conscience.

An agent will meet you at the station with a bus of an old vintage, and whiz you around the country roads until you are almost ready to buy any old place just to escape the bumping and the chatter about the small cost of making an old house new.

You start out with high hopes and end with the conclusion that all men who sell real estate are either prevaricators, to put it mildly, or are lacking in any well-regulated sense of what constitutes home sweet home.

I still wake in the night and hear the roar of the brook that hurried down a rocky gorge a short distance below the first bungalow I looked at, perched cosily on the side of a hill surrounded by lovely trees. The brook was a regular mountain torrent and sounded like a small Niagara. It made noise enough to wake the dead at night and keep him awake until the rosy dawn denied him even a cat-nap by day.

That bungalow was ready to admit all the winds that blew, and was warranted to keep the milk sweet in the good old summer-time. It was only a short distance from town by the agent's motor, but walking was different; the short distance became the longest way round. I long since discovered that the asking price of all real estate is from a thousand to hundreds more than the agent expects to get, the selling price depending upon which of you can bluff the longest.

I escaped the bungalow, thanks to my modest purse and the sudden realization that in winter I should be cut off by a flood or playing a good second to Whittier's "Snow-bound."

Memories of the ideal place come back. "Three Winds" caught my romantic soul, and I felt sure that at last I was to find the one place in the world for me. It was high up on a heaven-kissing hill. The hill was there all right, with an impossible road even for a well-trained "Lizzie," and no doubt both will remain there for some time. The little house was also still there when last I inquired, still in its pathetic and deserted dilapidation, and still inviting the winds; only there were four or more and all blowing the pure hill air through the clapboards and the holes in the roof to keep the place sweet for the next victim of an alluring advertisement.

A later experience that I look back upon as perhaps the most unique of all was the afternoon I spent with the undertaker. It was a cold, raw autumn day to be rushing around in an open car that cried for mercy at every lump in the road, and I well remember how chilled and hungry I was at the end of the day. I saw more old houses with Dutch ovens than usual, and more roofs that had not been repaired or shingled since the Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock. Before the dark came down and I found a train that would take me back to my tiny but comfortable city flat, I learned that my genial agent person had already buried some thousand or more of the natives, and I recall that we passed the little cemetery under the cold gray skies several times—no doubt a gentle reminder that he would be ready for business if I became one of his fellow townsmen. That night, coming in on the train, I felt I had had a narrow escape from an untimely grave.

I go to seek my fate with a kindly feeling for the true sons of the soil, but come back wondering if there may not be something in the contact with that soil that robs men of some of those qualities that we city folks call human.

I advertise for a little place for a small purse and receive answers from people who want to sell me an "estate," or a house with fourteen rooms and five baths, for the modest sum of twenty or fifty thousand dollars.

Quite apart from the trifling matter of price my family is small, and I wouldn't know what to do with so many bath-rooms if I owned them. I suppose I might use them to raise goldfish or for the winter storage of coal. In spite of disillusionment and discouragement however, I do not give up, and maybe if I "don't weaken" I shall yet find my very own little house of dreams —"some day before I die."

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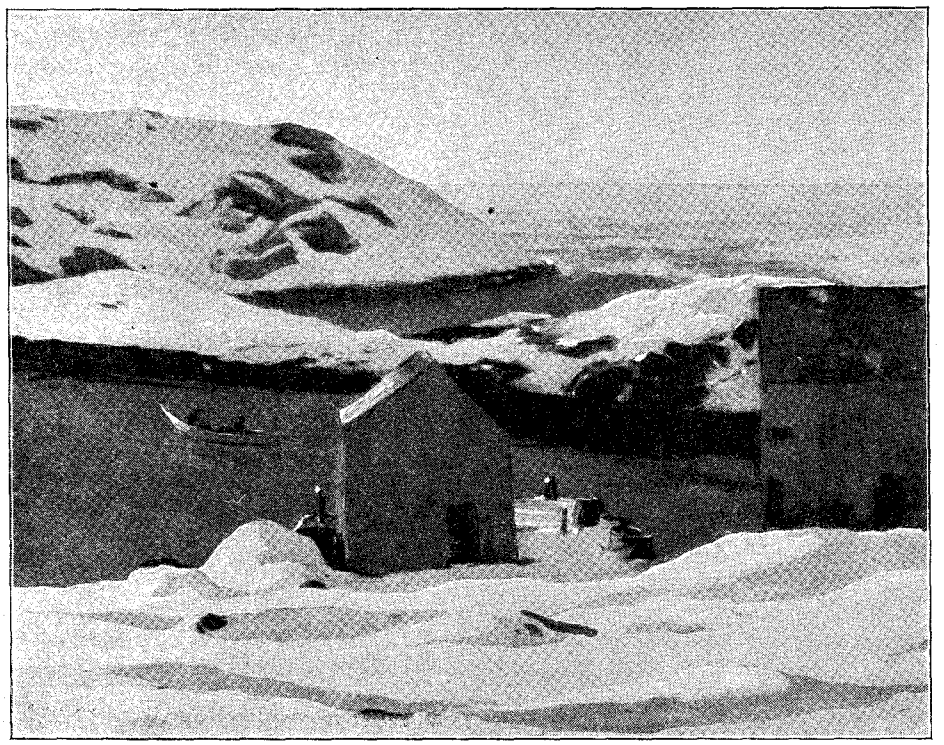
THE FIELD OF ART



Monhegan, Maine. By Rockwell Kent.
From a painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

American Painters of Winter Landscape

BY ELIOT CLARK

THE painters of landscape in America have deservedly won a place of high distinction, and within this sphere the painters of winter landscape have been pre-eminently American. For if the dominant influence in contemporary painting is derived from the French, the pictures of snow and the landscape of winter find little foreign exemplification. In our eastern States the climatic conditions are distinctive. The air is cold, crisp, and clear; the snow heavy and full. The country is in the grip of winter and man responds to the hush and silence of winter solitude. We are a northern people.

In our own artistic traditions we may trace several general trends and manifestations. The earliest comes by way of England from the Low Countries. It is essentially a conventionalized landscape, introducing something of the local incidents of the New England countryside and old-time winter customs. Our early prints echo the same tradition. We see collected in one picture the various winter activities: sleighing, skating, small boys throwing snowballs, and the sense of the English Christmastide with merry-making, laughter, and the sound of bells. It is, in fact, the continuation of the English lore of the colonists; the content English in spirit, the compositional conven-

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tion derived from the Dutch. The houses when introduced are American, the costumes and other objective features have local color; but the general portrayal of the landscape has not a distinctively local character. It is sentimental picture-making. Nevertheless it invariably has a certain human, homelike interest, and at times, in the hands of unsophisticated workmen, a simple and primitive frankness.

The second influence we may associate with the Düsseldorf school, the best masters of which followed the contemporary Scandinavian painters. In Germany it was a reaction from the artificiality of the Classicists and a return to northern traditions. Likewise in America it takes us away from the yearning for antiquity and the unanimated revival of ancient culture, and draws our painters to the solitude of nature. Although still following the foreign pattern, the study of natural forms at once gives a greater topographical accuracy and character; and our painters, although not as yet venturing to paint directly from nature, bring together local bits made from careful drawings, and their pictures assume a greater likeness to the natural aspect. In winter landscape the trees are carefully drawn, the infinite ramifications studiously followed, the outcropping brambles are minutely rendered, and the picture is painted, part for part, with conscientious accuracy. The sentiment of winter solitude is most often expressed with trees in barren silhouette against an ominous evening sky, and the snow in cool contrast, with a traveller or a hunter and the distant welcome of home. A subject since so repeated and hackneyed that we have come to call these pictures pot-boilers, but they are, nevertheless, imbued with human significance and association.

The Barbizon painters show us that it is not necessary to follow a fixed and conventional pattern, and that a purely local bit and aspect of nature may prove pictorially more interesting than the more scenic and panoramic composition of the studio. This at once stimulates an interest in the purely local character of nature. But, as with the Barbizon painters, we find in America few interpretations of winter landscape. Inness is an exception. In his later years he spent most of the winter at his home in Montclair, and his pictures of winter are derived from personal reactions to passing effects and portrayed with splendid simplicity and dramatic intensity.

This growing interest in the visual reaction to nature rather than its more romantic and sentimental associations is greatly stimulated by the French Impressionists, and the consequent study of light. Snow becomes a theme, interesting not so much for its humanistic significance as for an æsthetic study in the relation and variation of white seen under particular conditions of lighting. Monet was one of the first to reveal the infinite variations of line within a dominant color, and paints his pictures of snow as an exemplification thereof.

Theodore Robinson, under this influence, was awakened to the colorful beauty of snowclad winter. Not by any means an imitator, he came to see color for himself and for itself, and the pictures which he has given us show a first-hand rendering of the subject. We remember his picture of snow which was given the Webb prize for landscape at the Society of American Artists. It hung for several years at the Metropolitan Museum. Small in size, it shows the universality and simplicity of the subject, and is realized with an extremely sensitive appreciation of relative color values.

With John Twachtman we reach a consummation. Supremely sensitive to visual reactions, and a constant student of the effects of nature, he was much more than a reporter of optical sensations. Abhorring the sentimental associations of claptrap poetry, he is, nevertheless, in the æsthetic sense, a true poet. His expression is based fundamentally on the relation of forms by means of spacing and color, and he sees in nature not its pantheistic significance, but its suggestion for æsthetic organization. Ignoring its human associations, he nevertheless makes his pictures essentially human. In this he is more than an impressionist. Winter landscape was perhaps his favorite theme, and it is rendered with sympathetic sensitiveness. One can see the contour of the hills and the rhythmic interchange of line; the outcropping rocks; the old stone wall that follows the easiest way over the hills; or the brook is revealed winding in and out of snow-covered banks, and withered brambles remind us of the earth underneath. Naturalistic accuracy of detail is subordinated to more universal relations, and the impression is produced by suggestion rather than by objective delineation.

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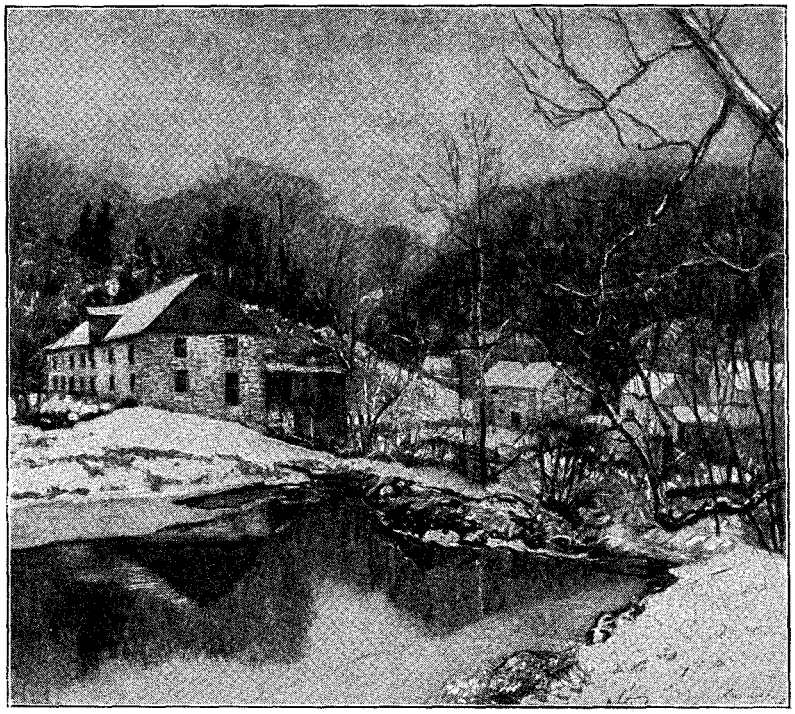
Twachtman was, however, interested particularly in the delicate and ethereal manifestations of winter, when the snow is revealed by a hidden radiance, or, softly falling, dims the distant landscape. He sees its relations rather than its contrasts. The blazing effects of sunlight, the sun shining from the unclouded sky, the clear air, the blue shadows, are for him too blatant, obvious, and virile.

It is with Winslow Homer that we come in contact with the vigor and rigor of winter, the uncompromising crudity of nature, and a sense of its utter unconcernedness with the affairs of man. It is this which gives to his themes a certain austere and heroic grandeur. His pictures, particularly of winter, are not in any sense ingratiatingly sympathetic, but they are stimulating and dramatic. Therein lies their true human significance. We are not enfolded within an atmospheric caress, but stand apart and see the inanimate, massive, heavily formed bulk of nature. Homer, too, has a remarkable instinct for spatial relations, which he uses for quite other purposes than Twachtman. He creates by contrasts. His line is angular, the color is secondary. If Twachtman is a master of nuance Homer is a master of contrast. Homer stands alone. He may have some pictorial followers. But with the master the expression and the man were one. And after all, real art originates in the man and is a part of him.

If Homer was a solitary spirit and reflects the stern, sombre, impersonal forces of nature, Edward Redfield sees its joyous exuberance, its colorful illusion. Robust, frank, and honest, he has kept apart from metropolitan competition and activities. He lives in the country and knows his country. He is the painter of a locality. Although he has tried his hand at other subjects, both at home and abroad, he is essentially a painter of snow, and his best pictures are winter landscapes. His work is characterized by direct, virile brush work, unctuous flowing pigment rendered with great skill and freedom. His concern is in reproducing the visual aspect of nature, and his pictures are direct transcripts of particular places seen at particular moments. He works on a large scale and renders a fifty-times-sixty with the seeming ease of a sketch. In fact,



Reflections. By E. W. Redfield.

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his pictures are sketches on a large scale. Conversant with contemporary movements, he has found his own way and is not lured into experimental bypaths. And he is happy in having found a method and a manner entirely compatible with his nature. Although he has profited by the experiments of the Impressionists and knows the seductive qualities of overpainting, he realizes that to reproduce the passing effects of nature one must work rapidly and finish the picture before the show is over. His work is, therefore, entirely objective. There is, in fact, no time for introspection and calculated niceties. Redfield has neither the æsthetic sensibility of Twachtman nor the dramatic power of Homer, but purely as a painter of local winter landscape he is unexcelled. If his visual impression is intensely active the emotional reaction is suppressed. Redfield aims at illusion, and no painter has succeeded better in producing it. His color is brilliant, active, and glowing. He works in the key of nature and does not seek to force the effect beyond its natural appearance. He is assuredly one of the foremost realists of his time.

Schofield follows similar aims and ideas, and sees the function of art in the reproduction of natural phenomena. He is a painter of power, virility, and verve. A brilliant craftsman, broad and firm in handling, he has a sure sense of the carrying power of pigment and the illusion produced at a given distance. His pictures are, therefore, seen to best advantage in well-lighted galleries. In subject he is versatile, but he is most happy in rendering snow, which allows of sweeping brush strokes and simple effective masses. He has a fondness for white, gray, and strongly defined opaque textures, and is not so happy in the deeper, more colorful, and transparent range of the palette. In his forthright use of the brush and his direct attack he is particularly a painter's painter. One may feel, however, that his subject is too apparently chosen to exploit the painter's problem rather than for the inner need of human expression.

Gleam on the Hilltop. By Gardner Symons.

Gardner Symons records the cold, clear effect of New England winter. His line has the rhythmic flow of rivers and the curve of clear-cut mountains. He has a splendid sense of picture-making. He follows the mountains and ice-bound rivers, where dark evergreens make a deep effective contrast to

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the golden glow of evening on distant snow-covered hills; momentary effects that cannot be recorded completely on the spot, but are carried out later in the composure of the studio. His later work shows a sympathetic and more poetic interpretation of the subject, in which the painter does not rely so much upon the immediate reaction of the moment, but brings together his impressions in a more universal whole. It is not the austere, forbidding aspect of winter landscape that he renders, but rather the colorful beauty of sun-caressed snow, deep purple shadows, and the luminous turquoise of winter skies. His work, if not profound, is strongly realized and invigorating.

Forest Silence. By John F. Carlson.

With John Carlson we leave the great snow expanse of the hills and the open sky and come to the shelter of the forests, where great trees rise column-like in the solemn stillness of the woods. The snow, undisturbed by winter winds, carpets the earth in soft enfolding forms, and the shadows create cool, clear patterns in effective contrast to the warm sunlit mantle. The greenish-blue of a late afternoon sky shows that the clearing is not far beyond. Carlson's work echoes the strong, robust quality of his nature. He lives in the country and paints the country in which he lives. For many years he taught large classes at his home in Woodstock, and his influence is found in the work of many of our younger painters of winter landscape, notably John Folinsbee and Harry Leith Ross.

Hobart Nichols works nearer home. His pictures of snow have an intimate and colorful appeal. One feels something of the charm of a snow garden, with the evergreen laurel and decorative trees that hide the distant sky. We are far from the harsh severity of bleak winter, and enjoy with the painter the magical mantle of changing hues that transform the sombre earth. His color is, at times, almost pastel-like in its delicate relation and purity.

Harry Waltman likewise paints the protected places of winter, where the brook winds under snow-covered banks and fir-trees find a friendly home. He is fond of the grays of winter, the variations within a dominant hue, and echoes something of the æsthetic charm of Twachtman. His pictures have style and distinction.

Walter Palmer bridges the old school and the new. Before the advent of large exhibition pictures, designed for great carrying power and telling effect, impressive white

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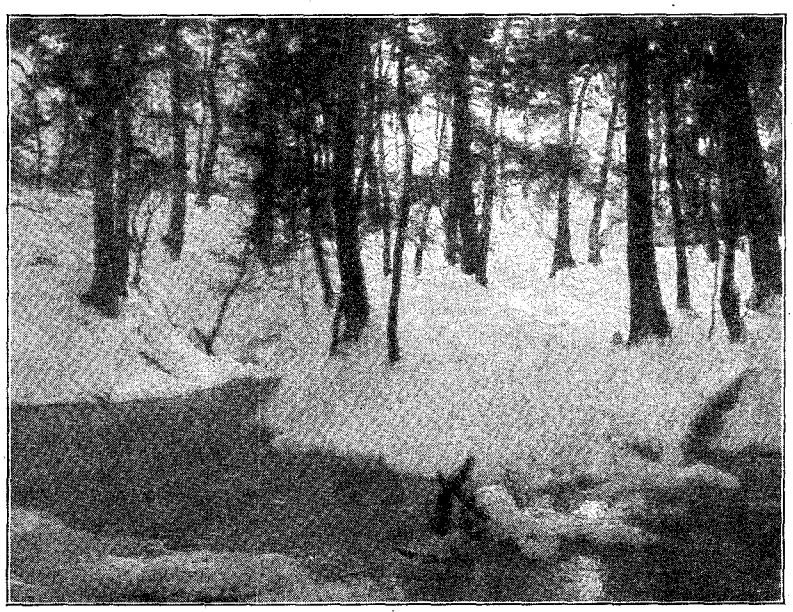
areas standing out conspicuously against a varicolored wall; before the painting of snow became the theme of the many, the pictures of Walter Palmer were enjoyed by simple lovers of nature. He sees in snow its lightness, its illusive, soft, fairylike surface, that, chameleon-like, changes with the varying hues of light, and does not use it as a means of displaying personal pyrotechnics. His work is said to be photographic and pretty. It is. The first speaks for its veracity, the second its charm. If he does not attempt æsthetic valuations, if he does not express an emotional state, he is, nevertheless, entirely consistent within his self-chosen aims.

The eclecticism of modern painters cannot be better exemplified than by introducing the pictures of Rockwell Kent. If Palmer loves the somewhat lovely, pristine beauty of snow, Rockwell Kent would take himself to the utmost regions, where the severity of winter makes a man introspective and solitary. In his student days, working under William Chase, we see him as a delicate youth painting gentle landscapes with a fondness for pretty atmospheric colors; and then the tragedy and harshness of life intervene, and he is enthralled by the mood of a youthful recluse. His edges become hard and knife-like. There is something of a sentimental bitterness in his mood. His pictures of the snowbound coast of Maine are painted with decisive aim, and the clarity of the air gives the painter an opportunity of stating his theme with uncompromising crudity. But he is rather too conscious of this aim, and one feels the reaction from more humanistic feeling. The pictures of Alaska, apart from the Blake-like improvisations, show more calculated design, and the painter uses the precipitous mountainsides, with varishaped snow crevasses, for interesting æsthetic effects. Winter landscape seems attuned to his feeling. If in the work of Redfield and Schofield we find a vivid and striking representation of an optical illusion, a direct, virile rendering, which will within its own sphere probably never be excelled, in the work of Rockwell Kent we sense the aspiration for other attributes less visualistic and more introspective.

The American school has reached a brilliant consummation in realistic reproduction. Excellent craftsmen, our painters have been untiring students of the ever-changing effects of nature. The great world-changes and the spirit of unrest have made great scars on our civilization, and the joyous, sensuous interpretation of nature may be followed by the expression of less illusionistic manifestations.



Ice in the Glen. By Walter L. Palmer.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 13.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Encouragements and Perplexities

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

AMERICAN industry and American financial markets entered this autumn season in some confusion of mind, a result of the curiously mixed and conflicting influences which seemed to be at work in the shaping of the economic situation. The Stock Exchange, where the general course of financial events is apt to be first foreshadowed, at first resumed its autumn activities in much the same conviction as governed its rising prices during the summer months; then fell into great uncertainty, with declining prices. It was widely assumed in Wall Street at the start, not only that trade would expand because of the relatively small stocks of merchandise held in merchants' hands, and not only that prices would advance because of easy money, but that existing circumstances, in the banking field especially, meant something in the nature of "inflation."

When the Autumn Began

By inflation Wall Street did not mean abnormal expansion of the paper currency, but more particularly such increase speculative in use of credit as occurred three years ago. Expectation of that result on the present occasion was based primarily on the position of the Federal Reserve, which now, as at all times, is the barometer of the banking and credit situation. The Reserve system's ratio of cash holdings to note and deposit liabilities has not maintained the high percentage of 80⅜ which it reached in August; the larger borrowings which normally occur in autumn trade had already reduced the percentage to 75¾ in the middle of October.

EVEN so, however, while the reserve required by law to be held by the Federal Banks against demand liabilities (35 per cent of the deposit total and 40 per cent of outstanding Federal Reserve notes) amounted at that date to $1,600,000,000, the actual holdings of cash in the Reserve Banks' vaults (nearly all gold) were $3,210,000,000. That is to say, a surplus reserve of 100 per cent existed. To put the matter in another way, the note circulation and the deposit account could both be doubled without reducing the ratio of reserve below the lawful minimum, and, since deposits in Federal Reserve Banks are commonly the result of loans rediscounted at such banks, the inference seemed easy that at least twice as much credit as was now outstanding might be advanced in the form of loans without overstraining the facilities of the system.

The Huge Reserve of American Credit

What Wall Street had in mind, in drawing such inferences, was undoubtedly the course of events during 1919. In November of that year, twelve months after the armistice, rediscounted loans of the Federal Reserve Banks had increased $400,000,000, or 22 per cent, as compared with the year before; this without bringing the ratio of reserve below the legal minimum. Along with these increased loans, average prices of commodities in the American market had advanced 15 per cent from the low point of the year. There had been immense activity in every branch of trade, and on the Stock Exchange a prolonged and exciting upward movement of values.

Obviously enough, the question to be determined in regard to the present season's surplus credits was, what would stimulate the demand of borrowers for this great mass of available and largely unemployed resources. Mere existence of a large surplus bank reserve, an overflowing reservoir of available credit, will not of necessity cause instant return of rising prices, Stock Exchange speculation, and general prosperity. On such occa-

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sions as 1908 and 1894, years immediately following a great financial panic, precisely the same phenomenon of superabundant bank resources arose, through release of capital previously tied up at high prices in the financial and industrial operations which had met with so unhappy a fate. But prosperity and active trade failed to return in those years, notwithstanding a 50 per cent surplus bank reserve and a 2 or 3 per cent money rate. The high bank surplus was a consequence, not a cause.

Money Market and Business Revival

NEVERTHELESS, experience has also shown, in the United States especially, that underlying conditions of trade and industry change rather rapidly, and that when such a change has come from the after-panic depression, the great fund of unemployed credit gives ready opportunity for exploiting the new business revival, even in advance. In due course after the panic of 1893 and the subsequent trade depression came revival in European finance, rapid increase in the world's annual gold production, huge foreign purchases of American merchandise (largely because our prices were below Europe's), and a great rise in agricultural prices and American agricultural exports, the immediate effect of bumper harvests in the United States along with harvest shortage in Europe. The existence then of a great unused credit fund and of a low money market gave immense stimulus to the resultant recovery in the markets. Much the same influences had prevailed in 1879, when resumption of specie payments in the United States coincided with harvest failure in Europe, with great American crops, and with the existence of abundant surplus bank reserves.

The situation of 1919 will be even more readily recalled. There was not by any means so great a surplus of bank reserve and unused capital at the end of the war as existed a year after the panic of 1873 or 1893 or 1907, or as exists to-day. Real capital had been absorbed on a quite unprecedented scale in subscriptions to the later United States war loans, of which one for $4,500,000,000 was put out in the spring of 1919 itself, or six months after the armistice. But the Treasury had created artificially a situation somewhat similar to that of those earlier years, through virtually pledging that subscribers to the enormous 4¼ per cent war loans of 1918 might be assured for at least a year that private banks and the Federal Reserve would advance money on the collateral of such bonds, and charge no more for it than the interest rate on the war loans.

Reasons for the "Trade Boom" of 1919

THAT policy had been adopted for the purpose (a mistaken purpose, some thoughtful economists have contended) of inducing citizens to subscribe for more of the war loans than they had cash to pay for, trusting to the banks to "carry" them. But what happened when trade began to revive in the later spring of 1919 was that the same recourse — the obtaining of credit, first at private banks and then through rediscounts at the Federal Reserve of loans secured by United States government war bonds — was open to bankers, to merchants, to manufacturers, even to speculators in stocks and commodities. This recourse would not have been of any more use than the abundant credit facilities of 1894 or 1908, had not the financial and commercial situation been such as to give strong inducement for individuals to borrow for business purposes. But the situation was unusual.

Not only belligerent Europe, but the neutral foreign countries also, had been left almost bare of goods as a result of the war embargoes and the diversion of industry and shipping to war purposes. Their demand for quick replenishment was enormous, and a great part of the supplies which they needed were produced in the United States. Our export trade, facilitated through extension of long credit by American merchants and manufacturers to the foreign consignees to whom they shipped their goods, rose to wholly unparalleled magnitude.

Nor was this the only urgent motive for using available capital in trade. Purchases, both home and foreign, were made for the moment almost regardless of cost. The prices at which the merchandise held by the merchant or produced by the manu-

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 770)

facturer and farmer could be sold advanced with great rapidity. Between March, 1919, and February, 1920, the average of American commodity prices rose 21 per cent. Buying on a lavish scale came from the farming communities, whose profits under the foreign war-time purchases of food products had been exceptionally great; from the laboring classes, whose employment and wage scales had been very high during the war, and on an even larger scale from the very "profiteers" who were calculating their paper wealth on the basis of the abnormally high prices. The idea began to prevail in the community at large that nothing could stop the rise of prices, that some occult and irresistible economic force must be at work driving prices up.

How much of delusion there was in all this process of 1919—how far the credit situation was overstrained, the merchandise overvalued, the capacity of export markets misjudged, and the notion of a "scarcity of supplies" exaggerated—the markets subsequently learned by a bitter experience. But that is not the point which I have in mind. What this brief recital of the experience of 1919 shows is that the strongest possible inducement for use of available credit funds in trade existed, and that this was the real reason for the "boom in trade" on the basis of borrowed money. When, therefore, the existing situation is compared (as it often is) with that which arose six months after the armistice, it is necessary first to compare the surrounding circumstances of the two periods in the field of trade itself.

Conditions of Trade This Autumn

THAT the business outlook was improving rapidly as the present autumn season approached, was made manifest by convincing evidence. It is true, the five months' coal-miners' strike, followed by the almost equally disturbing "walk-out" of the mechanical repair forces of the railways, had interrupted the recovery. In the steel industry, for example, exhaustion of fuel supply in the last week of the coal dispute had caused the blowing-out of nearly one-fourth of the country's iron furnaces and had brought down weekly output of the steel mills from nearly 80 per cent of full capacity in the early summer to barely 50 per cent in August. But advance orders on the books of the mills continued to heap up, and when, on return of the miners to work at the end of August, coal was again moving freely from the mines to the mills, all of the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 115)

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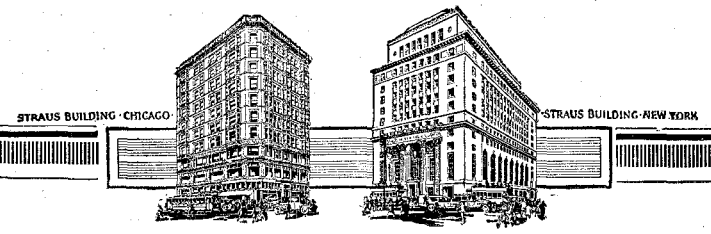

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 113)

shut-down foundries quickly resumed activity, and production of steel was speeded up to the maximum for which the railways could provide cars to carry it to consumers.

There was for a time much talk of the possible blocking of trade recovery through inability of the railways to transport the necessary goods, and the transportation problem was undoubtedly most formidable. Something like 150,000,000 tons of bituminous and anthracite coal, which ought normally to have been carried from mines to consumers between the beginning of April and the end of August, had somehow to be carried during the next few months, in addition to the normal coal shipments. With a view to the urgent necessity of replenishing the consumers' exhausted stocks of coal so that the mills might go on working and householders be prepared to meet the winter weather, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the fuel directors fixed what were called "priorities" in freight. Fuel and food were to have the right of way, to the exclusion, if necessary, of manufactured products and general merchandise.

NEVERTHELESS, with all this handicap, the number of railway cars loaded with general merchandise in the United States—a very fair test of the real volume of trade—surpassed at the end of September every previous weekly record. In the textile industry, where merchants had ever since 1920 been placing only what the trade called "hand-to-mouth orders," the ordering of goods for delivery months ahead began. In October one of the mercantile agencies with nation-wide connections described the country's wholesale and retail trade as "about the best since the late spring of 1920"; in other words, since the great inflation boom of the year after the war met its first definite check.

Business "the Best since 1920"

It might, in short, have been said that the general business outlook of this autumn promised on its face as much as did the business outlook when the markets recovered from the brief three months' reaction and hesitation immediately after the armistice. Why, then, with easy money and overflowing credit facilities to back these expanding trade demands, was there not a reasonable prospect of another 1919?

IT is never safe to set positive limitation on the scope which recovery in trade may assume in the upward reaction, even temporary,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 117)

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An accumulation of $50,000 means a steady income of at least $250 per month. $25,000 returns at least $125 per month. Either of these attainments and even more is within the reach of any man with an earning power better than the average. Through a special plan built for our clients, we offer a means whereby you can create for yourself an income producing estate founded upon a security of unquestioned safety. Will you investigate this method ?

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Your name and address on the coupon below will bring you by return mail full details of our Special Systematic Savings Plan and the latest issue of our Investors' Guide. No obligation. Mail Coupon today.

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Stockholders of this Company are identical with those of Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company

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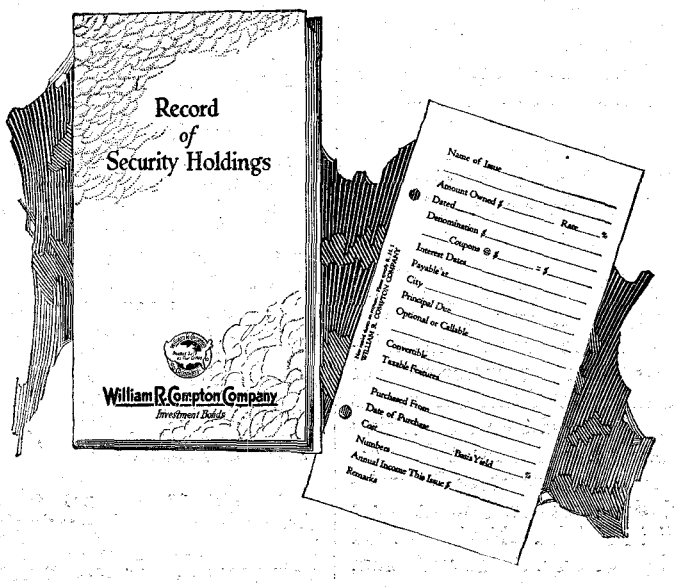

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 115)

which usually comes a year or so after a prolonged liquidation of credit. But comparison of the present surrounding circumstances with those of 1919 will at any rate give a clearer view of underlying influences. The urgent foreign buying of American products which brought our export trade to such unprecedented heights in 1919 no longer exists; in the first eight months of 1922 the country's export trade was $2,424,000,000, as against $5,272,000,000 in the same months of the first year after war. American merchants are no longer financing such purchases *ad libitum* through credits raised from American banks. The failure of foreign markets to meet the indebtedness thus created in 1920 and 1921, the losses and even threatened insolvency of banks and exporters who had advanced the money taught a lesson which will not have been forgotten overnight.

Some Offsetting Considerations

Prices undoubtedly have been trending upward in the United States; but with the distinct limitation, first, that the movement is not world-wide, as it was in 1919—the average for English commodities had fallen 15 per cent in the twelvemonth during which our own rose 10 per cent—and, second, that the American consumer was no longer under any illusion as to absolute and alarming shortage of all necessary products. Not least among the contrasts, the lavish expenditure of 1919 on the part of the laboring classes as a whole cannot possibly be repeated when labor in the coal and railway and textile trades has spent a good part of 1922 in voluntary idleness; when the farm community, often the largest factor in purchase of the country's merchandise, is just emerging from a crushing burden of debt, which it has been paying off by selling its grain at prices less than half what they were in 1919.

WHATEVER may result from interaction of these conflicting industrial circumstances and of the remarkable credit situation, the problem cannot fail to be influenced by Europe's economic position and by the economic relations of Europe with America. In our chapters of sudden recovery after the periods of severe economic depression prior to the war, the ball was invariably started rolling by the inflow of European capital into the American investment market, taking advantage of the relatively low prevailing prices in this country and by Europe's greatly increased purchase of American goods. This

The Recurrent Problem of Europe

(Financial Situation, continued on page 119)

The Greatest of All Safeguards

WHEN you are considering the investment of money, the greatest safeguard you can have is your own common sense.

Common sense tells you there is a definite limit to to the earning power of money, and that beyond that limit you are groping in perilous uncertainty.

Our Safeguarded First Mortgage Investments in the Nation's Capital are common sense investments. The interest rate is the highest consistent with our record of *no loss to any investor in 49 years.*

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Founded 1873
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First Mortgage Investments

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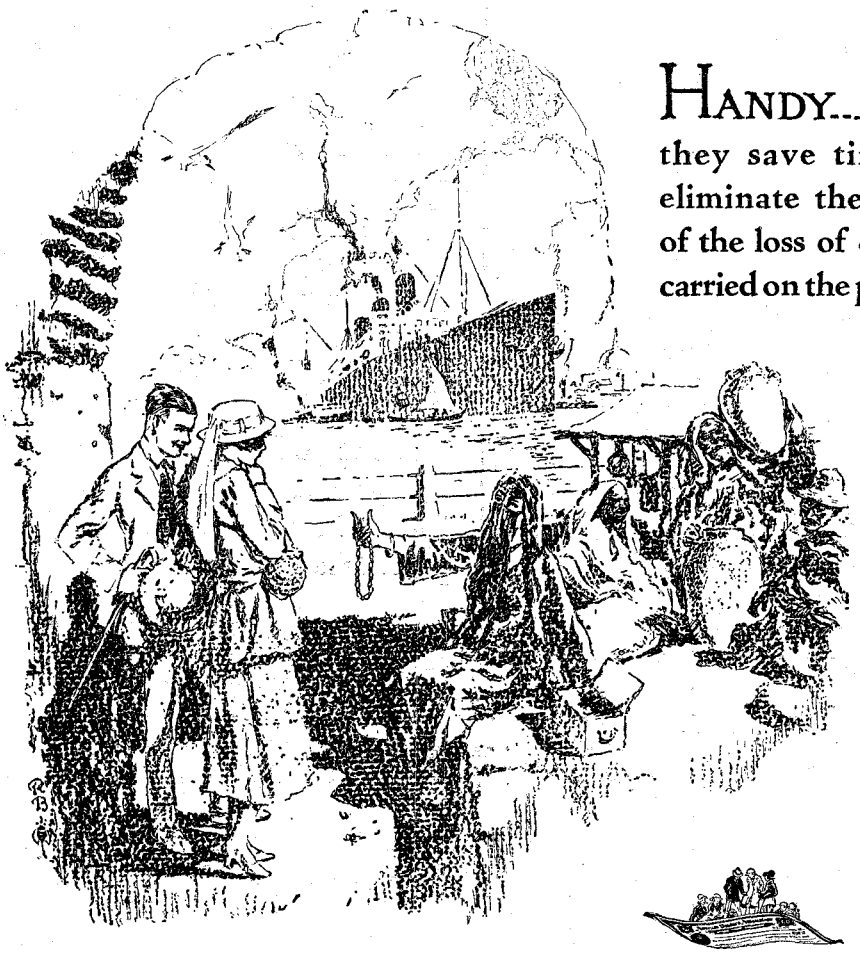

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 117)

the story of the abrupt American revival
895 and 1909, each be ng separated from a
t financial panic by the same lapse of time
eparates this autumn's markets from the
ax of disordered credit in 1920.

aturally no one looks for such an impulse
e imparted to our markets now by Europe.
logic of the world's economic situation
ld point to exact reversal of that process;
ich rising volume of American purchases of
ope's securities and of Europe's merchan-
as would stimulate economic recovery in
ope, thereby reacting favorably on our own
tion, as the American recovery of those pre-
periods reacted on Europe's. On a very
siderable scale this was, in fact, the move-
t of events in the markets of last spring.

WITHIN two years, European securities in
an amount exceeding a thousand million
rs had been placed with American inves-
, either in the form of new loans or of exist-
bonds transferred, and our import of mer-
chandise from Europe rose in the
first eight months of 1922 to $601,-
200,000, as compared with $491,-
700,000 in 1921. Precisely as the
movement of European capital into
America on those older occasions
ght about rapid shifting of foreign ex-
ge rates in favor of New York, so the flow
merican capital into Europe earlier in this
ent year was accompanied by steady and
mes spectacular movement of New York
ange in favor of England and France, Bel-
and Italy, and the neutral continental
s.

**na-
l
kets,
Spring
Now**

it the beginning of our own industrial re-
this present autumn introduced a curious
ge. It took shape, first in a virtually
plete halt in the subscription of American
al to new European loans, and next in a
f foreign exchange which brought the rate
rance, Italy, and Belgium down 2 cents or
per franc or lira from the high point of
spring, leaving them at the lowest value
ied in eighteen months. Each of these in-
its may have indicated temporary causes,
ach pointed also to certain larger consid-
ons. For the pause in the floating of new
gn loans in our market there were two
ediate explanations—diversion to commer-
ises, in the more active business season, of
al which was placed in bonds while trade
ined idle, and the issue by the United
s Government of a new $763,000,000
y-year 4½ per cent refunding loan, for

(Financial Situation, continued on page 121)

The Safe Way To Double Your Money

Do you realize that the interest alone on a $500.00 seven per cent 15-year bond amounts to $525.00? Your original investment more than doubles itself.

For fifty-seven years we have been helping thrifty men and women build up their fortunes. We can help you.

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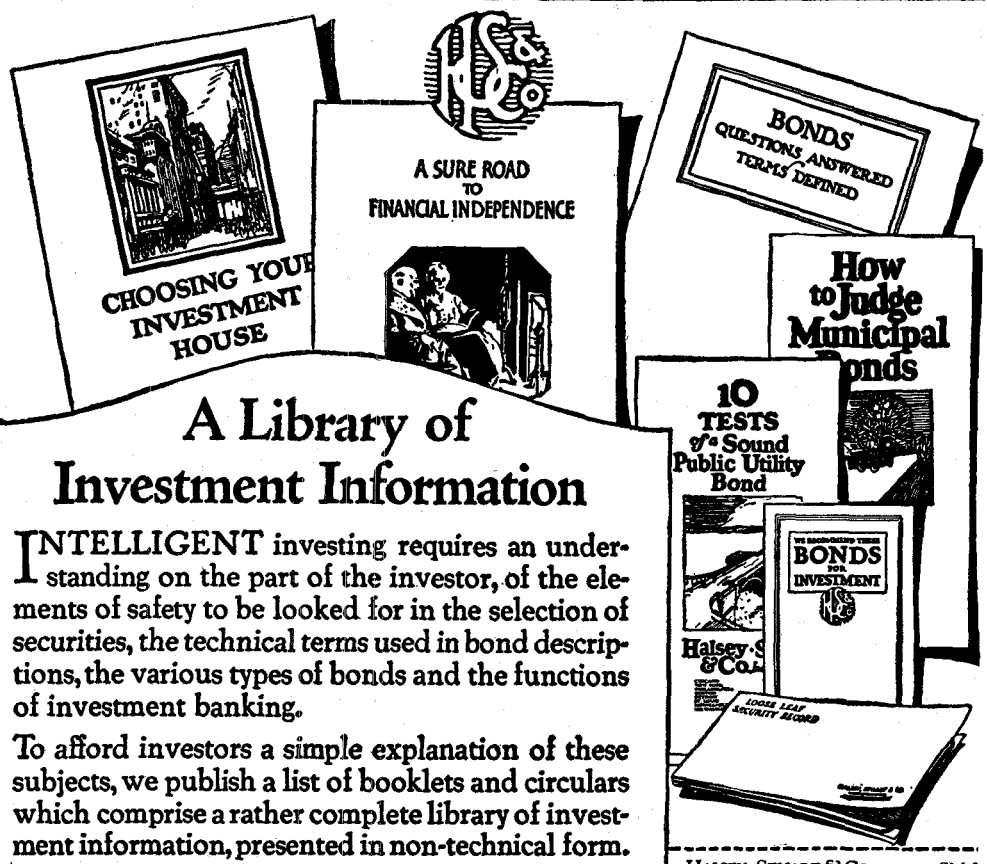
CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT HOUSE
A SURE ROAD TO FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE
BONDS QUESTIONS ANSWERED TERMS DEFINED
How to Judge Municipal Bonds
10 TESTS of a Sound Public Utility Bond
BONDS FOR INVESTMENT
LOOSE LEAF SECURITY RECORD

A Library of Investment Information

INTELLIGENT investing requires an understanding on the part of the investor, of the elements of safety to be looked for in the selection of securities, the technical terms used in bond descriptions, the various types of bonds and the functions of investment banking.

To afford investors a simple explanation of these subjects, we publish a list of booklets and circulars which comprise a rather complete library of investment information, presented in non-technical form.

The more important of these publications are listed and briefly described below. We shall be glad to send copies of this literature to investors upon request.

Choosing Your Investment House. This booklet emphasizes the importance attached to the selection of the Investment House upon whose recommendations the investor can rely. The points are enumerated which should serve as a guide in making this selection.

A Sure Road to Financial Independence. A humanly interesting presentation of the surprising accumulation which results from systematic investment and reinvestment, made graphic with charts and illustrations.

Bonds—Questions Answered—Terms Defined. A reference book for bond buyers, covering questions which our experience indicates are most frequently asked; non-technical definitions of bond terms are included.

Ten Tests of a Sound Public Utility Bond. In this pamphlet are given ten simple tests by which the worth of such bonds may be measured.

How to Judge Municipal Bonds. The factors which make municipal bonds attractive and the points which should be considered in selecting them, are analyzed in this pamphlet.

Bond Catalog. Issued at frequent intervals, giving a review of our current offerings with comment on timely investment subjects.

Loose Leaf Security Record. A convenient book for recording bond holdings—amounts, interest dates, maturities, prices, taxable status, etc.; also including a chart of information on all issues of Liberty and Victory Bonds.

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- ☐ A Sure Road to Financial Indepe dence.
- ☐ Bonds—Questions Answered— Terms Defined.
- ☐ Ten Tests of a Sound Public Util Bond.
- ☐ How to Judge Municipal Bonds.
- ☐ Bond Catalog.
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City.....

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 119)

ı $511,385,000 was subscribed in cash at cash applications having exceeded $1,400,-00) and $252,000,000 in other maturing nment securities, tendered in exchange r the terms of the Treasury's offer.

e diversion of capital into the season's caused some reaction in prices of all in-ıent bonds, domestic as well as foreign, he issue of new government bonds had the quence of depressing values even for out-ing Liberty loans. In the natural course ents, however, accruing capital should ntly turn again to the investment market. new government bonds, being issued in to redeem now or shortly hereafter an alent amount of maturing public debt, ot in the long run add to the total volume tstanding loans, and meantime the im-e over-application to the new 4¼ per —in actual amount of over-subscription been exceeded in our history only in two e war-time "Liberty loan drives"—is r good witness to the size of the reservoir ailable capital in America. Yet back of considerations stood the further question sgiving over our own government's atti-of aloofness and suspicion in regard to ɔe.

SO far as concerned the fall in European exchange rates, the reversal of form was partly ascribed to the German default on reparations payments, partly to Europe's larger need of American products because of poor home harvests, and partly to dispute between the Entente powers over policies to be pursued toward Germany, Russia, and Turkey.

New Influences at Work

But the fall in exchange also happened to coincide with two new developments in the international economic situation—the calling of a conference to arrange for our European allies of the recent war to resume payments on their war indebtedness to our Treasury, and the enactment by Congress of a tariff bill designed to restrict or exclude import of competitive foreign merchandise into the United States.

The question of the war debt of our European allies to the United States Government was brought squarely before the American public this autumn by several speeches or incidents. On August 1 the British foreign office, addressing the so-called "Balfour note" to its European allies, remarked that it could not consider repayment of England's war debt to the United States Government except in connection with repayment of the war debt of the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 123)

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For Every Investor

"DIVERSIFICATION" is the investment banker's way of saying, "Don't put all your eggs in one basket." But in most cases, the investor who seeks diversification has to pay for this element of safety by accepting a lower interest rate. Miller Bond Issues offer wide diversification plus an income return up to 7%. They are secured by *closed first mortgages* on income-earning properties spread over a dozen States and located in a score of thriving cities. These bonds, possessing the fundamental safety feature of diversification, pay 1% or 2% more than is usually obtainable on other kinds of securities of equal grade.

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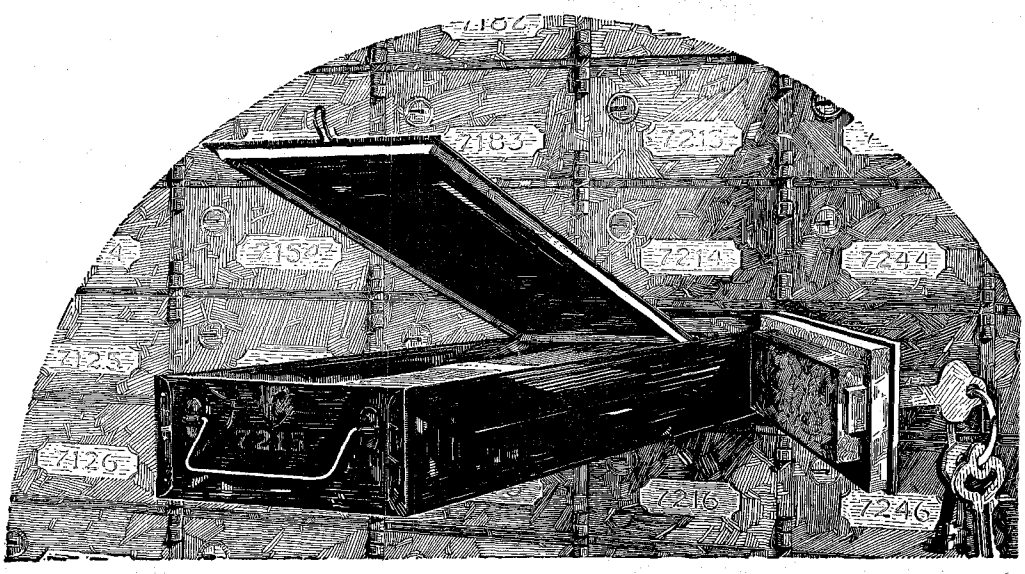

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER ONE MILLION

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 121)

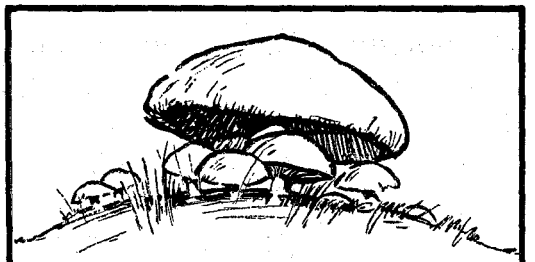
inental Entente allies to the British Govnent. The tenor of the note showed ily that its purpose was to apply indirect sure to the United States for relaxation of laims. This note is now universally recogd to have been a piece of diplomatic futilfor while it did not advance the settlement ngland's continental allies with the British iequer, it also did not prevent Great ain from preparing to pay and actually ng $100,000,000 due from it to the United es Treasury this autumn on account of -annual interest.

the American National Bankers' Conventtion, held at New York on October 4, Mr. Cenna, formerly England's finance minister now head of the largest London jointk bank, after declaring positively that England "has the ability to pay" its indebtedness to our Treasury—which amounts to $4,277,000,000—and that the debt was "certain to be provided for," argued that the inental Allies, whose war-time obligations ur government aggregate $9,565,000,000, iot in a position to effect immediate pay- even of accruing interest. France, owing)7,000,000, has the largest available re- ces, but the trouble even in the case of ce is the lack of present machinery for ting so great an external payment. That try did not possess, as England does, the ngs of foreign securities, income from h would offset in the foreign-exchange marhe remittance of interest on the debt to Jnited States Treasury.

pean Debts ir sury

yment in goods, through a very great surof exports over imports, might in Mr. enna's judgment conceivably provide for t "neither England nor any other country epared to-day to pay for and consume" ch goods on any such scale. Therefore, in ase of the continental allies, "definite onement of any payment by them is de- e in the interests of all parties." The ers' Convention itself supplemented these stions of Mr. McKenna by a formal reso-, recommending that Congress grant to)ebt Commission which is considering the er "such further powers as will enable it gotiate more effectively with the foreign ns now debtors of the United States." As nds the act of last February, creating commission, merely authorizes it "to reor convert, and to extend the time of payof the principal or the interest, or both,"

(Financial Situation, continued on page 125)



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(Financial Situation, continued from page 123)

t that the principal must be repaid by and the interest rate be not less than 4¼ ent—the rate on the Liberty loans issued se the war credits.

'EW weeks later Mr. McKenna's views nd conclusions were disputed by Secre- Hoover, virtually speaking both for the d States Government and for the Debt nission. Mr. Hoover contended, first, that the continental allies were able to pay if they were willing to reduce their armaments and balance their budgets, and, second, that the operation on exchange was not so hopeless as Mr. McKenna elieved. Our country's purchase of forecurities during the past fiscal year, Mr. er argued, when added to the expenditure nerican tourists abroad, the shipment of n gold to New York, and to other offsetredits, had so far offset our $1,200,000,000 ıs of merchandise exports over imports e year as to leave a net balance on the international account, against the United s and in favor of the rest of the world, nting to $750,000,000, whereas $350,000,- as Mr. Hoover's estimate of the annual nt required for the indebted continental to pay interest and sinking fund. As for gument that the United States could not o enough merchandise from these Eurocountries to effect the debt payments to reasury, Mr. Hoover emphasized the posy of Europe controlling export trade with al countries, and drawing on the resulredits in those countries for remittance to nited States.

stands the argument at this moment. It learly shifted the discussion to another from that on which the lately familiar de- n outright cancellation of the war debts to reasury was conducted. That proposal, or less emotional in character, greatly sed the economic issue. It ignored the hat cancellation, even if applied to all overnmental war debts, would in the case e United States Government's balance strike off nearly $10,000,000,000 from the side alone, whereas in the case of Great n it would reduce the liabilities account e nearly £1,000,000,000 which England o our Treasury, while cutting from assets 2,017,000,000 owed to the British Exchequ England's continental allies. It passed the very essential consideration that a part of the credits granted by our Trea-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 126)

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OUR COUNSEL AND recommendations to investors are based on many years' experience in the financing and upbuilding of public utility properties.

Intimate and successful association with these industries over a long period affords an authoritative equipment for the broad service which we render.

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May we send our latest list of conservative bond investments? The selections therein are the product of judgment developed through nearly half a century of experience. Ask for Circular "DS."

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7% FOR FROM 3 TO 12 YEARS

Long term investments yielding as much as 7% interest are the exception rather than the rule at this time, but it is readily obtainable in the Northwest. As an example, we recommend First Mortgage Serial Bonds secured by a new, modern 10-story steel and concrete apartment building and ground in the center of Seattle, appraised as worth double the amount of the total issue. Bonds available in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000.

Provisions of the Trust Mortgage requiring monthly deposits with the Trustee from rentals received insure prompt payment of interest and the annual maturities of principal.

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know the Franklin automobile as a light, easy-riding, economical car, made by a successful organization, driven by representative people.

Reputation of the car is typical of the investment qualities of Franklin securities. On Franklin Common Stock an average yearly cash dividend of $13.14 per share has been paid on each $100 of such stock outstanding each year during the past 20 years. Two previous issues of Preferred have netted 9½% and 11%, respectively.

We offer new 7% Cumulative Sinking Fund Preferred Stock and new Common Stock as a desirable investment for individuals—proceeds to be used in the general expansion of the company's business which contemplates the production of the new Franklin Four. Our circular gives interesting details. Please send for it.

Partial Payments

F. A. Barton, Treasurer

H. H. FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Syracuse, N. Y.

(Financial Situation, continued from page 125)

sury to its European allies was expended for war munitions but for food, and tha food thus purchased in America was to a extent re-sold by the foreign governmen their citizens. It also took no account o fact that, out of the total $9,710,525,000 its thus established, $1,538,549,000 were g ed after the armistice of November, 1918, therefore did not represent financial aic prosecution of the war.

THE matter of economic capacity for pr payment of the interest, and the que of the possible machinery of international ment, are much more open to fair debate the plan of cancellation. Mr. McKe judgment undoubtedly concurs with that of international banking experts as a body; but Secretary Hoover's counter-contention has much weight, especially since his figures c current international account are based o data of the Department of Commerce. weakness of Mr. Hoover's argument, pa larly when applied to the debt of France Italy, lies in the fact that his assumption $750,000,000 net balance against the U States, and in favor of the outside world whole, has relatively slight application to two countries. Expenditure by American ists has indeed helped to balance the int tional account of those countries with Am But one of the largest offsets, Europe's ings of foreign securities, does not occur i case of France and Italy, but of Engla whose position is not in question, becaus British indebtedness is being paid.

Mach for P War

So of the credits created by services of I pean shipping in our foreign trade. Eve investment of American capital in ot countries affected France and Italy only relatively small degree; much the larger of new foreign loans floated in the New market during the year were for the ac of the neutral European states and S America. As for the economically pla theory of Mr. Hoover concerning the us greatly increased European export tra South America for creation of credits which to pay indebtedness to the United S Treasury, the secretary overlooked the that Italy and France are only in a small d participants in the trade with that secti the world. That offset again primarily a the international account of England, n continental Europe.

The question, then, is one of facts, not o timent, and it will unquestionably have

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considered. Secretary Hoover himself adits the truth of this by his highly qualifying mark that "if there be some of these counes which should be relieved of the annual yments for a few years, in order to promote onomic stability, then there needs to be a monstration of the facts in respect to each dividual country that would be convincing to e American taxpayer and to Congress." iat conclusion can hardly be disputed. But hind even this consideration, it is difficult to ubt that the administration's present attide of standing by the letter of the bond is lopted largely for the purpose of retaining a ercive influence in the matter of balanced uropean budgets, through reduction of excesve general expenditure and of armaments. here is more than one road open for reasonle negotiation.

ıe New ıriff and ırope

THE question of the Tariff Act of last September and of its effect, first on the foreignchange market and next on this whole quesɔn of Europe's war debt to the United States ɔovernment, is at the moment as obscure as any other economic problem—which is putting it strongly. Increase of customs duties, largely inspired by a kind of political fanatism and largely advocated on grounds contrary ɔth to the reasoning of the dominant party's residential platform and to the visible facts of ıe post-war foreign trade, was not likely to ake allowance for considerations in the larger onomic field. That its purpose was restricɔn of imports, directly or indirectly competive with our own industries, was avowed. ow far it might serve the purpose of actual clusion, no one in Congress seemed to know. 'e have yet to learn, from the monthly trade atements under the greatly advanced import ıties, how the current movement of interıtional trade is affected even at the outset.

As regards the longer effect on import trade, e have little except past experience on which) base opinion. After enactment of the heavy increased tariff of 1890, annual importations dutiable merchandise were at least 20 per ent below that year's total during the ensuing ecade. The influence of the hard times folwing the panic of 1893 must, however, have ad a part in that result. But the next high ıriff of 1897, coming on the eve of a period of merican prosperity, did not reduce the yearly nportation of dutiable goods at all; by 1901 ıey were more than $100,000,000 in excess of 897, and by 1902 they surpassed all annual ecords in our history. So, too, the effect of ıe increased tariff of 1909 was purely temporary; by 1912 our import of dutiable merchandise was 6 per cent greater in value than in 1909 and 50 per cent greater than in 1890.

None of those older statutes put the tariff on such a scale of prohibitory possibilities as seemed to exist in the tariff of last September; yet they were believed in their day and by their authors to be severely restrictive. How far the renewed increase of dutiable importations in these years was a consequence of an advance of prices in the United States faster than in other countries, how far it resulted from a decline in foreign prices while our own held steady or declined in smaller measure, and to what extent either countervailing influence will apply in the present instance, cannot be known for some considerable time to come. Experience teaches that the logic of an economic situation has a way of directing the trend of international trade, regardless of the impediments which politicians put in its way. In what manner it will operate on the present occasion, we shall have to wait to see.

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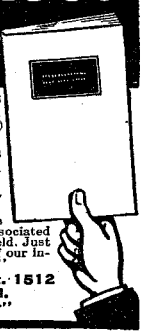

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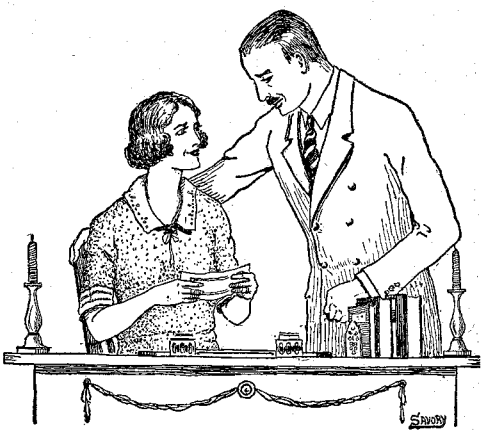

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